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NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

VOL. I.

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"SAM SLICK, THE CLOCKMAKER,"

&c. &c.

Hominem, pagina nostra sapit.—MART.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.—POPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

EDMUND HOPKINSON, ESQ.

OF EDGEWORTH MANOR, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE FOLLOWING SKETCHES ARE

DEDICATED

BY HIS OLD FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

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NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

CHAPTER I.

A SURPRISE.

THINKS I to myself, as I overheard a person inquire of the servant at the door, in an unmistakeable voice and tone, "is the Squire to home?" that can be no one else than my old friend Sam Slick the Clockmaker. But it could admit of no doubt when he proceeded, "If he is, tell him *I* am here."

"Who shall I say, Sir?"

The stranger paused a moment, and then said, "it's such an everlastin' long name, I don't think you can carry it all to wunst, and

I don't want it broke in two. Tell him it's a gentleman that calculates to hold a protracted meeten here to night. Come, don't stand starin' there in the track, you might get run over. Don't you hear the eng*ine* coming? Shunt off now."

"Ah, my old friend," said I, advancing, and shaking him by the hand, "how are you?"

"As hearty as a buck," he replied, "though I can't jist jump quite so high now."

"I knew you," I said, "the moment I heard your voice, and if I had not recognised that, I should have known your talk."

"That's because I am a Yankee, Sir," he said, "no two of us look alike, or talk alike; but being free and enlightened citizens, we jist talk as we please."

"Ah, my good friend, you always please when you talk, and that is more than can be said of most men."

"And so will you," he replied, "if you use soft sawder that way. Oh, dear me! it seems but the other day, that you laughed so at my theory of soft sawder and human natur', don't it? They were pleasant days warn't they? I often think of them, and think of them

with pleasure too. As I was passing Halifax harbour, on my way home in the 'Black Hawk,' the wind fortunately came ahead, and thinks I to myself, I will put in there, and pull foot* for Windsor and see the Squire, give him my journal, and spend an hour or two with him once more. So here I am, at least what is left of me, and dreadful glad I am to see you too; but as it is about your dinner hour, I will go and titivate up a bit, and then we will have a dish of chat for desert, and cigars to remind us of by-gones, as we stroll through your shady walks here."

My old friend had worn well; he was still a wiry athletic man, and his step as elastic and springy as ever. The constant exercise he had been in the habit of taking, had preserved his health and condition, and these in their turn had enabled him to maintain his cheerfulness and humour. The lines in his face were somewhat

* The Americans are not entitled to the credit or ridicule, whichever people may be disposed to bestow upon them, for the extraordinary phrases with which their conversation is occasionally embellished. Some of them have good classical authority. That of "pull-foot" may be traced to Euripides.

"ἀναίρων ἐκ δώματων ποδὰ"

deeper, and a few straggling grey hairs were the only traces of the hand of time. His manner was much improved by his intercourse with the great world; but his phraseology, in which he appeared to take both pride and pleasure, was much the same as when I first knew him. So little, indeed, was he changed, that I could scarcely believe so many years had elapsed since we made our first tour together.

It was a most unexpected and agreeable visit. He enlivened the conversation at dinner with anecdotes that were often too much for the gravity of my servant, who once or twice left the room to avoid explosive outbreaks of laughter. Among others, he told me the following whimsical story.

"When the 'Black Hawk' was at Causeau, we happened to have a queer original sort of man, a Nova Scotia doctor on board, who joined our party at Ship Harbour, for the purpose of taking a cruise with us. Not having anything above particular to do, we left the vessel and took passage in a coaster for Prince Edward's Island, as my commission required me to spend a day or two there, and inquire about the fisheries. Well although I don't trade now, I

spekelate sometimes when I see a right smart chance, and especially if there is fun in the transaction. So, sais I, 'Doctor, I will play possum* with these folks, and take a rise out of them, that will astonish their weak nerves, *I* know, while I put several hundred dollars in my pocket at the same time.' So I advertised that I would give four pounds ten shillings for the largest Hackmetack knee in the island, four pounds for the second, three pounds ten shillings for the third, and three pounds for the fourth biggest one. I suppose, Squire, you know what a ship's knee is, don't you? It is a crooked piece of timber, exactly the shape of a man's leg when kneeling. It forms two sides of a square, and makes a grand fastening for the side and deck beams of a vessel.

"'What in the world do you want of only four of those knees?' said the Doctor.

"'Nothing,' said I, 'but to raise a laugh on these critters, and make them pay real handsome for the joke.'

"Well every bushwhacker and forest ranger in the island thought he knew where to find

* The opossum, when chased by dogs, will often pretend to be dead, and thus deceives his pursuers.

four enormous ones, and that he would go and get them, and say nothing to nobody, and all that morning fixed for the delivery, they kept coming into the shipping place with them. People couldn't think what under the light of the living sun was going on, for it seemed as if every team in the province was at work, and all the countrymen were running mad on junipers. Perhaps no livin' soul ever see such a beautiful collection of ship-timber afore, and I am sure never will again in a crow's age. The way these 'old oysters,' (a nick-name I gave the islanders, on account of their everlastin' beds of this shell fish,) opened their mugs and gaped, was a caution to dying calves.

"At the time appointed, there were eight hundred sticks on the ground, the very best in the colony. Well, I went very gravely round and selected the four largest, and paid for them cash down on the nail, according to contract. The goneys seed their fix, but did'nt know how they got into it. They didn't think hard of me, for I advertised for four sticks only, and I gave a very high price for them; but they did think little mean of themselves, that's a fact, for each, man had but four pieces, and they were too

ridiculous large for the thunderin' small vessels built on the island. They scratched their heads in a way that was harrowing, even in a stubble field.

"'My gracious,' sais I, 'hackmetacks, it seems to me, is as thick in this country as blackberries in the Fall, after the robins have left to go to sleep for the winter. Who on earth would have thought there was so many here? Oh, children of Israel! What a lot there is, aint there? Why, the father of this island couldn't hold them all.'

"'Father of this island,' sais they, 'who is he?'

"'Why,' sais I, 'aint this Prince Edward's?'

"'Why, yes,' sais they, looking still more puzzled.

"'Well,' sais I, 'in the middle of Halifax harbour is King George's Island, and that must be the father of this.'

"Well if they could see any wit in that speech, it is more than I could, to save my soul alive; but it is the easiest thing in the world to set a crowd off a tee-heeing. They can't help it, for it is electrical. Go to the circus now, and

you will hear a stupid joke of the clown; well, you are determined you won't laugh, but somehow you can't help it no how you can fix it, although you are mad with yourself for doing so, and you just roar out and are as big a fool as all the rest.

"Well it made them laugh, and that was enough for me.

"Sais I, 'the wurst of it is, gentle*men*, they are all so shocking large, and as there is no small ones among them, they can't be divided into lots, still, as you seem to be disappointed, I will make you an offer for them, cash down, all hard gold.' So I gave them a bid at a very low figure, say half nothing, 'and' sais I, 'I advise you not to take it, they are worth much more, if a man only knows what to do with them. Some of your traders, I make no manner of doubt, will give you twice as much if you will only take your pay in goods, at four times their value, and perhaps they mightent like your selling them to a stranger, for they are all responsible government-men, and act accordin' 'to the well understood wishes of the people.' I shall sail in two hours, and you can let me know; but mind, I can only buy all or none, for I shall

have to hire a vessel to carry them. After all,' sais I, 'perhaps we had better not trade, for,' taking out a handful of sovereigns from my pocket, and jingling them, 'there is no two ways about it; these little fellows are easier to carry by a long chalk than them great lummokin' hackmetacks. Good bye, gentle*men*.'

"Well, one of the critters, who was as awkward as a wrong boot, soon calls out, 'whough,' to me, so I turns and sais 'well, "old hoss," what do you want?' At which they laughed louder than before.

"Sais he, 'we have concluded to take your offer.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'there is no back out in me, here is your money, the knees is mine.' So I shipped them, and had the satisfaction to oblige them, and put two hundred and fifty pounds in my pocket. There are three things, Squire, I like in a spekelation:—*First*. A fair shake. *Second*. A fair profit; and *Third*, a fair share of fun."

In the course of the afternoon, he said, "Squire, I have brought you my journal, for I thought when I was a startin' off, as there were some things I should like to point out to my

old friend, it would be as well to deliver it myself and mention them, for what in natur' is the good of letter writing? In business there is nothing like a good talk face to face. Now, Squire, I am really what I assume to be—I am, in fact, Sam Slick the Clockmaker, and nobody else. It is of no consequence, however, to the world whether this is really my name or an assumed one. If it is the first, it is a matter of some importance to take care of it, and defend it; if it is a fictitious one, it is equally so to preserve my incognito. I may not choose to give my card, and may not desire to be known. A satirist, like an Irishman, finds it convenient sometimes to shoot from behind a shelter. Like him, too, he may occasionally miss his shot, and firing with intent to do bodily harm is almost as badly punished as if death had ensued. And besides an anonymous book has a mystery about it. Moreover, what more right has a man to say to you, 'stand and deliver your name,' than to say, 'stand and fork out your purse'—I can't see the difference for the life of me. Hesitation betrays guilt. If a person inquires if you are to home, the servant is directed to say, no, if you don't want to be seen,

and choose to be among the missing. Well, if a feller asks if I am *the Mr.* Slick, I have just as good a right to say, 'ask about and find out.'

"People sometimes I actilly believe, take you for me. If they do, all I have to say is they are fools not to know better, for we neither act alike, talk alike, nor look alike, though perhaps we may think alike on some subjects. You was bred and born here in Nova Scotia, and not in Connecticut, and if they ask you where I was raised, tell them I warn't raised at all, but was found one fine morning pinned across a clothes line, after a heavy washing to home. It is easy to distinguish an editor from the author, if a reader has half an eye, and if he haint got that, it's no use to offer him spectacles, that's a fact. Now, by trade I am a clockmaker, and by birth I have the honour to be a Yankee. I use the word honor, Squire, a purpose, because I know what I am talking about, which I am sorry to say is not quite so common a thing in the world as people suppose. The English call all us Americans, Yankees, because they don't know what they are talking about, and are not aware that it is

only the inhabitants of New England, who can boast of that appellation.*

"The southerners, who are both as proud and as sarcy as the British, call us Eastern folk Yankees, as a term of reproach, because having no slaves, we are obliged to be our own

* Brother Jonathan is the general term for all. It originated thus. When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary War, came to Massachusetts to organize it, and make preparations for the defence of the country, he found a great want of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others was had, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparations as was necessary. His Excellency Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the General placed the greatest reliance, and remarked, "We must consult 'Brother Jonathan' on the subject." The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but "Brother Jonathan" has now become a designation of the whole country, as John Bull is for England. —BARTLETT'S AMERICANISMS.

niggers, and do our own work, which is'nt considered very genteel, and as we are intelligent, enterprising, and skilful, and therefore too often creditors of our more luxurious countrymen, they do not like us the better for that, and not being Puritans themselves, are apt to style us scornfully, those d—d Yankees.

"Now, all this comes of their not knowing what they are talking about. Even the New Englanders themselves, cute as they be, often use the word foolishly; for, Squire, would you believe it, none of them, though they answer to and acknowledge the appellation of Yankee with pride, can tell you its origin. I repeat, therefore, I have the honor to be a Yankee. I don't mean to say that word is 'all same,' as the Indians say, as perfection; far from it, for we have some peculiarities common to us all. Cracking and boasting is one of these. Now braggin' comes as natural to me as scratchin' to a Scotchman. I am as fond of rubbing myself agin the statue of George the Third, as he is of se-sawing his shoulders on the milestones of the Duke of Argyle. Each in their way were great benefactors, the one by teaching the Yankees to respect themselves, and the

other by putting his countrymen in an upright posture of happiness. So I can join hands with the North Briton, and bless them both.

"With this national and nateral infirmity, therefore, is it to be wondered at, if, as my 'Sayings and Doings' have become more popular than you or I ever expected, that I should crack and boast of them? I think not. If I have a claim, my rule is to go ahead with it. Now don't leave out my braggin', Squire, because you are afraid people will think it is you speaking, and not me, or because you think it is bad taste as you call it. I know what I am at, and don't go it—blind. My journal contains much for my own countrymen as well as the English, for we expect every American abroad to sustain the reputation in himself of our great nation.

"Now Ingersoll, our Minister to Victoria's Court, when he made his brag speech to the great agricultural dinner at Gloucester last year, didn't intend that for the British, but for us. So in Congress no man in either house can speak or read an oration more than an hour long, but he can send the whole lockrum, *in-*

cludin' what he didn't say, to the papers. One has to brag before foreign assemblies, the other before a Congress, but both have an eye to the feelings of the Americans at large, and their own constituents in particular. Now that is a trick others know as well as we do. The Irish member from Kilmany, and him from Kil*more*, when he brags there never was a murder in either, don't expect the English to believe it, for he is availed they know better, but the brag pleases the patriots to home, on account of its impudence.

"So the little man, Lord Bunkum, when he opens Oxford to Jew and Gentile, and offers to make Rothschild Chancellor instead of Lord Derby, and tells them old dons, the heads of colleges as polite as a stage-driver, that he does it out of pure regard to them, and only to improve the University, don't expect them to believe it; for he gives them a sly wink when he says so, as much as to say, how are you off for Hebrew, my old septuagenarians? Droll boy is Rothey, for though he comes from the land of *Ham*, he don't eat *pork*. But it pleases the sarcumsised Jew, and the unsarcumsised tag-rag and bobtail that are to be admitted, and who verily

do believe (for their bump of conceit is largely developed) that they can improve the Colleges by granting educational excursion tickets.

"So Paddy O'Shonnosey the member for Blarney, when he votes for smashing in the porter's lodges of that Protestant institution, and talks of Toleration and Equal Rights, and calls the Duke of Tuscany a broth of a boy, and a light to illumine heretical darkness, don't talk this nonsense to please the outs or ins, for he don't care a snap of his finger for either of them, nor because he thinks it right, for it's plain he don't, seeing that he would fight till he'd run away before Maynooth should be sarved arter that fashion; but he does it, because he knows it will please him, or them, that sent him there.

"There are two kinds of boastin,' Squire, active and passive. The former belongs exclusively to my countrymen, and the latter to the British. A Yankee openly asserts and loudly proclaims his superiority. John Bull feels and looks it. He don't give utterance to this conviction. He takes it for granted all the world knows and admits it, and he is so thorougly persuaded of it himself, that, to use his own

favourite phrase, he don't care a fig if folks don't admit it. His vanity, therefore, has a sublimity in it. He thinks, as the Italians say, 'that when nature formed him, she broke the mould.' There never was, never can, and never will be, another like him. His boastin', therefore, is passive. He shows it and acts it; but he don't proclaim it. He condescends and is gracious, patronizes and talks down to you. Let my boastin' alone, therefore, Squire, if you please. You know what it means, what bottom it has, and whether the plaster sticks on the right spot or not.

"So there is the first division of my subject. Now for the second. But don't go off at half-cock, narvous like. I am not like the black preacher that had forty-eleven divisions. I have only a few more remarks to make. Well, I have observed that in editin' my last journal, you struck out some scores I made under certain passages and maxims, because you thought they were not needed, or looked vain. I know it looks consaited as well as you do, but I know their use also. I have my own views of things. Let them also be as I have made them. They warn't put there for nothin.' I have a case in

pint that runs on all fours with it, as brother Josiah the lawyer used to say, and if there was anythin' wantin' to prove that lawyers were not strait up and down in their dealings, that expression would shew it.

"I was to court wunst to Slickville, when he was addressin' of the jury. The main points, of his argument he went over and over again till I got so tired, I took up my hat and walked out. Sais I to him, arter court was prorogued and members gone home.

"'Sy,' sais I, 'why on airth did you repeat them arguments so often? It was everlastin' yarny.'

"'Sam,' sais he, and he gave his head a jupe, and pressed his lips close, like a lemon-squeezer, the way lawyers always do when they want to look wise, '*when I can't drive a nail with one blow, I hammer away till I do git it in.* Some folks' heads is as hard as hackmetacks—you have to bore a hole in it first, to put the nail in to keep it from bendin', and then it is as much as a bargain, if you can send it home and clinch it'

"Now maxims and saws are the sumtotalisation of a thing. Folks won't always add up the

columns to see if they are footed right, but show 'em the amount and result, and that they are able to remember, and carry away with them. No—no, put them Italics in, as I have always done. They shew there is truth at the bottom. I like it, for it's what I call sense on the short-cards—do you take? Recollect always, you are not Sam Slick, and I am not you. The greatest compliment a Britisher would think he could pay you, would be to say, 'I should have taken you for an Englishman.' Now the greatest compliment he can pay me is to take me for a Connecticut Clockmaker, who hoed his way up to the Embassy to London, and preserved so much of his nationality, after being so long among foreigners. Let the Italics be—you aint answerable for them, nor my boastin' neither. When you write a book of your own, leave out both, if you like, but as you only edit my Journal, if you leave them out, just go one step further, and leave out Sam Slick also.

"There is another thing, Squire, upon which I must make a remark, if you will bear with me. In my last work you made me speak purer English than you found in my Journal,

and altered my phraseology, or rather my dialect. Now, my dear Nippent—"

"Nippent!" said I, "what is that?

"The most endearing word in the Indian language for friend," he said, "only it's more comprehensive, including ally, foster-brother, life-preserver, shaft-horse, and everything that has a human tie in it."

"Ah, Slick," I said, "how skilled you are in soft sawder! You laid that trap for me on purpose, so that I might ask the question, to enable you to throw the lavender to me."

"Dod drot that word soft sawder," said he, "I wish I had never invented it. I can't say a civil thing to anybody now, but he looks arch, as if he had found a mare's nest, and says, 'Ah, Slick! none of your soft sawder now.' But, my dear nippent, by that means you destroy my individuality. I cease to be the genuine itinerant Yankee Clockmaker, and merge into a very bad imitation. You know I am a natural character, and always was and act and talk naturally, and as far as I can judge, the little alteration my sojourn in London with the American embassy has made

in my pronunciation and provincialism, is by no means an improvement to my Journal. The moment you take away my native dialect, I become the representative of another class, and cease to be your old friend, 'Sam Slick, the Clockmaker.' Bear with me this once, Squire, and don't tear your shirt, I beseech you, for in all probability it will be the last time it will be in your power to subject me to the ordeal of criticism, and I should like, I confess, to remain true to myself, and to Nature to the last.

"On the other hand, Squire, you will find passages in this Journal, that have neither Yankee words, nor Yankee brag in them. Now pray don't go as you did in the last, and alter them by insarten here and there what you call 'Americanisms,' so as to make it more in character, and uniform; that is going to t'other extreme, for I can write as pure English, if I can't speak it, as anybody can.* My education

* The reader will perceive from a perusal of this Journal, that Mr. Slick, who is always so ready to detect absurdity in others, has in this instance exhibited a species of vanity by no means uncommon in this world. He prides himself more on composition to which he has but small pretensions, than on those things for which the public is willing enough to give him full

remain clear of cant terms when you find it so.

"I like Yankee words—I learned them when young. Father and mother used them, and so did all the old folks to Slickville. There is both fun, sense and expression in 'em too, and that is more than there is in Taffy's, Pat's, or Sawney's brogue either. The one enriches and enlarges the vocabulary, the other is nothing but broken English, and so confoundedly broken too, you can't put the pieces together sometimes. Again, my writing when I freeze down solid to it, is just as much in character as the other. Recollect this Every woman in our country who has a son, knows that he may, and thinks that he will, become President of the United States, and that thought and that chance make that boy superior to any of his class in Europe.

"And now, Squire," said he, "I believe there has been enough said about myself and my Journal. Sposen we drink success to the 'human nature,' or 'men and things,' or whatever other name you select for this Journal, and then we will talk of something else."

"I will drink that toast," I said, "with all my

heart, and now let me ask you how you have succeeded in your mission about the fisheries ?"

"First rate," he replied; "we have them now, and no mistake !"

"By the treaty ?" I inquired.

"No," he said, "I have discovered the dodge, and we shall avail of it at once. By a recent local law, foreigners can hold real estate in this province now. And by a recent Act of Parliament our vessels can obtain British registers. Between these two privileges, a man don't deserve to be called an American who can't carry on the fisheries in spite of all the cruisers, revenue officers, and prohibitary laws under the sun. It is a peaceable and quiet way of getting possession, and far better than fighting for them, while it comports more with the dignity of our great and enlightened nation."

"What do you think," I said, "of the Elgin treaty as a bargain ?"

After some hesitation, he looked up and smiled.

"We can't complain," said he. "As usual we have got hold of the right eend of the rope, and got a vast deal more than we expected. The truth is, the English are so fond of trade,

and so afraid of war, if we will only give them cotton and flour at a fair price, and take their manufactures in return, we can bully them into anythin' almost. It is a positive fact, there were fifty deserters from the British army taken off of the wreck of the 'San Francisco,' and carried to England. John Bull pretended to wink at it, hired a steamer, and sent them all out again to us. Lord! how our folks roared when they heard it; and as for the President, he laughed like a hyena over a dead nigger. Law sakes alive man! Make a question between our nation and England about fifty desarters, and if the ministers of the day only dared to talk of fighting, the members of all the manutoren towns in England, the cottonocracy of of Great Britain, would desert too!

"It's nateral, as an American, I should be satisfied with the treaty; but I'll tell you what I *am* sorry for. I am grieved we asked, or your Governor-General granted, a right to us to land on these shores and make our fish. Lord Elgin ought to have known that every foot of the sea coast of Nova Scotia has been granted, and is now private property.

"To concede a privilege to land, with a proviso to respect the rights of the owner, is nonsense. This comes of not sending a man to negociate who is chosen by the people, not for his rank, but for his ability and knowledge. The fact is, I take blame to myself about it, for I was pumped who would do best, and be most acceptable to us Americans. I was afeared they would send a Billingsgate contractor, who is a plaguy sight more posted up about fisheries than any member of parliament, or a clever colonist, (not a party man,) and they know more than both the others put together; and I dreaded if they sent either, there would be a *quid pro quo*, as Josiah says, to be given, afore we got the fisheries, if we ever got them at all. 'So,' sais I, out of a bit of fun, for I can't help taken a rise out of folks no how I can fix it, 'send us a lord. We are mighty fond of noblemen to Washington, and toady them first-rate. It will please such a man as Pierce to show him so much respect as to send a peer to him. He will get whatever he asks.'

"Well, they fell into the trap beautiful. They sent us one, and we rowed him up to

the very head waters of Salt River in no time.* But I am sorry we asked the privilege to land and cure fish. I didn't think any created critter would have granted that. Yes, I foresee trouble arising out of this. Suppose 'Cayenne Pepper,' as we call the captain that commanded the 'Cayenne' at Grey Town, was to come to a port in Nova Scotia, and pepper it for insultin' our flag by apprehenden tresspassers (though how a constable is to arrest a crew of twenty men, unless, Irishman like, he surrounds them, is a mystery to me.) What would be done in that case? Neither you nor I can tell, Squire. But depend upon it, there is a tempestical time

* To row up Salt River is a common phrase, used generally to denote political defeat. The distance to which a party is rowed up Salt River depends entirely upon the magnitude of the majority against him. If the defeat is overwhelming, the unsuccessful party is said "to be rowed up to the very head waters of Salt River." The phrase has its origin in the fact that there is a small stream of that name in Kentucky, the passage of which is made difficult and laborious, as well by its tortuous course as by numerous shallows and bars. The real application of the phrase is to the unhappy wight who propels the boat, but politically, in slang usage, it means the man rowed up, the passenger. —I. INMAN.

comin', and it is as well to be on the safe side of the fence when there is a chance of kicking going on.

"The bombardment of Grey Town was the greatest and bravest exploit of modern times. We silenced their guns at the first broadside and shut them up so sudden that envious folks like the British, now swear they had none, while we lost only one man in the engagement, but he was drunk and fell overboard. What is the cannonade of Sebastopool to that? Why it sinks into insignificance."

He had hardly ceased speaking, when the wheels of a carriage were heard rapidly approaching the door. Taking out his watch, and observing the hour, he said: "Squire, it is now eleven o'clock. I must be a movin'. Good bye! I am off to Halifax. I am goin' to make a night flight of it. The wind is fair, and I must sail by daylight to-morrow morning. Farewell!"

He then shook hands most cordially with me, and said: "Squire, unless you feel inclined at some future day to make the tour of the States with me, or somethin' turns up, I am not availed of, I am afraid you have seen the last journal of your old friend, 'Sam Slick.'"

CHAPTER II.

CLIPPERS AND STEAMERS.

WHOEVER has taken the trouble to read the "Wise Saws" of Mr. Slick, will be prepared to resume the thread of his narrative without explanation, if, indeed, these unconnected selections deserve the appellation. But as this work may fall into the hands of many people, who never saw its predecessor, it may be necessary to premise that our old friend Sam, having received a commission from the President of the United States to visit the coast of Nova Scotia, and report to him fully on the state of the fisheries, their extent and value, the manner in which they were prosecuted, and the best mode of obtaining a participation in them, he proceeded on his cruise in a trading vessel, called

the "Black Hawk," whereof Timothy Cutler, was master, and Mr. Eldad Nickerson the pilot. The two preceding volumes contained his adventures at sea, and in the harbours of the province, to the westward of Halifax. The present work is devoted to his remarks on "nature and human nature."

While amusing himself fishing within three miles of the coast, off La Haive, in contravention of the treaty, he narrowly escaped capture by the British cruiser, "Spitfire," commanded by Captain Stoker. By a skilful manœuvre, he decoyed the man-of-war, in the eagerness of the chase, on to a sand-bar when he dexterously slipt through a narrow passage between two islands, and keeping one of them in a line between the "Black Hawk" and her pursuer, so as to be out of the reach of her guns, he steered for the eastern shore of Nova Scotia, and was soon out of sight of the Islands behind which his enemy lay embedded in the sand; from this point the narrative is resumed in Mr. Slick's own words.*

"I guess," said I, "Captain, the 'Spitfire'

* His remarks on the fisheries I have wholly omitted, for they have now lost their interest. His observations on "nature and human nature" are alone retained, as they may be said to have a universal application.—Ed.

will have to put into Halifax to report herself, and be surveyed, so we may pursue our course in peace. But this 'Black Hawk' is a doll, ain't she? don't she skim over the water like a sea gull? The truth is, Cutler, when you aint in a hurry, and want to enjoy yourself at sea, as I always do, for I am a grand sailor, give me a clipper. She is so light and buoyant, and the motion so elastic, it actilly exilerates your spirits. There is something like life in her gait, and you have her in hand like a horse, and you feel as if you were her master, and directed her movements. I ain't sure you don't seem as if you were part of her yourself. Then there is room to show skill, and seamanship, and if you don't in reality go as quick as a steamer, you seem to go faster, if there is no visible object to measure your speed by, and that is something, for the white foam on the leeward side rushes by you in rips, raps, and rainbows like Canadian rapids.

"Then if she is an atrysilly* like this, and she is doing her prettiest, and actilly laughs

* The Atricilla, or laughing sea-gull. Its note resembles a coarse laugh. Hence its name. It is very common in the Bahamas.

again, she is so pleased, why you are satisfied, for you don't make the breeze, you take it as you find it, like all other good gifts of Providence, and say, 'ain't she going like wink, how she forges ahead, don't she?' Your attention is kept alive, too, watchin' the wind, and trimmin' sail to it accordingly, and the jolly 'Oh, heave oh,' of the sailors is music one loves to listen to, and if you wish to take a stretch for it in your cloak on deck, on the sunny or shady side of the companion-way, the breeze whistles a nice soft lullaby for you, and you are off in the land of Nod in no time."

"Dreaming of Sophy Collingwood," sais the Captain, "and the witch of Eskisooney, eh?"

"Yes, dreamin' of bright eyes and smilin' faces, or anythin' else that's near and dear, for to my idea, the heart gives the subject for the head to think upon. In a fair wind, and a charmin' day like this, I never coiled up on the deck for a nap in my life, that I hadn't pleasant dreams. You feel as if you were at peace with all the world in general, and yourself in partikeler, and that it is very polite of folks to stay to home ashore, and let you and your friends enjoy yourselves without treadin'

on your toes, and wakin' of you up, if asleep or a jostlin' of you in your turn on the quarter-deck, or over-hearin' your conversation.

"And ain't you always ready for your meals, and don't you walk into them in rael right down earnest? Oh, nothing ever tastes so good to me as it does at sea. The appetite, like a sharp knife, makes the meat seem tender, and the sea air is a great friend of digestion, and always keeps company with it. Then you dont care to sit and drink after dinner as you do at an hotel of an idle day, for you want to go on deck, light your cigar, take a sweep round the horizon with your glass, to see if there is any sail in sight, glance at the sky to ascertain if the breeze is likely to hold, and then bring yourself to anchor on a seat, and have a dish of chat for a dessert with the Captain, if he is a man of books like you, Cutler, or a man of reefs, rocks and sandbars, fish, cordwood and smugglin', or collisions, wracks and salvage, like the pilot.

"Then, if you have a decent sample or two of passengers on board, you can discuss men and things, and women and nothings, law, physick and divinity, or that endless, tangled

ball of yarn, politicks, or you can swap anecdotes, and make your fortune in the trade. And by the same trail of thought we must give one or two of these Blue-Noses now and then a cast on board with us to draw them out. Well, if you want to read, you can go and turn in and take a book, and solitudinise to it, and there is no one to disturb you. I actilly learned French in a voyage to Calcutta, and German on my way home. I got enough for common use. It warn't all pure gold; but it was kind of small change, and answered every purpose of trade or travel. Oh, it's no use a talkin'; where time ain't the main object, there's nothin' like a sailin' vessel to a man who ain't sea-sick, and such fellows ought to be cloriformed, put to bed, and left there till the voyage is over. They have no business to go to sea, if they are such fools as not to know how to enjoy themselves.

"Then sailors are characters; they are men of the world, there is great self-reliance in them. They have to fight their way in life through many trials and difficulties, and their trust is in God and their own strong arm. They are so much in their own element, they seem as if they were born on the sea, cradled on its

billows, and like Mother Carey's chickens, delighted in its storms and mountain waves. They walk, talk, and dress differently from landsmen. They straddle as they pace the deck, so as to brace the body, and keep their trowsers up at the same time; their gait is loose, and their dress loose, and their limbs loose; indeed, they are rather too fond *of slack*. They climb like monkeys, and depend more on their paws than their legs. They tumble up, but never down. They count, not by fingers, it is tedious, but by hands; they put a part for the whole, and call themselves hands, for they are paid for the use of them, and not their heads.

"Though they are two-handed, they are not close-fisted fellows. They despise science, but are fond of practical knowledge. When the sun is over the foreyard, they know the time of day as well as the captain, and call for their grog, and when they lay back their heads, and turn up the bottom of the mug to the sky, they call it in derision taking an observation. But though they have many characteristics in common, there is an individuality in each that distinguishes him from the rest. He stands out in bold

relief—I by myself, I. He feels and appreciates his importance. He knows no plural. The word 'our' belongs to landsmen; 'my' is the sailor's phrase—my ship, my captain, my messmate, my watch on deck, 'my eyes!' 'you lubber, don't you know that's *me*?' I like to listen to their yarns, and their jokes, and to hear them sing their simple ditties. The odd mixture of manliness and childishness — of boldness and superstitious fears; of preposterous claims for wages and thoughtless extravagance; of obedience and discontent, all goes to make the queer compound called 'Jack.' How often have I laughed over the fun of the forecastle in these small fore and aft packets of ourn! and I think I would back that place for wit against any bar-room in New York or New Orleans, and I believe they take the rag off of all creation.

"But the cook is my favourite. He is a scientific man, and so skilful in compounds, he generally goes by the name of doctor. I like the daily consultation with him about dinner, not that I am an epicure; but at sea, as the business of life is eating, it is as well to be master of one's calling. Indeed, it appears to

be a law of nature, that those who have mouths should understand what to put in them. It gratifies the doctor to confer with him, and who does it not please to be considered a man of importance? He is, therefore, a member of the Privy Council, and a more useful member he is too, than many Right Honourables I know of—who have more acres than ideas. The Board assembles after breakfast, and a new dish is a great item in the budget. It keeps people in good humour the rest of the day, and affords topics for the table. To eat to support existence is only fit for criminals. Bread and water will do that; but to support and gratify nature, at the same time, is a noble effort of art, and well deserves the thanks of mankind. The cook too enlivens the consultation by telling marvellous stories about strange dishes he has seen. He has eaten serpents with the Siamese monkeys in the West Indies, crocodiles and sloths in South America, and cats, rats and dogs with the Chinese; and, of course, as nobody can contradict him, says they are delicious. Like a salmon, you must give him the line even if it wearies you, before you bag him; but when you do bring him to land,

his dishes are savoury. They have a relish that is peculiar to the sea, for *where there is no garden, vegetables are always most prized.* The glorious onion is duly valued, for as there is no mistress to be kissed, who will dare to object to its aroma?

"Then I like a Sunday at sea in a vessel like this, and a day like this, when the men are all clean and tidy, and the bell rings for prayers, and all hands are assembled aft, to listen to the captain as he reads the Church Service. It seems like a family scene. It reminds me of dear old Minister and days gone by, when he used to call us round him, and repeated to us the promise 'that when two or three were gathered together in God's name, he would grant their request.' The only difference is, sailors are more attentive and devout than landsmen. They seem more conscious that they are in the Divine presence. They have little to look upon but the heavens above and the boundless ocean around them. Both seem made on purpose for *them*—the sun to guide them by day, and the stars by night, the sea to bear them on its bosom, and the breeze to waft them on their course. They feel how powerless they are of

themselves; how frail their bark; how dependent they are on the goodness and mercy of their Creator, and that it is He alone who can rule the tempest and control the stormy deep. Their impressions are few, but they are strong. It is the world that hardens the heart, and the ocean seems apart from it.

"They are noble fellows, sailors, and I love them; but, Cutler, how are they used, especially where they ought to be treated best, on board of men-of-war? The moment a ship arrives in port, the anchor cast and the sails furled—what dees the Captain do? the popular Captain, too, the idol of the men; he who is so kind, and so fond of them? Why, he calls them aft, and says, 'Here, my lads, here is lots of cash for you, now be off ashore and enjoy yourselves.' And they give three cheers for their noble commander—their good-hearted officer — the sailor's friend—the jolly old blue jacket, and they bundle into the boats, and on to the beach, like school-boys. And where do they go? Well, we won't follow them, for I never was in them places where they *do* go, and so I can't describe them, and one thing I must say, I never yet found any place answer the picture drawn

of it. But if half only of the accounts are true that I have heerd of them, they must be the devil's own seminaries of vice—that's a fact. Every mite and morsel as bad as the barrack scenes that we read of lately.

"Well, at the end of a week, back come the sailors. They have had a glorious lark and enjoyed themselves beyond anything in the world, for they are pale, sick, sleepy, tired out, cleaned out, and kicked out, with black eyes, broken heads, swelled cheeks, minus a few teeth, half their clothes, and all their money.

"'What,' says the Captain, 'what's the matter with you, Tom Marlin, that you limp so like a lame duck?'

"'Nothing, your honour,' says Tom, twitching his forelock, and making a scrape with his hind leg, 'nothing, your honour, but a scratch from a bagganet.'

"'What! a fight with the soldiers, eh? The cowardly rascals to use their side arms!'

"'We cleared the house of them, Sir, in no time.'

"'That's right. Now go below, my lads, and turn in, and get a good sleep. I like to see my

lambs enjoy themselves. It does my heart good.'

"And yet, Cutler, that man is said to be a father to his crew."

"Slick," said Cutler, "what a pity it is you wouldn't always talk that way! Now if there is any created thing that makes me mad, it is to have a feller look admiren at me, when I utter a piece of plain common sense like that, and turn up the whites of his eyes like a duck in thunder, as much as to say, what a pity it is you weren't broughten up a preacher. It ryles me considerable, I tell you."

"Cutler," said I, "did you ever see a colt in a pasture, how he would race and chase round the field, head, ears and tail up, and stop short, snort as if he had seen the ghost of a bridle, and off again hot foot?"

"Yes," said he, "I have, but you are not a colt, nor a boy either."

"Well, did you ever see a horse when unharnessed from a little light waggon, and turned out to grass, do nearly the same identical thing, and kick up his heels like mad, as much as to say, I am a free nigger now?"

"Well, I have," said he.

"Stop," said I, a touchin' of him on his arm; "what in the world is that?" and I pointed over the taffrail to the weather-bow.

"Porpoises," said he.

"What are they a doin' of?"

"Sportin' of themselves."

"Exactly," sais I, "and do you place man below the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea? What in natur' was humour given to us for, but for our divarsion? What sort of a world would this be if every fellow spoke sermons and talked homilies, and what in that case would parsons do? I leave you to cypher that out, and then prove it by algebra; but I'll tell you what they wouldn't do, I'll be hanged if they'd strike for higher wages, for fear they should not get any at all."

"I knock under," said he; "you may take my hat; now go on and finish the comparison between Clippers and Steamers."

"Well," sais I, "as I was a sayin', Captain, give me a craft like this, that spreads its wings like a bird, and looks as if it was born, not made, a whole-sail breeze, and a seaman every inch of him like you on the deck, who looks you in the face, in a way as if he'd like to say, only

bragging ain't genteel, ain't she a clipper now, and ain't I the man to handle her? Now this ain't the case in a steamer. They ain't vessels, they are more like floating factories; you see the steam machines and the enormous fires, and the the clouds of smoke, but you don't visit the rooms where the looms are, that's all. They plough through the sea dead and heavy, like a subsoiler with its eight horse team; there is no life in 'em; they can't dance on the waters as if they rejoiced in their course, but divide the waves as a rock does in a river; they seem to move more in defiance of the sea, than as if they were in an element of their own.

"They puff and blow like boasters braggin' that they extract from the ocean the means to make it help to subdue itself. It is a war of the elements, fire and water contendin' for victory. They are black, dingy, forbiddin' looking sea monsters. It is no wonder the superstitious Spaniard, when he first saw one, said: 'A vessel that goes against the tide, and against the wind, and without sails, goes against God,' or that the simple negro thought it was a sea devil. They are very well for carrying freight, because they are beasts of burden, but

not for carrying travellers, unless they are mere birds of passage like our Yankee tourists, who want to have it to say I was "*thar.*" I hate them. The decks are dirty; your skin and clothes are dirty; and your lungs become foul; smoke pervades everythin', and now and then the condensation gives you a shower of sooty water by way of variety, that scalds your face, and dyes your coat into a sort of pepper-and-salt colour.

"You miss the sailors, too. There are none on board—you miss the nice light, tight-built, lathy, wiry, active, neat jolly crew. In their place you have nasty, dirty, horrid stokers; some hoisting hot cinders, and throwing them overboard, (not with the merry countenances of niggers, or the cheerful sway-away-my-boys expression of the Jack Tar, but with sour, cameronean-lookin' faces, that seem as if they were dreadfully disappointed they were not persecuted any longer—had no churches and altars to desecrate, and no bishops to anoint with the oil of hill-side maledictions as of old) while others are emerging from the fiery furnaces beneath for fresh air, and wipe a hot, dirty face with a still dirtier shirt sleeve, and in return for the

nauseous exudation, lay on a fresh coat of blacking, tall, gaunt wretches, who pant for breath as they snuff the fresh breeze, like porpouses, and then dive again into the lower regions. They are neither seamen nor landsmen, good whips, nor decent shots, their hair is not woolly enough for niggers, and their faces are too black for white men. They ain't amphibious animals, like marines, and otters. They are Salamanders. But that's a long word, and now they call them stokers for shortness.

"Then steamers carry a mob, and I detest mobs, especially such ones as they delight in—greasy Jews, hairy Germans, Mullatto-looking Italians, squalling children, that run between your legs and throw you down, or wipe the butter off their bread on your clothes; Englishmen that will grumble, and Irishmen that will fight; priests that won't talk, and preachers that will harangue; women that will be carried about, because they won't lie still and be quiet; silk men, cotten men, bonnet men, iron men, trinket men, and every sort of shopmen, who severally know nothing in the world but silk, cotten, bonnets, iron, trinkets, and so on,

and can't talk of anythin' else; fellows who walk up and down the deck, four or five abreast when there are four or five of the same craft on board, and prevent any one else from promenadin', by sweepin' the whole space, while every lurch the ship gives, one of them tumbles atop of you, or treads on your toes, and then, instead of apoligisin', turns round and abuses you like a pick-pocket for stickin' your feet out and trippin' people up. Thinkin' is out of the question, and as for readin', you might as well read your fortune in the stars.

"Just as you begin, that lovely-lookin', rosy-cheeked, wicked-eyed gall, that came on board so full of health and spirits, but now looks like a faded, striped ribbon, white, yeller, pink, and brown—dappled all over her face, but her nose, which has a red spot on it—lifts up a pair of lack-lustre peepers that look glazed like the round, dull ground glass lights let into the deck, suddenly wakes up squeamish, and says, 'Please, Sir, help me down; I feel so ill.' Well, you take her up in your arms, and for the first time in your life, ho d her head from you, for fear she will reward you in a way that ain't no matter, and she feels as soft as dough,

and it seems as if your fingers left dents in her putty-like arms, and you carry her to the head of the stairs, and call out for the stewardess, and a waiter answers, "Stewardess is tight, Sir.'

"'I am glad of it, she is just the person I want. I wish all the other passengers were tight also.'

"'Lord, Sir, that ain't it—she is mops and brooms.'

"'Mops and brooms, I suppose she is, she must have plenty use for them, I reckon, to keep all snug and tidy down there.'

"'Good gracious, Sir, don't you understand, she is half seas over.'

"'True, so we all are, the captain said so to day at twelve o'clock, I wish we were over altogether. Send her up.'

"'No, no, Sir, she is more than half shaved.'

"'The devil! does she shave?. I don't believe she is a woman at all. I see how it is, you have been putting one of the sailors into petticoats.' And the idea makes even the invalid gall laugh.

"'No, no, Sir, she is tipsy.'

"'Then why the plague couldn't you say so at once. I guess you kinder pride yourself in your slang. Help me to assist this lady down to her friends.'

"Well, when you return on deck, lo and behold, your seat is occupied, and you must go and stand by the rail till one is vacant, when another gall that ain't ill, but inconveniently well, she is so full of chat, says, 'Look, look, Sir, dear me, what is that, Sir? a porpoise. Why you don't, did you ever! well, I never see a porpoise afore in all my born days! are they good to eat, Sir?'

"'Excellent food for whales, Miss.'

"'Well I never! do they swallow them right down?'

"'I guess they do, tank, shank and flank, at one gulp.'

"'Why how in the world do they ever get—' but she don't finish the sentence, for the silk man, cotten man, iron man, or trinket man, which ever is nearest, says, 'There is a ship on the lee-bow.' He says that because it sounds sailor-like, but it happens to be the weather-bow, and you have seen her an hour before.

"'Can you make her out?' sais he, that's another sea tarm he has picked up; he will talk like a horse-marine at last.

"'Yes,' sais you, 'she is a Quang-Tonger.'

"'A Quang-Tonger?' sais the gall, and before the old coon has disgested that hard word, she asks, 'what in natur is that?'

"'Why, Miss, Quang-Tong is a province of China, and Canton is the capital; all the vessels at Canton are called Quang-Tongers, but strangers call them Chinese Junks. Now, Miss, you have seen two new things to-day, a bottle-nosed porpoise and—'

"'Was that a bottle-nosed porpoise, Sir? why you don't say so! why, how you talk, why do they call them bottle-noses?'

"'Because, Miss, they make what is called velvet corks out of their snouts. They are reckoned the best corks in the world, and then, you have seen a Chinese Junk?'

"'A Chinese Junk,' sais the astonished trinket man, 'well I vow! a Chinese Junk, do tell!' and one gall calls Jeremiah Dodge, and the other her father and her sister, Mary Anne Matilda Jane, to come and see the Chinese Junk, and all the passengers rush to the

other side, and say; 'whare whare,' and the two discoverers say; 'there there' and you walk across the deck and take one of the evacuated seats you have been longin' for; and as you pass, you give a wink to the officer of the watch, who puts his tongue in his cheek as a token of approbation, and you begin to read again, as you fancy, in peace.

"But, there is no peace in a steamer, it is nothin' but a large calaboose,* chock full of prisoners. As soon as you have found your place in the book, and taken a fresh departure, the bonnet man sais, 'Please, sir, a seat for a lady,' and you have to get up and give it to his wife's lady's-maid. His wife ain't a lady, but having a lady's-maid, shews she intends to set up for one when she gets to home. To be a lady, she must lay in a lot of airs, and to brush her own hair, and garter her own stockins, is vulgar; if it was known in First Avenue, Spruce Street, in Bonnetville, it would ruin her as a woman of fashion, for ever.

"Now, bonnet man wouldn't ask you to get up and give your place to his wife's hired help,

* Calaboose is a Southern name for jail.

only he knows you are a Yankee, and we Yankees, I must say, are regularly fooled with women and preachers; just as much as that walking advertisement of a milliner is with her lady's-maid. All over America in rail carriages stage coaches, river steamers and public places of all sorts, every critter that wears a white choker, and looks like a minister, has the best seat given him. He expects it, as a matter of course, and as every female is a lady, every woman has a right to ask you to quit, without notice, for her accommodation. Now, it's all very well, and very proper to be respectful to preachers; and to be polite and courteous to women, and more especially those that are unprotected, but there is a limit, tother side of which lies absurdity.

"Now, if you had seen as much of the world as I have, and many other travelled Yankees, when bonnet man asked you to give up your seat to the maid, you would have pretended not to understand English, and not to know what he wanted, but would have answered him in French and offered him the book, and said certainly you would give it to him with pleasure, and when he said he didn't speak

French, but what he desired, was your place for the lady, you would have addressed her in German, and offered her the book, and when they looked at each other, and laughed at their blunder, in thus taking you for a Yankee, perhaps the man next to you would have offered his seat, and then when old bonnet man walked off to look at the Chinese Junk, you would have entered into conversation with the lady's maid, and told her it was a rise you took out of the old fellow to get her along side of you, and she would enjoy the joke, and you would have found her a thousand times more handsome, and more conversational and agreeable than her mistress.

"But this wouldn't last long, for the sick gall would be carried up on deck agin, woman like, though ill, very restless, and chock full of curiosity to see the Chinese Junk also; so you are caught by your own bam, and have to move again once more. The bell comes in aid, and summons you to dinner. Ah, the scene in the Tower of Babel is rehearsed! what a confusion of tongues! what a clatter of knives and forks and dishes! the waiter that goes and won't come back; and he who sees, pities but can't

help you; and he who is so near *sighted*, he can't *hear;* and he who is intercepted, and made prisoner on his way.

"What a profusion of viands—but how little to eat! this is cold; that underdone; this is tough; that you never eat; while all smell oily, oh, the only dish you did fancy, you can't touch, for that horrid German has put his hand into it. But it is all told in one short sentence; two hundred and fifty passengers supply two hundred and fifty reasons themselves, why I should prefer a sailing vessel with a small party to a crowded steamer. If you want to see them in perfection go where I have been it on board the California boats, and Mississippi river crafts. The French, Austrian and Italian boats are as bad. The two great Ocean lines, American and English are as good as anything bad can be, but the others are all abominable. They are small worlds over-crowded, and while these small worlds exist, the evil will remain; for alas, their passengers go backward and forward, they don't emigrate—they migrate; they go for the winter and return for the spring, or go in the spring and return in the fall.

"Come, Commodore, there is old Sorrow

ringing his merry bell for us to go to dinner. I have an idea we shall have ample room; a good appetite, and time enough to eat and enjoy it; come, Sir, let us, like true Americans, never refuse to go where duty calls us."

After dinner, Cutler reverted to the conversation we had had before we went below, though I don't know that I should call it conversation, either; for I believe I did as usual, most of the talking myself.

"I agree with you," said he, "in your comparative estimate of a sailing vessel and a steamer, I like the former the best myself. It is more agreeable for the reasons you have stated to a passenger, but it is still more agreeable to the officer in command of her on another account. In a sailing vessel, all your work is on deck, every thing is before you, and everybody under your command. One glance of a seaman's eye is sufficient to detect if anything is amiss, and no one man is indispensible to you. In a steamer the work is all below, the machinery is out of your sight, complicated, and one part dependant on another. If it gets out of order you are brought up with a round turn, all standing, and often in a

critical situation, too. You can't repair damage easily; sometimes, can't repair at all.

"Whereas carrying away a sail, a spar, a topmast, or anything of that kind impedes, but don't stop you, and if it is anything very serious there are a thousand ways of making a temporary rig that will answer till you make a port. But what I like best is, when my ship is in the daldrums, I am equal to the emergency; there is no engineer to bother you by saying, this can't be done, or that won't do, and to stand jawing and arguing instead of obeying and doing. Clippers of the right lines, size and build, well found, manned and commanded, will make nearly as good work, in ordinary times, as steamers. Perhaps it is prejudice though, for I believe we sailors are proverbial for that. But, Slick, recollect it ain't all fair weather sailing like this at sea. There are times when death stares you wildly in the face."

"Exactly," sais I, "as if he would like to know you the next time he came for you, so as not to apprehend the wrong one. He often leaves the rascal and seizes the honest man, my opinion is, he don't see very well."

"What a droll fellow you are," said he; "it

appears to me as if you couldn't be serious for five minutes at a time. I can tell you, if you were on a rocky lee-shore, with the wind and waves urging you on, and you barely holding your own, perhaps losing ground every tack, you wouldn't talk quite so glibly of death. Was you ever in a real heavy gale of wind?"

"Warn't I," said I; "the fust time I returned from England it blew great guns all the voyage, one gale after another, and the last always wuss than the one before. It carried away our sails as fast as we bent them."

"That's nothing unusual," said Cutler; "there are worse things than that at sea."

"Well, I'll tell you," sais I; "what it did; and if that ain't an uncommon thing, then my name aint Sam Slick. It blew all the hair off my dog, except a little tuft atween his ears. It did, upon my soul. I hope I may never leave—"

"Don't swear to it, Slick," said he, "that's a good fellow. It's impossible."

"Attestin' to it will make *your* hair stand on eend too, I suppose," said I; "but it's as true as preachin' for all that. What will you bet it didn't happen?"

"Tut, man, nonsense," said he, "I tell you the thing is impossible."

"Ah!" said I, "that's because you have been lucky, and never saw a riprorious hurricane in all your life. I'll tell you how it was. I bought a blood-hound from a man in Regent's Park, just afore I sailed, and the brute got sea-sick, and then took the mange, and between that and death starin' him in the face, his hair all came off, and in course it blew away. Is that impossible?"

"Well, well," said he, "you have the most comical way with you of any man I ever see. I am sure it aint in your nature to speak of death in that careless manner, you only talked that way to draw me out. I know you did. It's not a subject, however, to treat lightly, and if you are not inclined to be serious just now, tell us a story."

"Serious," sais I, "I am disposed to be; but not sanctimonious, and you know that. But here goes for a story, which has a nice little moral in it, too.

"'Once on a time, when pigs were swine, and turkeys chewed tobacco, and little birds built their nests in old men's beards.'

"Pooh!" said he, turning off huffy like, as if I was a goin' to bluff him off. "I wonder whether supper is ready?"

"Cutler," sais I, "come back, that's a good fellow, and I'll tell you the story. It's a short one, and will just fill up the space between this and tea-time. It is in illustration of what you was a sayin', that it aint always fair weather sailing in this world. There was a jack-tar once to England who had been absent on a whaling voyage for nearly three years, and he had hardly landed when he was ordered off to sea again, before he had time to go home and see his friends. He was a lamentin' this to a shipmate of his, a serious-minded man, like you.

"Sais he, 'Bill, it breaketh my heart to have to leave agin arter this fashion. I havn't seen Polly now goin' on three years, nor the little un either.' And he actilly piped his eye.

"'It seemeth hard, Tom,' said Bill, tryin' to comfort him; 'it seemeth hard; but I'm an older man nor you be, Tom, the matter of several years;' and he gave his trowsers a twitch. (You know they don't wear galluses,

though a gallus holds them up sometimes,) shifted his quid, gave his nor'wester a pull over his forehead, and looked solemncholly, 'and my experience, Tom, is, that *this life ain't all beer and skittles.*'

"Cutler, there is a great deal of philosophy in that maxim: a preacher couldn't say as much in a sermon an hour long, as there is in that little story with that little moral reflection at the eend of it.

"'*This life ain't all beer and skittles.*' Many a time since I heard that anecdote—and I heard it in Kew Gardens, of all places in the world—when I am disappointed sadly I say that saw over, and console myself with it. I can't expect to go thro' the world, Cutler, as I have done: stormy days, long and dark nights are before me. As I grow old I shant be so full of animal spirits as I have been. In the natur of things I must have my share of aches, and pains, and disappointment, as well as others; and when they come, nothing will better help me to bear them than that little, simple reflection of the sailor, which appeals so directly to the heart. Sam, *this life aint all beer and skittles, that's a fact.*"

CHAPTER III.

UNLOCKING A WOMAN'S HEART.

As we approached the eastern coast, "Eldad," sais I, to the pilot, "is there any harbour about here where our folks can do a little bit of trade, and where I can see something of 'Fishermen at home.'"

"We must be careful now how we proceed, for if the 'Spitfire' floats at the flood, Captain Stoker will try perhaps to overhaul us."

"Don't we want to wood and water, and aint there some repairs wanting," sais I, and I gave him a wink. "If so we can put into port; but I don't think we will attempt to fish again within the treaty limits, for it's dangerous work."

"Yes," sais he, touching his nose with the point of his finger, "all these things are needed,

and when they are going on, the mate and I can attend to the business of the owners." He then looked cautiously round to see that the Captain was not within hearing.

"Warn't it the 'Black Hawk' that was chased?" said he. "I think that was our name then."

"Why, to be sure it was," said I.

"Well," sais he, "this is the 'Sary Ann,' of New Bedford, now," and proceeding aft he turned a screw, and I could hear a board shift in the stern. "Do you mind that," said he: "well, you can't see it where you stand just now, at present; but the 'Sary Ann' shows her name there, now, and we have a set of papers to correspond. I guess the Britisher can't seize her, because the 'Black Hawk' broke the treaty; can he?" And he gave a knowing jupe of his head, as much as to say, aint that grand?

"Now, our new Captain is a strait-laced sort of man, you see; but the cantin fellow of a master you had on board before, warn't above a dodge of this kind. If it comes to the scratch, you must take the command again, for Cutler won't have art nor part in this game; and we maybe reformed out afore we know where we are."

"Well," sais I, "there is no occasion, I guess; put us somewhere a little out of sight, and we won't break the treaty no more. I reckon the 'Spitfire,' after all, would just as soon be in port as looking after us. It's small potatoes for a man-of-war to be hunting poor game, like us little fore and afters."

"As you like," he said, "but we are prepared, you see, for the mate and men understand the whole thing. It aint the first time they have escaped by changing their sign-board."

"Exactly," said I, "a ship aint like a dog; that can only answer to one name, and 'Sary Ann' is as good as the 'Black Hawk,' every mite and morsel. There is a good deal of fun in altering sign-boards. I recollect wunst, when I was a boy, there was a firm to Slickville who had this sign over their shop:

'Gallop and More,
Taylors.'

Well, one Saturday-night, brother Josiah and I got a paint-brush, and altered it this way:

'Gallop and 8 More
Taylors
Make a man.'

"Lord, what a commotion it made. Next

day was Sunday; and as the folks were going to church, they stood and laughed, and roared like anything. It made a terrible hulla-bulloo.

"'Sam,' said Minister to me, 'what in natur is all that ondecent noise about, so near the church-door.'

"I told him. It was most too much for him, but he bit in his breath, and tried to look grave; but I see a twinkle in his eye, and the corner of his mouth twitch, the way your eyelid does sometimes, when a nerve gets a dancing involuntarily.

"'A very foolish joke, Sam,' he said; 'it may get you into trouble.'

"'Why, Minister,' said I, 'I hope you don't think that—'

"'No,' said he, 'I don't think at all, I know it was you, for it's just like you. But it's a foolish joke, for, Sam:

"'Honor and worth from no condition rise—'

"'Exactly,' sais I.

"'Stitch well your part, there all the honor lies.'

"'Sam, Sam,' said he, 'you are a bad boy,' and he put on a serious face, and went in and got his gown ready for service.

"The 'Sary Ann,' for the 'Black Hawk,'" sais I to myself, "well that aint bad either; but there are more chests of tea and kegs of brandy, and such like, taken right by the custom-house door at Halifax in loads of hay and straw, then comes by water, just because it is the onlikeliest way in the world any man would do it. But it is only some of the Bay of Fundy boys that are up to that dodge. Smugglers in general haven't the courage to do that. Dear me!" sais I to myself, "when was there ever a law that couldn't be evaded; a tax that couldn't be shuffled off like an old slipper; a prohibition that a smuggler couldn't row right straight through, or a treaty that hadn't more holes in it than a dozen supplemental ones could patch up? *It's a high fence that can't be scaled, and a strong one that can't be broke down. When there are accomplices in the house, it is easier to get the door unlocked than to force it. Receivers make smugglers. Where there are not informers, penalties are dead letters.* The people here like to see us, for it is their interest, and we are safe, as long as they are friendly. I don't want to smuggle, for I scorn such a pettifogin' business, as Josiah would

call it; but I must and will see how the thing works, so as to report it to the President."

"Well, Eldad," sais I, "I leave all this to you. I want to avoid a scrape if I can, so put us in a place of safety and be careful how you proceed."

"I understand," said he. "Now, Mr. Slick, look yonder," pointing towards the shore. "What is that?"

"A large ship under full sail," said I, "but it is curious she has got the wind off shore, and just dead on end to us."

"Are you sure," said he, "it is a ship, for if we get foul of her we shall be sunk in a moment, and every soul on board perish."

"Is it a cruiser?" sais I; "because if it is, steer boldly for her, and I will go on board of her, and shew my commission as an officer of our everlastin' nation. Captain," said I, "what is that stranger?"

He paused for a moment, shaded his eyes with his hand, and examined her. "A large, square-rigged vessel," he said, "under a heavy press of canvas," and resumed his walk on the deck.

After a while the pilot said: "Look again, Mr. Slick, can you make her out now?"

"Why," sais I, "she is only a brigantine; but ask the skipper."

He took his glass and scrutinised her closely, and as he replaced it in the binnacle said: "We are going to have southerly weather I think; she loomed very large when I first saw her, and I took her for a ship; but now she seems to be an hermophrodite. It's of no consequence to us, however, what she is, and we shall soon near her."

"Beyond that vessel," said the pilot, "there is a splendid harbour, and as there has been a head wind for some time, I have no doubt there are many coasters in there, from the masters of whom you can obtain much useful information on the object of your visit, while we can drive a profitable trade among them and the folks ashore. How beautifully these harbours are situated," he continued, "for carrying on the fisheries, and Nova Scotian though I be, I must say, I do think, in any other part of the world there would be large towns here."

"I think so too, Eldad," sais I "but British legislation is at the bottom of all your misfortunes, after all, and though you are as lazy as sloths, and as idle as that fellow old Blowhard

saw, who lay down on the grass all day to watch the vessels passing, and observe the motion of the crows, the English, by breaking up your monopoly of inter-colonial and West India trade and throwing it open to us, not only without an equivalent, but in the face of our prohibitory duties, are the cause of all your poverty and stagnation. They are rich, and able to act like fools if they like in their own affairs, but it was a cruel thing to sacrifice you, as they have done, and deprive you of the only natural carrying trade and markets you had. The more I think of it, the less I blame you. It is a wicked mockery to lock men up, and then taunt them with want of enterprise, and tell them they are idle."

"Look at that vessel again, Sir," said Eldad; "she don't make much headway, does she?"

Well, I took the glass again and examined her minutely, and I never was so stumpt in my life.

"Pilot," said I, "is that the same vessel?"

"The identical," said he.

"I vow to man," sais I, "as I am a livin' sinner, that is neither a ship, nor a brigantine, nor a hermophrodite, but a topsail schooner, that's a fact. What in natur' is the

meanin' of all this? Perhaps the Captain. knows," so I called him again.

"Cutler, that vessel is transmografied again," sais I; "look at her."

"Pooh," said he, "that's not the same vessel at all. The two first we saw are behind that island. That one is nothing but a coaster. You can't take me in, Slick. You are always full of your fun, and taking a rise out of some one or another, and I shall be glad when we land, you will then have some one else to practise on."

In a short time the schooner vanished, and its place was supplied by a remarkable white cliff, which from the extraordinary optical delusion it occasions gives its name to the noble port which is now called Ship Harbour. I have since mentioned this subject to a number of mariners, and have never yet heard of a person who was not deceived in a similar manner. As we passed through the narrows, we entered a spacious and magnificent basin, so completely land-locked that a fleet of vessels of the largest size may lay there unmoved by any wind. There is no haven in America to be compared with it.

"You are now safe," said the pilot; "it is only twelve leagues from Halifax, and nobody

would think of looking for you here. The fact is, *the nearer you hide the safer you be.*"

"Exactly," sais I; "what you seek you can't find, but when you aint looking for a thing, you are sure to stumble on it."

"If you ever want to run goods, Sir," said he, "the closer you go to the port the better. Smugglers aint all up to this, so they seldom approach the lion's den, but go farther and fare worse. Now we may learn lessons from dumb animals. They know we reason on probabilities and therefore always do what is improbable, We *think* them to be fools, but they *know* that we are. The fox sees we always look for him about his hole, and therefore he carries on his trade as far from it, and as near the poultry yard as possible. If a dog kills sheep, and them Newfoundlanders are most uncommon fond of mutton, I must say, he never attacks his neighbour's flock, for he knows he would be suspected and had up for it, but sets off at night, and makes a foray like the old Scotch on the distant borders.

"He washes himself, for marks of blood is a bad sign, and returns afore day, and wags his tail, and runs round his master, and looks up

into his face as innocent as you please, as much as to say, 'Squire, here I have been watchin of your property all this live long night, it's dreadful lonely work, I do assure you, and oh, how glad I am to see the shine of your face this morning.'

"And the old boss pats his head, fairly took in, and says, 'that's a good dog, what a faithful honest fellow you be, you are worth your weight in gold.'

"Well, the next time he goes off on a spree in the same quarter, what does he see but a border dog strung up by the neck, who has been seized and condemned as many an innocent fellow has been before him on circumstantial evidence, and he laughs and says to himself, 'what fools humans be, they don't know half as much as we dogs do.' So he thinks it would be as well to shift his ground, where folks ain't on the watch for sheep stealers, and he makes a dash into a flock still further off.

"Them Newfoundlanders would puzzle the London detective police, I believe they are the most knowin' coons in all creation, don't you?"

"Well, they are," sais I, "that's a fact, and they have all the same passions and feelings we have, only they are more grateful than man is,

and you can by kindness lay one of them under an obligation he will never forget as long as he lives, whereas an obligation scares a man, for he snorts and stares at you like a horse at an engine, and is e'en most sure to up heels and let you have it, like mad. The only thing about dogs is, they can't bear rivals, they like to have all attention paid to themselves exclusively, I will tell you a story I had from a British Colonel.

"He was stationed in Nova Scotia, with his regiment, when I was a venden of clocks there. I met him to Windsor, at the Wilcox Inn. He was mightily taken with my old horse Clay, and offered me a most an everlastin' long price for him; he said if I would sell him, he wouldn't stand for money, for he never see such an animal in all his born days, and so on. But old Clay was above all price, his ditto was never made yet, and I don't think ever will be. I had no notion to sell him, and I told him so, but seein' he was dreadful disappointed, for a rich Englishman actually thinks money will do anything and get anything, I told him if ever I parted with him, he should have him on condition he would keep him as long he lived, and so on.

"Well, it pacified him abit, and to turn the conversation, sais I, 'Colonel' sais I, 'what a most an almighty everlastin' super superior Newfoundler that is,' a pointin to his dog; 'creation sais I, 'if I had a regiment of such fellows, I believe I wouldn't be afraid of the devil. My,' sais I, 'what a dog; would you part with him? I'de give anything for him.'

"I said that a purpose to show him I had as good a right to keep my horse as he had his long haired gentleman.

"'No,' sais he, with a sort of half smile at my ignorance in pokin' such a question at him, (for a Britisher abroad thinks he has privileges no one else has,) 'no, I don't want to part with him. I want to take him to England with me. See, he has all the marks of the true breed; look at his beautiful broad forehead, what an intellectual one it is, ain't it? then see his delicate mouse-like ears, just large enough to cover the orifice, and that's all.'

"'Orifice,' said I, for I hate fine words, for common use, they are like go to meetin' clothes on week days, onconvenient, and look too all fired jam up. Sais I, 'what's that when it's fried. I don't know that word?'

"'Why, ear hole,' said he.

"'Oh,' sais I, simple like, 'I take now.'

"He smiled and went on. 'Look at the black roof of his mouth,' said he, 'and do you see the dew claw, that is a great mark? Then feel that tail, that is his rudder to steer by when swimming. It's different from the tail of other dogs, the strength of that joint is surprising; but his chest, Sir, his chest, see how that is formed on purpose for diving. It is shaped internally like a seal's, and then, observe the spread of that webbed foot, and the power of them paddles; there are two kinds of them, the short and the long haired, but I think those shaggy ones are the handsomest. They are very difficult to be got now of the pure breed. I sent to the Bay of Bulls for this one. To have them in health you must make them stay out of doors in all weather, and keep them cool, and above all not feed them too high. Salt fish seems the best food for them, they are so fond of it. Singular that, ain't it? but a dog is natural, Sir, and a man ain't.

"'Now, you never saw a codfish at the table of a Newfoundland merchant in your life. He thinks it smells too much of the shop. In fact,

in my opinion the dog is the only gentleman there. The only one now that the Indian is extinct, who has breeding and blood in that land of oil, blubber and icebergs.'

"Lord, I wish one of them had been there to have heard him, wouldn't he a harpooned him? that's all? He made a considerable of a long yarn of it, and as it was a text he had often enlarged on, I thought he never would have ended, but like other preachers when he got heated, spit on the slate, rub it all out and cypher it over again. Thinks I to myself, I'll play you a bit, my boy.

"'Exactly,' sais I, 'there is the same difference in dogs and horses as there is in men. Some are noble by nature, and some vulgar; each is known by his breed.'

"'True,' said he, 'very true,' and he stood up a little straighter as if it did him good to hear a republican say that, for his father was an Earl. 'A very just remark,' said he, and he eyed me all over, as if he was rather surprised at my penetration.

"'But the worst of it,' sais I, 'is that a high bred dog or horse, and a high bred man are only good for one thing. A pointer will point—a blood horse, run—a setter will set—a bull dog fight—

and a Newfoundlander will swim; but what else are they good for? Now a duke is a duke, and the devil a thing else. All you expect of him is to act and look like one; (and I could point out some that even don't even do that.) If he writes a book, and I believe a Scotch one, by the help of his tutor, did once; or makes a speech, you say come now, that is very well for a duke, and so on. Well a marquis ain't quite so high bred, and he is a little better, and so on, downwards; when you get to an earl, why, he may be good for more things than one. I ain't quite sure a cross ain't desireable, and in that way that you couldn't improve the intelligence of both horses, noblemen and dogs—don't you think so, Sir?' sais I.

"'It is natural for you,' said he, not liking the smack of democracy that I threw in for fun, and looking uneasy. 'So,' sais he, (by way of turning the conversation) 'the sagacity of dogs is very wonderful. I will tell you an anecdote of this one that has surprised every body to whom I have related it.

"'Last summer my duties led me to George's Island. I take it for granted you know it. It is a small island situated in the centre of the

harbour of Halifax, has a powerful battery on it, and barracks for the accommodation of troops. There was a company of my regiment stationed there at the time. I took this dog and a small terrier, called Tilt, in the boat with me. The latter was a very active little fellow that the General had given me a few weeks before. He was such an amusing creature, that he soon became a universal favorite, and was suffered to come into the house, (a privilege which was never granted to this gentleman, who paid no regard to the appearance of his coat, which was often wet and dirty,) and who was therefore excluded.

"'The consequence was, Thunder was jealous, and would not associate with him, and if ever he took any liberty, he turned on him and punished him severely. This, however, he never presumed to do in my presence, as he knew I would not suffer it, and, therefore, when they both accompanied me in my walks, the big dog contented himself with treating the other with perfect indifference and contempt. Upon this occasion, Thunder lay down in the boat, and composed himself to sleep, while the little fellow, who was full of life and animation, and appeared as if he did not know what it was

to close his eyes, sat up, looked over the gunwale, and seemed to enjoy the thing uncommonly. He watched the motions of the men, as if he understood what was required of them, and was anxious they should acquit themselves properly.'

"'He knew,' said I, 'it was what sailors call the *dog watch.*'

"'Very *good,*' said he, but looking all the time as if he thought the interruption very *bad.*

"'After having made my inspection, I returned to the boat, for the purpose of recrossing to the town, when I missed the terrier. Thunder was close at my heels, and when I whistled for the other, wagged his tail and looked up in my face, as if he would say, never mind that foolish dog, I am here, and that is enough, or is there anything you want me to do.

"'After calling in vain, I went back to the barracks, and inquired of the men for Tilt, but no one appeared to have seen him, or noticed his motions.

"'After perambulating the little island in vain, I happened to ask the sentry if he knew where he was.

"'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'he is buried in the beach.'

"'Buried in the beach,' said I, with great anger, 'who dared to kill him? Tell me, Sir, immediately.'

"'That large dog did it, Sir. He enticed him down to the shore, by playing with him, pretending to crouch, and then run after him; and then retreating, and coaxing him to chase him; and when he got him near the beach, he throttled him in an instant, and then scratched a hole in the shingle and buried him, covering him up with the gravel. After that, he went into the water, and with his paws washed his head and face, shook himself, and went up to the barracks. You will find the terrier just down there, Sir.'

"'And sure enough there was the poor little fellow, quite dead, and yet warm.

"'In the meantime, Thunder, who had watched our proceedings from a distance, as soon as he saw the body exhumed, felt as if there was a court-martial holding over himself, plunged into the harbour, and swam across to the town, and hid himself for several days, until he thought the affair had blown over;

and then approached me anxiously and cautiously, lest he should be apprehended, and condemned. As I was unwilling to lose both of my dogs, I was obliged to overlook it, and take him back to my confidence. A strange story, aint it, Mr. Slick.'

"'Well, it is,' sais I, 'but dogs do certainly beat all natur, that's a fact.'

But to get back to the 'Black Hawk:' as soon as we anchored, I proposed to Cutler that we should go ashore and visit the 'natives.' While he was engaged giving his orders to the mate, I took the opportunity of inquiring of the Pilot about the inhabitants. This is always a necessary precaution. If you require light-houses, buoys, and sailing directions to enter a port, you want similar guides when you land. The navigation there is difficult also, and it's a great thing to know who you are going to meet, what sort of stuff they are made of, and which way to steer, so as to avoid hidden shoals and sand-bars, for every little community is as full of them as their harbour. It don't do, you know, to talk tory in the house of a radical, to name a bishop to a puritan, to let out agin smugglin' to a man who does a little bit of business that

way himself; or, as the French say, 'to talk of a rope in a house where the squatter has been hanged.' If you want to please a guest, you must have some of his favourite dishes at dinner for him; and if you want to talk agreeably to a man, you must select topics he has a relish for.

"So," sais I, "where had we better go, Pilot when we land?"

"Do you see that are white, one-story house there?" said he. "That is a place, though not an inn, where the owner, if he is at home, will receive the likes of you very hospitably. He is a capital fellow in his way, but as hot as pepper. His name is Peter McDonald, and he is considerable well to do in the world. He is a Highlander; and when young went out to Canada in the employment of the North-west Fur Company, where he spent many years, and married, broomstick fashion, I suppose, a squaw. After her death, he removed, with his two half-caste daughters, to St. John's, New Brunswick; but his girls, I don't think, were very well received, on account of their colour, and he came down here and settled at Ship Harbour, where some of his countrymen are located. He is as proud

as lucifer, and so are his galls. Whether it is that they have been slighted, and revenge it on all the rest of the world, I don't know; or whether it is Highland and Indian pride mixed, I aint sartified; but they carry their heads high, and show a stiff upper lip, I tell you. I don't think you will get much talk out of them, for I never could."

"Well, it don't follow," said I, "by no manner of means, Eldad, because they wouldn't chat to you, that they wouldn't open their little mugs to me. First and foremost recollect Mr. Nickerson, you are a married man, and it's no use for a gall to talk it into you; and then, in the next place, you see you know a plaguey sight more about the shape, make, and build of a craft like this, than you do about the figure-head, waist, and trim of a gall. You are a seaman, and I am a landsman; you know, how to bait your hooks for fish, and I know the sort of tackle women will jump at. See if I don't set their clappers a going, like those of a saw-mill. Do they speak English?"

"Yes," said he, "and they talk Gaelic and French also; the first two they learned from their father, and the other in Canada."

"Are they pretty?"

"The eldest is beautiful," said he; "and there is something in her manner you can't help thinking she is a lady. You never saw such a beautiful figure as she is in your life."

Thinks I to myself, "that's all you know about it, old boy." But I didn't say so, for I was thinking of Sophy at the time.

We then pushed off, and steered for Peter McDonald's, Indian Peter, as the Pilot said the fishermen called him. As we approached the house he came out to meet us; he was a short, strong-built, athletic man, and his step was as springy as a boy's. He had a jolly, open, manly face, but a quick, restless eye, and the general expression of his countenance indicated, at once, good nature, and irascibility of temper.

"Coot tay, shentlemen," he said, "she is glad to see you; come, walk into her own house." He recognised and received Eldad kindly, who mentioned our names and introduced us, and he welcomed us cordially. As soon as we were seated, according to the custom of the north-west traders, he insisted upon our taking something to drink, and calling to his daughter Jessie in Gaelic, he desired her to bring whiskey

and brandy. As I knew this was a request, that on such an occasion could not be declined without offence, I accepted his offer with thanks, and no little praise on the virtues of whiskey, the principal recommendation of which, I said, "was that there was not a headache in a hogshead of it."

"She believes so herself," he said, "it is petter ash all de rum, prandy, shin, and other Yanke pyson in the States; ta Yankies are cheatin smugglin rascalls."

The entrance of Jessie fortunately gave a turn to this complimentary remark; when she set down the tray, I rose and extended my hand to her, and said in Gaelic, "*Cair mur tha thu mo gradh*, (how do you do my dear), *tha mi'n dochas gam biel thu slan*, (I hope you are quite well)."

The girl was amazed, but no less pleased. How sweet to the ear are the accents of the paternal language, or the mother tongue as we call it, for it is women who teach us to talk. It is a bond of union! Whoever speaks it, when we are in a land of strangers, is regarded as a relative. I shall never forget when I was in the bazaar at Calcutta, how my heart leaped at

hearing the voice of a Connecticut man as he was addressing a native trader.

"Tell you what, stranger," said he "I feel as mad as a meat axe, and I hope I may be darned to all darnation, if I wouldn't chaw up your ugly mummyised corpse, hair, hide, and hoof, this blessed minute, as quick as I would mother's dough-nuts, if I warn't afraid you'd pyson me with your atimy, I'll be dod drotted if I wouldn't."

Oh, how them homespun words, coarse as they were, cheered my drooping spirits, and the real Connecticut nasal twang with which they were uttered sounded like music to my ears; how it brought up home and far-off friends to my mind, and how it sent up a tear of mingled joy and sadness to my eye.

Peter was delighted. He slapped me on the back with a hearty good will, in a way nearly to deprive me of my breath, welcomed me anew, and invited us all to stay with him while the vessel remained there. Jessie replied in Gaelic, but so rapidly I could only follow her with great difficulty, for I had but a smattering of it, though I understood it better than I could speak it, having acquired it in a very singular

manner, as I will tell you by and bye. Offering her a chair, she took it and sat down after some hesitation, as if it was not her usual habit to associate with her father's visitors, and we were soon on very sociable terms. I asked the name of the trading post in the north-west where they had resided, and delighted her by informing her I had once been there myself on business of John Jacob Astor's New York Fur Company, and staid with the Governor, who was the friend and patron of her father's. This was sufficient to establish us at once on something like the footing of old friends. When she withdrew, Peter followed her out, probably to give some directions for our evening meal.

"Well, well," said the Pilot, "if you don't beat all! I never could get a word out of that girl, and you have loosened her tongue in rale right down earnest, that's a fact."

"Eldad," sais I, "there is two sorts of pilotage, one that enables you to steer through life, and another that carries you safely along a coast, and there is this difference between them: This universal globe is all alike in a general way, and the knowledge that is sufficient for one country will do for all the rest of it,

with some slight variations. Now, you may be a very good pilot on this coast, but your knowledge is no use to you on the shores of England. A land pilot is a fool if he makes shipwreck wherever he is, but the best of coast pilots when he gets on a strange shore is as helpless as a child. Now a woman is a woman all over the world, whether she speaks Gaelic, French, Indian, or Chinese; there are various entrances to her heart, and if you have experience, you have got a compass which will enable you to steer through one or the other of them, into the inner harbour of it. Now, Minister used to say that Eve in Hebrew meant talk, for providence gave her the power of chattyfication on purpose to take charge of that department. Clack then you see is natural to them, *talk therefore to them as they like, and they will soon like to talk to you.* If a woman was to put a Bramah lock on her heart, a skilful man would find his way into it if he wanted to, I know. That contrivance is set to a particular word; find the letters that compose it, and it opens at once. The moment I heard the Gaelic, I knew I had discovered the cypher—I tried it and succeeded. *Tell you what, Pilot, love and skill laugh at locks, for them that can't be*

opened can be picked. The mechanism of the human heart, when you thoroughly understand it, is, like all the other works of nature, very beautiful, very wonderful, but very simple. When it does not work well, the fault is not in the machinery, but in the management."

CHAPTER IV.

A CRITTUR WITH A THOUSAND VIRTUES AND BUT ONE VICE.

Soon after McDonald had returned and resumed his seat, a tall thin man, dressed in a coarse suit of homespun, entered the room, and addressing our host familiarly as Squire Peter, deposited in the corner a fishing-rod, and proceeded to disencumber himself of a large salmon-basket apparently well filled, and also two wallets, one of which seemed to contain his clothes, and the other, from the dull heavy sound it emitted as he threw it on the floor, some tools. He was about forty years of age. His head, which was singularly well formed, was covered with a luxuriant mass of bushy black curls. His eyes

were large, deep set and intelligent, his forehead expansive and projecting, and his eyebrows heavy and shaggy. When addressing Peter he raised them up in a peculiar manner, nearly to the centre of his forehead, and when he ceased they suddenly dropped and partially concealed his eyes.

It was impossible not to be attracted by a face, that had two such remarkable expressions; one of animation, amiability, and intelligence; and the other of total abstraction. He bent forward, even after he relieved himself of his load, and his attitude and gait suggested the idea of an American land-surveyor, who had been accustomed to carry heavy weights in the forest. Without condescending to notice the party, further than bestowing on us a cursory glance to ascertain whether he knew any of us, he drew up to the chimney corner, and placing the soles of his boots perpendicularly to the fire, (which soon indicated by the vapour arising from them, that he had been wading in water), he asked in a listless manner and without waiting for replies, some unconnected questions of the landlord: as, "Any news, Peter? how does the world use you? how are the young ladies? how

is fish this season? macarel plenty? any wrecks this year, Peter, eh? any vessels sinking, and dead men floating; silks, satins, ribbons, and gold watches waiting to be picked up? Glorious coast this! the harvest extends over the whole year," and then he drew his hand over his face as if to suppress emotion, and immediately relapsed into silence and stared moodily into the fire.

Peter seemed to understand that no answer was required, and therefore made none, but asked him where he had come from?

"Where did he come from?" said the stranger, who evidently applied the question to a fish in his basket, and not to himself, "originally from the lake, Peter, where it was spawned, and whither it annually returns. You ought to understand that, Mac, for you have a head on your shoulders, and that is more than half the poor wretches that float ashore here from the deep have. It's a hard life, my friend, going to sea, and hard shores sailors knock against sometimes, and still harder hearts they often find there. A stone in the end of a stocking is a sling for a giant, and soon puts an end to their sufferings; a punishment for wearing gold watches, a penalty for pride. Jolly tars, eh?

oh yes, very jolly! it's a jolly sight, aint it, to see two hundred half-naked, mangled, and disfigured bodies on the beach, as I did the other day?" and he gave a shudder at the thought that seemed to shake the very chair he sat on. "It's lucky their friends don't see them, and know their sad fate. They were lost at sea! that is enough for mothers and wives to hear. The cry for help, when there is none to save, the shriek of despair, when no hope is left, the half-uttered prayer, the last groan, and the last struggle of death, are all hushed in the storm, and weeping friends know not what thev lament."

After a short pause, he continued:

"That sight has most crazed me. What was it you asked? Oh, I have it! you asked where he came from? From the lake, Peter, where he was spawned, and where he returned, you see, to die. You were spawned on the shores of one of the bays of the Highlands of Scotland. Wouldn't you like to return and lay your bones there, eh? From earth you came, to earth you shall return. Wouldn't you like to go back and breathe the air of childhood once more before you die? Love of home, Peter, is strong;

it is an instinct of nature; but, alas! the world is a Scotchman's home—anywhere that he can make money. Don't the mountains with their misty summits appear before you sometimes in your sleep? Don't you dream of their dark shadows and sunny spots, their heathy slopes and deep deep glens? Do you see the deer grazing there, and hear the bees hum merrily as they return laden with honey, or the grouse rise startled, and whirr away to hide itself in its distant covert? Do the dead ever rise from their graves and inhabit again the little cottage that looks out on the stormy sea? Do you become a child once more, and hear your mother's voice, as she sings the little simple air that lulls you to sleep, or watch with aching eyes for the returning boat that brings your father, with the shadows of evening, to his humble home? And what is the language of your dreams? not English, French, or Indian, Peter, for they have been learned for trade or for travel, but Gaelic, for that was the language of love. Had you left home early, Mac, and forgotten its words or its sounds, had all trace of it vanished from your memory as if it had never been, still would you have heard it, and known it, and

talked it in your dreams. Peter, it is the voice of nature, and that is the voice of God!"

"She'll tell her what she treams of sometimes," said McDonald, "she treams of ta mountain dew—ta clear water of life."

"I will be bound you do," said the Doctor, "and I do if you don't, so, Peter, my boy, give me a glass; it will cheer my heart, for I have been too much alone lately, and have seen such horrid sights, I feel dull."

While Peter (who was a good deal affected with this reference to his native land), was proceeding to comply with his request, he relapsed into his former state of abstraction, and when the liquor was presented to him, appeared altogether to have forgotten that he had asked for it.

"Come, Toctor," said the host, touching him on the shoulder, "come, take a drop of this, it will cheer you up; you seem a peg too low to-day. It's the genuine thing, it is some the Governor, Sir Colin Campbell, gave me."

"None the better for that, Peter, none the better for that, for the rich give out of their abundance, the poor from their last cup and their last loaf; one is the gift of station, the other the gift of the heart."

"Indeed then, she is mistakened, man. It was the gift of as true-hearted a Highlander as ever lived. I went to see him lately, about a grant of land. He was engaged writing at the time, and an officher was standing by him for orders, and sais he to me, 'my good friend, could you call to-morrow? for I am very busy to-day, as you see.' Well, I answered, him in Gaelic that the wind was fair, and I was anxious to go home, but if he would be at leisure next week I would return again. Oh, I wish you had seen him, Doctor, when he heard his native tongue. He threw down his pen, jumped up like a boy, and took me by the hand, and shook it with all his might. 'Oh,' said he, 'I haven't heard that for years; the sound of it does my heart good. You must come again and see me after the steamer has left for England. What can I do for you?' So I told him in a few words I wanted a grant of two hundred acres of land adjoining this place. And he took a minute of my name, and of Ship Harbour, and the number of my lot, and wrote underneath an order for the grant. 'Take that to the Surveyor-General,' said he, 'and the next time you come to Halifax

the grant will be ready for you.' Then he rang the bell, and when the servant came, he ordered him to fill a hamper of whiskey and take it down to my vessel."

"Did you get the grant?" said the stranger.

"Indeed she did," said Peter, "and when she came to read it, it was for five instead of two hundred acres."

"Good!" said the other. "Come, I like that. Fill me another glass and I will drink his health."

"Well done, old boy!" said I to myself, "you know how to carry your sentimentality to market anyhow. Doctor, doctor! So you are a doctor," sais I to myself, "are you? Well, there is something else in you than dough pills, and salts and senna at any rate, and that is more than most of your craft have, at all events. I'll draw you out presently, for I never saw a man with that vein of melancholy in him, that didn't like fun, providin' his sadness warn't the effect of disease. So here's at you; I'll make the fun start or break a trace, I know."

Cutler and I had been talking horse when he came in; a sort of talk I rather like myself, for I consait I know a considerable some about

it, and aint above getting a wrinkle from others when I can. "Well," sais I, "Capting, we was a talking about horses when the Doctor came in."

"Captain," said the Doctor, turning round to Cutler, "Captain, excuse me, Sir, how did you reach the shore?"

"In the boat," said Cutler.

"Ah!" said the other with animation, "was all the crew saved?"

"We were in no danger whatever, Sir; my vessel is at anchor in the harbour."

"Ah," replied the Doctor, "that's fortunate, very fortunate;" and turned again to the fire, with an air, as I thought, of disappointment, as if he had expected a tale of horror to excite him.

"Well, Mr. Slick," said the Captain, "let us hear your story about *the horse that had a thousand virtues and only one vice.*"

At the sound of my name, the stranger gave a sudden start and gazed steadily at me, his eyebrows raised in the extraordinary manner that I have described, something like the festoon of a curtain, and a smile playing on his face as if expecting a joke and ready to

enter into it, and enjoy it. All this I observed out of the corner of my eye, without appearing to regard him, or notice his scrutiny.

Sais I, "when I had my tea-store in Boston, I owned the fastest trotting horse in the United States; he was a sneezer, I tell you. I called him Mandarin—a very appropriate name you see for my business. It was very important for me to attract attention. Indeed, you must do it, you know, in our great cities, or you are run right over, and crushed by engines of more power. Whose horse is that? Mr. Slick's the great tea-merchant. That's the great Mandarin, the fastest beast in all creation—refused five thousand dollars for him, and so on. Every wrapper I had for my tea had a print of him on it. It was action and reaction, you see. Well, this horse had a very serious fault that diminished his value in my eyes down to a hundred dollars, as far as use and comfort went. Nothing in the world could ever induce him to cross a bridge. He had fallen through one when he was a colt, and got so all-fired frightened he never forgot it afterwards. He would stop, rear, run back, plunge, and finally kick if you hunished him too hard, and smash your waggon

to pieces, but cross he never would. Nobody knew this but me, and of course I warn't such a fool as to blow upon my own beast. At last I grew tired of him and determined to sell him; but as I am a man that always adheres to the truth in my horse trades, the difficulty was, how to sell him and not lose by him. Well, I had to go to Charleston, South Carolina, on business, and I took the chance to get rid of Mr. Mandarin, and advertised him for sale. I worded the notice this way:

"'A gentleman, being desirous of quitting Boston on urgent business for a time, will dispose of a first-rate horse, that he is obliged to leave behind him. None need apply but those willing to give a long price. The animal may be seen at Deacon Seth's livery stables.'

"Well, it was soon known that Mandarin was for sale, and several persons came to know the lowest figure. "'Four thousand dollars,' said I, 'and if I didn't want to leave Boston in a hurry, six would be the price.'

"At last young Mr. Parker, the banker's son from Bethany, called and said he wouldn't stand for the price, seeing that a hundred dollars was no more than a cord of wood in his pocket.

(Good gracious, how the Doctor laughed at that phrase!) but would like to inquire a little about the critter, confidential like.

"'I will answer any questions you ask,' I said, candidly.

"'Is he sound?'

"'Sound as a new hackmetack trenail. Drive it all day, and you can't broom it one mite or morsel.'

"'Good in harness?'

"'Excellent.'

"'Can he do his mile in two fifteen?'

"'He has done it.'

"'Now between man and man,' sais he, 'what is your reason for selling the horse, Slick? for you are not so soft as to be tempted by price out of a first chop article like that.'

"'Well, candidly,' sais I, 'for I am like a cow's tail, straight up and down in my dealins, and ambition the clean thing.'"

"Straight up and down!" said the Doctor aloud to himself; "straight up and down like a cow's tail. Oh Jupiter! what a simile! and yet it aint bad, for one end is sure to be in the dirt. A man may be the straight thing, that is right up and down like a cow's tail, but hang me if he can be the clean thing anyhow he can

fix it." And he stretched out his feet to their full length, put his hands in his trowsers pocket, held down his head, and clucked like a hen that is calling her chickens. I vow I could hardly help bustin' out a larfin myself, for it warn't a slow remark of hisn, and showed fun; in fact, I was sure at first he was a droll boy.

" Well, as I was a sayin," sais I to Mr. Parker, 'candidly, now, my only reason for partin' with that are horse is, that I want to go away in a hurry out of Boston clear down to Charleston, South Carolina, and as I can't take him with me, I prefer to sell him.'

"'Well,' sais he, 'the beast is mine, and here is a cheque for your money.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'Parker, take care of him for you have got a fust rate critter. He is all sorts of a horse, and one that is all I have told you, and more too, and no mistake.'

"Every man that buys a new horse in a general way, is in a great hurry to try him. There is sumthin' very takin' in a new thing. A new watch, a new coat, no, I reckon it's best to except a new spic and span coat (for it's too glossy, and it don't set easy, till it's worn awhile, and perhaps I might say a new saddle,

for it looks as if you warn't used to ridin', except when you went to Meetin' of a Sabbaday, and kept it covered all the week, as a gall does her bonnet, to save it from the flies;) but a new waggon, a new sleigh, a new house, and above all a new wife, has great attractions. Still you get tired of them all in a short while; you soon guess the hour instead of pullin' out the watch for everlastin'. The waggon loses its novelty, and so does the sleigh, and the house is surpassed next month by a larger and finer one, and as you can't carry it about to show folks, you soon find it is too expensive to invite them to come and admire it. But the wife; oh, Lord! In a general way, there ain't more difference between a grub and a butterfly, than between a sweetheart and wife. Yet the grub and the butterfly is the same thing, only differently rigged out, and so is the sweetheart and wife. Both critters crawl about the house, and ain't very attractive to look at, and both turn out so fine, and so painted when they go abroad, you don't scarcely know them agin. Both, too, when they get out of doors, seem to have no other airthly object but to show themselves. They don't go straight there, and back

again, as if there was an end in view, but they first flaunt to the right, and then to the left, and then everywhere in general, and yet nowhere in particular. To be seen and admired is the object of both. They are all finery, and that is so in their way they can neither sit, walk nor stand conveniently in it. They are never happy, but when on the wing."

"Oh, Lord!" said the Doctor to himself, who seemed to think aloud; "I wonder if that is a picture or a caricature?"

Thinks I, "old boy, you are sold. I said that a purpose to find you out, for I am too fond of feminine gender to make fun of them. You are a single man. If you was married, I guess you wouldn't ask that are question."

But I went on. "Now a horse is different, you never get tired of a good one. He don't fizzle out* like the rest. You like him better and better every day. He seems a part of yourself; he is your better half, your '*hal*ter *he*go' as I heard a cockney once call his fancy gall.

"This bein' the case, as I was a sayin', as

* Fizzle out. To prove a failure.

soon as a man gits a new one, he wants to try him. So Parker puts Mandarin into harness, and drives away like wink for Salem, but when he came to the bridge, the old coon stopt, put forward his ears, snorted, champed his bit and stamped his fore feet. First Parker coaxed him, but that did no good, and then he gave him the whip, and he reared straight up on eend, and nearly fell over into his waggon. A man that was crossing over at the time, took him by the head to lead him, when he suddenly wheeled half round, threw him in the mud, and dragged him in the gutter, as he backed up agin the side walk all standin'. Parker then laid on the whip, hot and heavy; he gave him a most righteous lickin'. Mandarin returned blow for blow, until he kicked the waggon all to flinders.

"Well, I must say that for his new owner, he was a plucky fellow, as well as Mandarin, and warn't agoin' to cave in that way. So he takes him back to the livery stables, and puts him into another carriage, and off he starts agin, and thinkin' that the horse had seen or smelt sumthen at that bridge to scare him, he tries another, when the same scene was acted

over again, only he was throwed out, and had his clothes nearly tore off. Well, that afternoon, up comes Parker to me, choking with rage.

"'Slick,' said he, 'that is the greatest devil of a horse I ever see. He has dashed two carriages all to shivereens, and nearly tuckard the innerds out of me and another man. I don't think you have acted honestly by me.'

"'Parker,' said I 'don't you use words that you don't know the meanin' of, and for goodness gracious sake don't come to me to teach you manners, I beseech you, for I am a rough schoolmaster, I tell *you*. I answered every question you asked me, candidly, fair and square, and above board.'

"'Didn't you know,' said he, 'that no living man could git that horse across a bridge, let him do his darndest?'

"'I did,' said I, 'know it to my cost, for he nearly killed me in a fight we had at the Salem Pike.'

"'How could you then tell me, Sir, your sole reason for parting with him was, that you wanted to leave Boston and go to Charleston?'

"'Because, Sir,' I replied, 'it was the literal truth. Boston, you know as well as I do, is

almost an island, and go which way you will, you must cross a bridge to get out of it. I said I wanted to quit the city, and was compelled to leave my horse behind. How could I ever quit the place with that tormented beast? And warn't I compelled to leave him when Old Scratch himself couldn't make him obey orders? If I had a waited to leave town, till he would cross a bridge, I should have had to have waited till doomsday.'

"He scratched his head and looked foolish. 'What a devil of a sell,' said he. 'That will be a standing joke agin me as long as I live.'

"'I don't see that,' said I, 'if you had been deceived, you might have called it a sell, but you bought him with your eyes and ears open, and a full knowledge of the truth. And, after all, where will you go to better yourself? for the most that can be said is, you have got *a crittur with a thousand virtues and but one vice.*'

"'Oh, get out!' said he, 'and let me alone.' And he walked off, and looked as sheepish as you please."

"Oh dear!" said the Doctor; "oh dear." And he placed his hands on his ribs, and walked

round the room in a bent position, like a man affected with colic, and laughed as if he was hysterical, saying, "Oh dear! Oh, Mr. Slick, that's a capital story. Oh, you would make a new man of me soon, I am sure you would, if I was any time with you. I haven't laughed before that way for many a long day. Oh, it does me good. There is nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, but I do like it in others. Oh, we need it. We need all the counterweights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. *God has made sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?*"

"Stick a pin in that, Doctor," sais I, "for it's worth rememberin' as a wise saw."

He then took up his wallet, and retired to his room to change his clothes, saying to himself, in an under tone: "Stick a pin in it. What a queer phrase; and yet it's expressive, too. It's the way I preserve my insects."

The foregoing conversation had scarcely terminated, when Peter's daughters commenced their preparations for the evening meal. And I confess I was never more surprised, than at the appearance of the elder one, Jessie. In

form and beauty she far exceeded the Pilot's high encomiums. She was taller than American women generally are; but she was so admirably proportioned, and well developed, you were not aware of her heighth, till you saw her standing near her sister. Her motions were all quiet, natural, and graceful, and there was an air about her, that nothing but the native ease of a child of the forest, or high-bred elegance of fashionable life can ever impart. She had the delicate hands, and small feet, peculiar to Indian women. Her hair was of the darkest and deepest jet, but not so coarse as that of the aborigines; whilst her large, black eyes were oval in shape, liquid, shaded by long lashes, and over-arched by delicately-pencilled brows. Her neck was long, but full, and her shoulders would have been the envy of a London ball-room. She was a perfect model of a woman.

It is true she had had the advantage, when young, of being the companion of the children of the Governor of the Fort, and had been petted, partially educated, and patronised by his wife. But neither he nor his lady could have imparted what it is probable neither possessed, much polish of manner, or refinement of mind.

We hear of nature's noblemen, but that means rather manly, generous, brave fellows, than polished men. There are, however, splendid specimens of men, and beautiful looking women, among the aborigines. Extremes meet; and it is certain that the ease and grace of highly civilised life, do not surpass those of untutored nature, that neither concedes, nor claims a superiority to others. She was altogether of a different stamp from her sister, who was a common-looking person, and resembled the ordinary females to be found in savage life. Stout, strong, and rather stolid, accustomed to drudge and to obey, rather than to be petted and rule; to receive, and not to give orders, and to submit from habit and choice. One seemed far above, and the other as much below, the station of their father. Jessie, though reserved, would converse if addressed; the other shunned conversation as much as possible.

Both father and daughters seemed mutually attached to each other, and their conversation was carried on with equal facility in Indian, French, Gaelic, and English, although Peter spoke the last somewhat indifferently. In the evening a young man, of the name of Fraser, with his

two sisters, children of a Highland neighbour, came in to visit the McDonalds, and Peter producing his violin, we danced jigs and reels, in a manner, and with a spirit not often seen but in Ireland or Scotland. The Doctor, unable to withstand the general excitement, joined in the dances, with as much animation as any of us, and seemed to enjoy himself amazingly.

"Ah, Mr. Slick," said he, patting me on the shoulder, "this is the true philosophy of life. But how is it with your disposition for fun, into which you enter with all your heart, that you have such a store of 'wise saws.' How in the world did you ever acquire them? for your time seems to have been spent more in the active pursuits of life, than in meditation. Excuse me, I neither undervalue your talent nor power of observation, but the union does not seem quite natural, it is so much out of the usual course of things."

"Well," sais I, "Doctor, you have been enough in the woods to know that a rock, accidentally falling from a bank into a brook, or a drift-log catching cross ways of the stream, will often change its whole course, and give it

a different direction; haven't you? Don't you know that the smallest, and most trivial event, often contains colouring matter enough in it to change the whole complexion of our life? For instance, one Saturday, not long before I left school, and when I was a considerable junk of a boy, father gave me leave to go and spend the day with Eb Snell, the son of our neighbour old Colonel Jephunny Snell. We amused ourselves catching trout in the mill-pond, and shooting king-fishers, about the hardest bird there is to kill in all creation, and between one and the other sport, you may depend we enjoyed ourselves first-rate. Towards evenin', I heard a most an awful yell, and looked round, and there was Eb shoutin' and screamin' at the tip eend of his voice, and a jumpin' up and down, as if he had been bit by a rattlesnake.

"'What in natur is the matter of you, Eb?' sais I. 'What are you a makin' such an everlastin' touss about?' But the more I asked, the more he wouldn't answer. At last, I thought I saw a splash in the water, as if somebody was making a desperate splurging there, and I pulled for it, and raced to where he was in no time, and sure enough there was his little

brother, Zeb, just a sinkin' out of sight. So I makes a spring in after him in no time, caught him by the hair of his head, just as he was vamosing, and swam ashore with him. The bull-rushes and long water-grass was considerable thick there, and once or twice I thought in my soul I should have to let go my hold of the child, and leave him to save my own life, my feet got so tangled in it; but I stuck to it like a good fellow, and worked my passage out with the youngster.

"Just then, down came the women folk and all the family of the Snells, and the old woman made right at me, as cross as a bear that has cubs, she looked like a perfect fury.

"'You good-for-nothin' young scallowag,' said she, 'is that the way you take care of that poor dear little boy, to let him fall into the pond, and get half drowned?'

"And she up and boxed my ears right and left, till sparks came out of my eyes like a blacksmith's chimney, and my hat which was all soft with water, got the crown knocked in, in the scuffle, and was as flat as a pancake.

"'What's all this,' sais Colonel Jephunny,

who came runnin' out of the mill. 'Eb,' sais he, 'what's all this?'

"Well, the critter was so frightened he couldn't do nothin,' but jump up and down, nor say a word, but, 'Sam, Sam!'

"So the old man seizes a stick, and catchin' one of my hands in his, turned to, and gave me a most an awful hidin'. He cut me into ribbons a'most.

"'I'll teach you,' he said, 'you villain, to throw a child into the water arter that fashin.' And he turned to, and at it agin, as hard as he could lay on. I believe in my soul he would have nearly killed me, if it hadn't a been for a great big nigger wench he had, called Rose. My! what a slashin' large woman, that was; half horse, half alligator, with a cross of the mammoth in her. She wore a man's hat and jacket, and her petticoat had stuff enough in it to make the mainsail of a boat. Her foot was as long and as flat as a snow shoe, and her hands looked as shapeless and as hard as two large sponges froze solid. Her neck was as thick as a bull's, and her scalp was large and woolley enough for a door-mat. She was as strong as a moose, and as ugly too; and her

great white pointed teeth was a caution to a shark.

"'Hullo,' sais she, 'here's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot. Are you a goin' to kill that boy, massa?' and she seized hold of me and took me away from him, and caught me up in her arms as easy as if I was a doll.

"'Here's a pretty hurrahs nest,' sais she, 'let me see one of you dare to lay hands on this brave pickininny. He is more of a man than the whole bilin' of you put together. My poor child,' said she, 'they have used you scandalous, ridiculous,' and she held down her nasty oily shiny face and kissed me, till she nearly smothered me. Oh, Doctor, I shall never forget that scene the longest day I ever live. She might a been Rose by name, but she warnt one by nature, I tell *you*. When niggers get their dander raised, and their ebenezer fairly up, they ain't otter of roses, that's a fact; whatever Mrs. Stowe may say. Oh, I kicked and yelled and coughed like anything.

"'Poor dear boy,' she said, 'Rosy ain't a goin' to hurt her own brave child,' not she, and she kissed me again, and again, till I thought I should have fainted. She actually took away my breath.

"'Come,' said she, and she set me down on my feet. 'Come to the house, till I put some dry clothes on you, and I'll make some lasses candy for you, with my own hands!' But as soon as I touched land, I streaked off for home, as hard as I could lay legs to the ground; but the perfume of old Rose set me a sneezing so, I fairly blew up the dust in the road, as I went, as if a bull had been pawin of it, and left a great wet streak behind me as if a watering pot had passed that way. Who should I meet when I returned, but mother a standin at the door.

"'Why, Sam,' said she, 'what under the sun is the matter? What a spot of work? Where in the world have you been?'

"'In the mill pond,' said I.

"'In the mill pond,' said she, slowly; 'and ruinated that beautiful new coat, I made out of your father's old one, and turned so nicely for you. You are more trouble to me than all the rest of the boys put together. Go right off to your room this blessed instant minite, and go to bed and say your prayers, and render thanks for savin' your clothes, if you did lose your life.'

"'I wish I had lost my life,' said I.

"'Wish you had lost your life?' said she.

'Why you miserable, onsarcumsised, onjustified, graceless boy. Why do you wish you had lost your life?'

"'Phew, phew,' said I, 'was you ever kissed by a nigger? because, if you was, I guess you wouldn't have asked that are question,' and I sneezed so hard I actually blew down the wire cage, the door flew open, and the cat made a spring like wink and killed the canary bird.

"'Sam, Sam,' said she, ('skat, skat, you nasty devil, you—you have got the knary, I do declare.) Sam! Sam! to think I should have lived to hear you ask your mother if she had ever been kissed by a nigger!' and she began to boohoo right out. 'I do believe in my soul you are drunk, Sam,' said she.

"'I shouldn't wonder if I was,' said I, 'for I have drunk enough to day to serve a cow and a calf for a week.

"'Go right off to bed; my poor dear bird,' said she. 'And when your father comes in I will send him to your cage. You shall be punished for this.'

"'I don't care,' sais I, for I was desperate and didn't mind what happened 'who you send, providin' you don't send black Rose, the nigger wench to me.'

"Well, in about an hour or so, I heard father come to the foot of the stairs and call out 'Sam.' I didn't answer at first, but went and threw the winder open ready for a jump.

"Thinks I, 'Sam, you are in great luck today. 1st. You got nearly drowned, savin' that little brat Zeb Snell. 2nd. You lost a bran new hat, and spoilt your go to meetin' clothes. 3rd. Mrs. Snell boxed your ears till your eyes shot stars, like rockets. 4th. You got an all-fired licking from old Colonel Jephunny, till he made a mulatto of you, and you was half black and half white. 5th. You got kissed and pysoned by that great big emancipated she-nigger wench. 6th. You have killed your mother's canary bird, and she has jawed you till she went into hysterics. 7th. Here's the old man a goin' to give you another walloping and all for nothin. I'll cut and run, and dot drot me if I don't, for it's tarnation all over.'

"'Sam,' sais father again a raisin' of his voice.

"'Father,' sais I, 'I beg your pardon, I am very sorry for what I have done, and I think I have been punished enough. If you will promise to let me off this time, I will take my

oath I will never save another person from drowning again, the longest day I ever live.'

"'Come down,' said he, 'when I tell you, I am goin' to reward you.'

"'Thank you,' sais I, 'I have been rewarded already more than I deserve.'

"Well, to make a long story short, we concluded a treaty of peace, and down I went, and there was Colonel Snell, who said he had drove over to beg my pardon for the wrong he had done to me, and said he 'Sam, come to me at ten o'clock on Monday, and I will put you in a way to make your fortune, as a recompense for saving my child's life.'

"Well, I kept the appointment, tho' I was awful skared about old Rose kissin of me again; and sais he, 'Sam, I want to show you my establishment for making wooden clocks. One o' them can be manufactured for two dollars, scale of prices then. Come to me for three months, and I will teach you the trade, only you musn't carry it on in Connecticut, to undermine me.' I did so, and thus accidentally I became a clockmaker.

"To sell my wares I came to Nova Scotia. By a similar accident I met the Squire in this

province, and made his acquaintance. I wrote a journal of our tour, and for want of a title he put my name to it, and called it 'Sam Slick, the Clockmaker.' That book introduced me to General Jackson, and he appointed me attaché to our embassy to England, and that again led to Mr. Polk making me Commissioner of the Fisheries, which, in its turn, was the means of my having the honour of your acquaintance," and I made him a scrape of my hind leg.

"Now," sais I, "all this came from the accident of my havin' saved a child's life, one day. I owe my 'wise saws' to a similar accident. My old master, and friend, that you have read of in my books, Mr. Hopewell, was chock full of them. He used to call them wisdom boiled down to an essence, concretes, and I don't know what all. He had a book full of English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and above all, Bible ones. Well, he used to make me learn them by heart for lessons, till I was fairly sick and tired to death of 'em.

"'Minister,' sais I, one day, 'what under the sun is the use of them old, musty, fusty proverbs. A boy might as well wear his father's

boots, and ride in his long stirups, as talk in maxims, it would only set other boys a laughin' at him.'

"'Sam,' sais he, 'you don't understand them now, and you don't understand your Latin grammar, tho' you can say them both off by heart. But you will see the value of one when you come to know the world, and the other, when you come to know the language. The latter will make you a good scholar, and the former a wise man.'

"Minister was right, Doctor. As I came to read the book of life, I soon began to understand, appreciate, and apply my proverbs. *Maxims are deductions ready drawn*, and better expressed than I could do them, to save my soul alive. Now, I have larned to make them myself. I have acquired the habit, as my brother, the lawyer, sais, 'of extracting the principle from cases.' Do you take? I am not the accident of an accident; for I believe the bans of marriage were always duly published in our family; but I am the accident of an incident."

"There is a great moral in that, too, Mr. Slick," he said. "How important is conduct,

when the merest trifle may carry in its train the misery or happiness of your future life."

"Stick a pin in that also, Doctor," said I.

Here Cutler and the Pilot cut short our conversation by going on board. But Peter wouldn't hear of my leaving his house, and I accordingly spent the night there, not a little amused with my new acquaintances.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW WAY TO LEARN GAELIC.

AFTER the Captain and the Pilot had retired sais I, "Miss Jessie, sposin we young folks—(ah, me, it is time to get a new word, I guess, for that one has been used so long, it's e'en amost worn out now)—sposin we young folks leave the Doctor and your father to finish their huntin' stories, and let us go to the other room, and have a dish of chat about things in general, and sweethearts in particular."

"Oh, we live too much alone here," said she, "to know anything of such matters, but we will go if you will promise to tell us one of your funny stories. They say you have written a whole book full of them; how I should like to see it."

"Would you, Miss?" said I, "well, then, you shall have one, for I have a copy on board I believe, and I shall be only too proud if you will read it to remember me by. But my best stories ain't in my books. Somehow or another, when I want them they won't come, and at other times when I get a goin talkin, I can string them together like onions, one after the other, till the twine is out. I have a heap of them, but they are all mixed and confused like in my mind, and it seems as if I never could find the one I need. Do you work in worsted, Miss?"

"Well, a little," sais she. "It is only town-bred girls, who have nothing to attend to but their dress, and to go to balls, that have leisure to amuse themselves that way; but I can work a little, though I could never do anythin' fit to be seen or examined."

"I shouldn't wonder," said I, and I paused, and she looked as if she didn't over half like my taking her at her word that way. "I shouldn't wonder," said I, "for I am sure your eyes would fade the colour out of the worsted."

"Why, Mr. Slick," said she, drawing herself

up a bit, "what nonsense you *do* talk, what a quiz you be."

"Fact," sais I, "Miss, I assure you, never try it again, you will be sure to spoil it. But as I was a sayin, Miss, when you see a thread of a particular colour, you know whether you have any more like it or not, so when a man tells me a story, I know whether I have one of the same kind to match it or not, and if so, I know where to lay my hand on it; but I must have a clue to my yarns."

Squire, there is something very curious about memory, I don't think there is such a thing as total forgetfulness. I used once to think there was, but I don't now. It used to seem to me that things rusted out, but now it appears as if they were only misplaced, or overlaid, or stowed away like where you can't find them; but depend on it, when once there, they remain for ever. How often you are asked, "Don't you recollect this or that?" and you answer, "No, I never heard, or saw it, or read it," as the case may be. And when the time, and place, and circumstances are told you, you say, "Stop a bit, I do now mind something about it, warn't

it so and so, or this way, or that way," and finally up it comes, all fresh to your recollection. Well, until you get the clue given you, or the key note is struck, you are ready to take your oath you never heard of it afore. Memory has many cells. Some of them ain't used much, and dust and cobwebs get about them, and you can't tell where the hinge is, or can't easily discarn the secret spring; but open it once, and whatever is stowed away there is as safe and sound as ever. I have a good many capital stories poked away in them cubby-holes, that I can't just lay my hand on when I want to; but now and then, when looking for something else, I stumble upon them by accident. Tell you what, as for forgettin' a thing teetotally, I don't believe there is sich a thing in natur. But to get back to my story.

"Miss," sais I, "I can't just at this present moment call to mind a story to please you. Some of them are about hosses, or clocks, or rises taken out of folks, or dreams, or courtships, or ghosts, or what not; but few of them will answer, for they are either too short or too long."

"Oh," says Catherine Fraser, "tell us a courtship; I dare say you will make great fun of it."

"No, no," says Jessie, "tell us a ghost story. Oh! I delight in them."

"Oh," said Janet, "tell us about a dream. I know one myself which came out as correct as provin' a sum."

"That's it, Miss Janet," said I; "do you tell me that story, please, and it's hard if I can't find one that will please you in return for it."

"Yes, do, dear," said Jessie; "tell Mr. Slick that story, for it's a true one, and I should like to hear what he thinks of it, or how he can account for it."

"Well," said Janet, "you must excuse me Mr. Slick, for any mistakes I make, for I don't speak very good English, and I can hardly tell a story all through in that language.

"I have a brother that lives up one of the branches of the Buctouche River in New Brunswick. He bought a tract of land there four or five years ago, on which there was a house and barn, and about a hundred acres of cleared land. He made extensive improvements on it and went to a great expense in clearing up the stumps, and buying stock and farming implements, and

what not. One season, between plantin' and harvest, he run short of money for his common daily use, and to pay some little debts he owed, and he was very dull about it. He said he knew he could come here and borrow it from father, but he didn't like to be away from home so long, and hardly knew how the family was to get on or to pay the wages till his return, so it was agreed that I was to go the next Monday in a vessel bound for Halifax and bring him what he wanted.

"At that time, he had a field back in the woods he was cultivating. Between that and the front on the river, was a poor sand flat covered with spruce, birch and poplar, and not worth the expense of bringing to for the plough. The road to the back field ran through this wood land. He was very low-spirited about his situation, for he said if he was to borrow the money of a merchant, he would require a mortgage on his place, and perhaps sell it before he knew where he was. Well, that night he woke up his wife, and said to her.

"'Mary,' said he, 'I have had a very curious dream just now. I dreamed that as I was going out to the back lot with the ox-cart, I

found a large sum of money all in dollars in the road there.'

"'Well,' says Mary, 'I wish it was true, John, but it is too good news for us. The worriment we have had about money lately has set you a dreaming. Janet sails on Monday, she will soon be back, and then it will all be right; so go to sleep again, dear.'

"Well, in the morning, when he and his wife got up, he never spoke or thought any more about the dream, but as soon as breakfast was over, he and his man yoked up the oxen, put them to the cart, and lifted the harrow into it, and started for the field. The servant drove the team, and John walked behind with his head down, a turning over in his mind whether he couldn't sell something off the farm to keep matters a-goin' till I should return, when, all at once as they were passing through the wood, he observed that there was a line of silver dollars turned up by one of the wheels of the cart, and continued for the space of sixty feet and then ceased.

"The moment he saw the money, he thought of his dream, and he was so overjoyed that he was on the point of calling out to the man to

stop, but he thought it was more prudent as they were alone in the woods to say nothing about it. So he walked on, and joined the driver, and kept him in talk for a while. And then, as if he had suddenly thought of something, said, 'Jube, do you proceed to the field and go to work till I come. I shall have to go to the house for a short time.'

"Well, as soon as he got out of sight of the cart, off he ran home as hard as he could lay legs to it, only stopping to take up a handful of the coins to make sure they were real.

"'Mary, Mary,' sais he, 'the dream has come true; I have found the money—see here is some of it; there is no mistake;' and he threw a few pieces down on the hearth and rung them. 'They are genuine Spanish crowns. Do you and Janet bring the market-basket, while I go for a couple of hoes, and let us gather it all up.'

"Well, sure enough, when we came to the place he mentioned, there was the wheel-track full of dollars. He and I hoed each side of the rut, which seemed to be in a sort of yellow powder, like the dust of rotten wood, and got

out all we could find. We afterwards tried under the opposite wheel, and behind and before the rut, but could find no more, and when we got home we counted it, and found we had eighty-two pounds, five shillings.

"'Well, this is a God send, Mary, aint it?' said brother; and she threw her arms round his neck, and cried for joy as she kissed him."

"Which way," said I, "show me, Miss, how she did it, only you may laugh instead of cry, if you like."

"Not being a wife," said she, with great quickness, "I cannot show you myself, but you may imagine it; it will do just as well, or dream it, and that will do better.

"Well, John was a scrupulous man, and he was determined to restore the money, if he could find an owner for it; but he could hear of no one who had lost any, nor any tradition in that place that any one ever had done so since the first settlement of the country. All that he could discover was, that about forty years before, an old Frenchman had lived somewhere thereabouts alone, in the midst of the woods. Who he was, or what became of him, nobody knew; all he could hear was, that a party

of lumbermen had, some years afterwards, found his house amidst a second growth of young wood, that wholly concealed it, and that it contained his furniture, cooking utensils, and trunks, as he had left them. Some supposed he had been devoured by bears or wolves; others, that he had been lost in the woods; and some, that he had died by his own hands.

"On hearing this, John went to examine his habitation, or the remains of it, and he found that about four acres around it were covered with the second growth, as it is called, which was plainly to be distinguished from the forest, as the trees were not only not so large, or so old as the neighbouring ones, but, as is always the case, were of a different description of wood altogether. On a careful inspection of the spot where he found the money, it appeared that the wheel had passed lenghtways along an enormous old decayed pine, in the hollow of which he supposed the money must have been hid; and when the tree fell, the dollars had rolled along its centre fifty feet or more, and remained there until the wood was rotten, and had crumbled into dust.

"There, Sir, there is my story; it is a true one, I assure you, for I was present at the time. What do you think of it?"

"Well," sais I, "if he had never heard a rumour, nor had any reason to suppose that the money had been hid there, why it was a singular thing, and looks very much like a—"

"Like a what," said she.

"Like a supply that one couldn't count upon a second time, that's all."

"It's a dream that was fulfilled, though," she said; "and that don't often happen, does it?"*

"Unless," sais I, "a young lady was to dream now, that she was a going to be married, to a certain person, and that does often come true. Do you—"

"Oh, nonsense," said she. "Come, do tell us your story now, you know you promised me you would, if I related mine."

"Yes," said Miss Jessie; "come now, Mr. Slick, that's a good man, do?"

* The names of the persons and river are alone changed in this extraordinary story. The actors are still living, and are persons of undoubted veracity and respectability.

Sais I, "Miss, I will give you my book instead, and that will tell you a hundred of them."

"Yes, but when will you give it to me?" she replied.

"To-morrow," said I, "as soon as I go on board. But mind, there is one condition." And I said in Gaelic: '*Feumieth thu pog thoir dhomh eur a shon*', (you must give me a kiss for it.")

"Oh," said she, lookin' not over pleased, I consaited; but, perhaps, it was because the other girls laughed liked anything, as if it was a capital joke, "that's not fair, you said you would give it, and now you want to sell it. If that's the case I will pay the money for it."

"Oh, fie," sais I, "Miss Jessie."

"Well, I want to know!"

"No, indeed; what I meant was to give you that book to remember me by when I am far away from here, and I wanted you to give me a little token, *O do bhilean boidheach* (from your pretty lips,) that I should remember the longest day I live."

"You mean that you would go away, laugh, and forget right off. No, that won't do, but if

you must have a token I will look up some little keepsake to exchange for it. Oh, dear, what a horrid idea," she said, quite scorney like, "to trade for a kiss; it's the way father buys his fish, he gives salt for them, or flour, or some such barter, oh, Mr. Slick, I don't think much of you. But for goodness gracious sake how did you learn Gaelic?"

"From lips, dear," said I, "and that's the reason I shall never forget it."

"No, no," said she, "but how on earth did you ever pick it up."

"I didn't pick it up, Miss," said I, "I kissed it up, and as you want a story I might as well tell you that as any other."

"It depends upon what sort of a story it is," said she, colouring.

"Oh, yes," said the Campbell girls, who didn't appear quite so skittish as she was, "do tell us, no doubt you will make a funny one out of it. Come, begin."

Squire, you are older than I be, and I suppose you will think all this sort of thing is clear sheer nonsense, but depend upon it a kiss is a great mystery. There is many a thing we know, that we can't explain, still we are sure it

is a fact for all that. Why should there be a sort of magic in shaking hands, which seems only a mere form, and sometimes a painful one too, for some folks wring your fingers off amost and make you fairly dance with pain, they hurt you so. It don't give much pleasure at any time. What the magic of it is, we can't tell, but so it is for all that. It seems only a custom like bowing and nothing else, still there is more in it than meets the eye. But a kiss fairly electrifies you, it warms your blood and sets your heart a beatin' like a brass drum, and makes your eyes twinkle like stars in a frosty night. It tante a thing ever to be forgot. No language can express it, no letters will give the sound. Then what in natur is equal to the flavour of it? What an aroma it has! How spiritual it is. It ain't gross, for you can't feed on it, it don't cloy, for the palate ain't required to test its taste. It is neither visible, nor tangible, nor portable, nor transferable. It is not a substance, nor a liquid, nor a vapor. It has neither colour nor form. Imagination can't conceive it. It can't be imitated or forged. It is confined to no clime or country, but is ubiquitous. It is disembodied when completed, but is instantly

reproduced and so is immortal. It is as old as the creation and yet is as young and fresh as ever. It pre-existed, still exists, and always will exist. It pervades all natur. The breeze as it passes kisses the rose, and the pendant vine stoops down and hides with its tendrils its blushes, as it kisses the limpid stream that waits in an eddy to meet it, and raises its tiny waves, like anxious lips to receive it. Depend upon it Eve learned it in Paradise, and was taught its beauties, virtues and varieties by an angel, there is something so transcendent in it.

How it is adapted to all circumstances! There is the kiss of welcome and of parting, the long-lingering, loving present one, the stolen or the mutual one, the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow, the seal of promise, and the receipt of fulfilment. Is it strange therefore that a woman is invincible whose armoury consists of kisses, smiles, sighs, and tears? Is it any wonder that poor old Adam was first tempted, and then ruined? It is very easy for preachers to get up with long faces, and tell us he ought to have been more of a man. My opinion is, if he had been less of a man, it would have been better for him. But I am not agoin' to

preach; so I will get back to my story; but, Squire, I shall always maintain to my dying day, that kissing is a sublime mystery.

"Well," sais I, "ladies, I was broughten up to home, on my father's farm, and my edecacation, what little I had of it, I got from the Minister of Slickville, Mr. Joshua Hopewell, who was a friend of my father's, and was one of the best men, I believe, that ever lived. He was all kindness, and all gentleness, and was, at the same time, one of the most learned men in the United States. He took a great fancy to me, and spared no pains with my schooling, and I owe everything I have in the world to his instruction. I didn't mix much with other boys, and, from living mostly with people older than myself, acquired an old-fashioned way that I have never been able to shake off yet; all the boys called me 'Old Slick.' In course, I didn't learn much of life that way. All I knew about the world beyond our house and hisin, was from books, and from hearing him talk, and he convarsed better than any book I ever set eyes on. Well, in course I grew up unsophisticated like, and I think I may say I was as innocent a young man as ever you see."

Oh, how they all laughed at that! "You ever innocent!" said they. "Come, that's good; we like that; it's capital! Sam Slick an innocent boy! Well, that must have been before you were weaned, or talked in joining hand, at any rate. How simple we are, ain't we?" and they laughed themselves into a hooping-cough amost.

"Fact, Miss Janet," said I, "I assure you," (for she seemed the most tickled at the idea of any of them,) "I was, indeed. I won't go for to pretend to say, some of it didn't rub off when it became dry, when I was fishing in the world on my own hook; but, at the time I am speaking of, when I was twenty-one next grass, I was so guileless, I couldn't see no harm in any thing."

"So I should think," said she; "it's so like you."

"Well, at that time there was a fever, a most horrid typhus fever, broke out in Slickville, brought there by some shipwrecked emigrants. There was a Highland family settled in the town the year afore, consisting of old Mr. Duncan Chisholm, his wife, and daughter Flora. The old people were carried off by the disease,

and Flora was left without friends or means, and the worst of it was, she could hardly speak a word of intelligible English. Well, Minister took great pity on her, and spoke to father about taking her into his house, as sister Sally was just married, and the old lady left without any companion; and they agreed to take her as one of them, and she was, in return, to help mother all she could. So, next day, she came, and took up her quarters with us. Oh my, Miss Janet, what a beautiful girl she was! She was as tall as you are, Jessie, and had the same delicate little feet and hands."

I threw that in on purpose, for women, in a general way, don't like to hear others spoken of too extravagant, particularly if you praise them for anything they hain't got; but if you praise them for anything they pride themselves on, they are satisfied, because it shows you estimate them also at the right valy, too. It took, for she pushed her foot out a little, and rocked it up and down slowly, as if she was rather proud of it.

"Her hair was a rich auburn, not red (I don't like that at all, for it is like a lucifer-match, apt to go off into a flame spontaniously

sometimes), but a golden colour, and lots of it too, just about as much as she could cleverly manage; eyes like diamonds; complexion, red and white roses; and teeth, not quite so regular as yours, Miss, but as white as them; and lips —lick!—they reminded one of a curl of rich rose-leaves, when the bud first begins to swell and spread out with a sort of peachey bloom on them, ripe, rich, and chock full of kisses."

"Oh, the poor ignorant boy!" said Janet, "you didn't know nothing, did you?"

"Well, I didn't," sais I, "I was as innocent as a child; but nobody is so ignorant as not to know a splendiferous gall when he sees her," and I made a motion of my head to her, as much as to say, "Put that cap on, for it just fits you."

"My sakes, what a neck she had! not too long and thin, for that looks goosey; nor too short and thick, for that gives a clumsy appearance to the figure; but betwixt and between, and perfection always lies there, just mid-way between extremes. But her bust—oh! the like never was seen in Slickville, for the ladies there, in a gineral way, have no—"

"Well, well," said Jessie, a little snappish,

for praisin' one gall to another ain't the shortest way to win their regard, "go on with your story of Gaelic."

"And her waist, Jessie, was the most beautiful thing, next to your'n, I ever see. It was as round as an apple, and anything that is round, you know, is larger than it looks, and I wondered how much it would measure. I never see such an innocent girl as she was. Brought up to home, and in the country, like me, she knew no more about the ways of the world than I did. She was a mere child, as I was; she was only nineteen years old, and neither of us knew anything of society rules. One day I asked her to let me measure her waist with my arm, and I did, and then she measured mine with her'n, and we had a great dispute which was the largest, and we tried several times, before we ascertained there was only an inch difference between us. I never was so glad in my life as when she came to stay with us; she was so good-natured, and so cheerful, and so innocent, it was quite charming.

"Father took a wonderful shindy to her, for even old men can't help liking beauty. But, somehow, I don't think mother did; and it

appears to me now, in looking back upon it, that she was afraid I should like her too much. I consaited she watched us out of the corner of her glasses, and had her ears open to hear what we said; but p'raps it was only my vanity, for I don't know nothin' about the working of a woman's heart even now. I am only a bachelor yet, and how in the world should I know anything more about any lady than what I knew about poor Flora? In the ways of women, I am still as innocent as a child; I do believe that they could persuade me that the moon is nothin' but an eight-day clock with an illuminated face. I ain't vain, I assure you, and never brag of what I don't know, and I must say, I don't even pretend to understand them."

"Well, I never!" said Jessie.

"Nor I," said Janet.

"Did you ever, now!" said Catherine. "Oh, dear, how soft you are, ain't you?"

"Always was, ladies," said I, "and am still as soft as dough. Father was very kind to her, but he was old and impatient, and a little hard of hearing, and he couldn't half the time understand her. One day she came in with a message from neighbour Dearborne, and sais she,

"'Father—'

"'Colonel, if you please, dear,' said mother, 'he is not your father;' and the old lady seemed as if she didn't half fancy any body calling him that but her own children. Whether that is natural or not, Miss Jessie," said I, "I don't know, for how can I tell what women thinks."

"Oh, of course not," said Jane "you are not waywise and so artless; you don't know, of course!"

"Exactly," sais I; "but I thought mother spoke kinder cross to her, and it confused the gall.

"Says Flora, 'Colonel Slick, Mr. Dearborne says—says—' Well, she couldn't get the rest out; she couldn't find the English. 'Mr. Dearborne says—'

"'Well, what the devil does he say?' said father, stampin' his foot, out of all patience with her.

"It frightened Flora, and off she went out of the room, crying like anything.

"'That girl talks worse and worse,' said mother.

"'Well, I won't say that,' says father, a little

mollified, 'for she can't talk at all, so there is no worse about it. I am sorry though I scared her. I wish somebody would teach her English.'

"'I will,' sais I, father, 'and she shall teach me Gaelic in return.'

"'Indeed you shan't,' sais mother; 'you have got something better to do than larning her; and as for Gaelic I can't bear it. It's a horrid outlandish language, and of no earthly use whatever under the blessed sun. It's worse than Indian.'

"'Do, Sam,' said father; 'it's an act of kindness, and she is an orphan, and besides, Gaelic may be of great use to you in life. I like Gaelic myself; we had some brave Jacobite Highland soldiers in our army in the war that did great service, but unfortunately nobody could understand them. And as for orphans, when I think how many fatherless children we made for the British—'

"'You might have been better employed,' said mother, but he didn't hear her, and went right on.

"'I have a kindly feelin' towards them. She is a beautiful girl that.'

"'If it warn't for her carrotty hair and freckled face,' said mother, looking at me, 'she wouldn't be so awful ugly after all, would she?'

"'Yes, Sam,' sais father, 'teach her English for heaven's sake; but mind, she must give you lessons in Gaelic. Languages is a great thing.'

"'It's great nonsense,' said mother, raisin' her voice.

"'It's my orders,' said father, holding up his head and standing erect. 'It's my orders, marm, and they must be obeyed;' and he walked out of the room as stiff as a ramrod, and as grand as a Turk.

"'Sam,' sais mother, when we was alone, 'let the gall be; the less she talks the more she'll work. Do you understand, my dear?'

"'That's just my idea, mother,' sais I.

"'Then you won't do no such nonsense, will you, Sammy?'

"'Oh no!' sais I, 'I'll just go through the form now and then to please father, but that's all. Who the plague wants Gaelic? If all the Highlands of Scotland were put into a heap, and then multiplied by three, they wouldn't be half as big as the White Mountains, would they, marm? They are just nothin' on the map,

and high hills, like high folks, are plaguy apt to have barren heads.'

"'Sam,' said she a pattin' of me on the cheek, 'you have twice as much sense as your father has after all. You take after me.'

"I was so simple, I didn't know what to do. So I said yes to mother and yes to father; for I knew I must honour and obey my parents, so I thought I would please both. I made up my mind I wouldn't get books to learn Gaelic or teach English, but do it by talking, and that I wouldn't mind father seein' me, but I'd keep a bright look out for the old lady."

"Oh dear! how innocent that was, warn't it?" said they.

"Well, it was," said I; "I didn't know no better then, and I don't now; and what's more, I think I wonld do the same agin, if it was to do over once more."

"I have no doubt you would," said Janet.

"Well, I took every opportunity, when mother was not by to learn words. I would touch her hand and say, 'What is that?' And she would say, '*Làuch*,' and her arm, her head, and her cheek, and she would tell me the names; and her eyes, her nose, and her chin,

and so on; and then I would touch her lips, and say, 'What's them?' And she'd say, '*Bhileau.*' And then I'd kiss her, and say, 'What's that?' And she'd say, '*Pog.*' But she was so artless, and so was I; we didn't know that's not usual unless people are courtin; for we hadn't seen anything of the world then.

"Well, I used to go over that lesson every time I got a chance, and soon got it all by heart but that word *Pog* (kiss), which I never could remember. She said I was very stnpid and I must say it over and over again till I recollected it. Well, it was astonishing how quick she picked up English, and what progress I made in Gaelic; and if it hadn't been for mother, who hated the language like pyson, I do believe I should soon have mastered it so as to speak it as well as you do. But she took every opportunity she could to keep us apart, and whenever I went into the room where Flora was spinning, or ironing, she would either follow and take a chair, and sit me out, or send me away of an errand, or tell me to go and talk to father, who was all alone in the parlour, and seemed kinder dull. I never saw a person take such a dislike

to the language as she did; and she didn't seem to like poor Flora either, for no other reason as I could see under the light of the livin' sun, but because she spoke it; for it was impossible not to love her—she was so beautiful, so artless, and so interesting, and so innocent. But so it was.

"Poor thing! I pitied her. The old people couldn't make out half she said, and mother wouldn't allow me, who was the only person she could talk to, to have any conversation with her if she could help it. It is a bad thing to distrust young people, it makes them artful at last; and I really believe it had that effect on me to a certain extent. The unfortunate girl often had to set up late ironing, or something or another. And if you will believe it now, mother never would let me sit up with her to keep her company and talk to her; but before she went to bed herself, always saw me off to my own room. Well, it's easy to make people go to bed, but it aint just quite so easy to make them stay there. So when I used to hear the old lady get fairly into hers, for my room was next to father's, though we went by different stairs to them, I used to go down in my

stocking feet, and keep her company; for I pitied her from my heart. And then we would sit in the corner of the fire-place and talk Gaelic half the night. And you can't think how pleasant it was. You laugh, Miss Janet, but it really was delightful; they were the happiest hours I almost ever spent."

"Oh, I don't doubt it," she said, "of course they were."

"If you think so, Miss," said I, "p'raps you would finish the lessons with me this evening, if you have nothing particular to do."

"Thank you, Sir," she said, laughing like anything. "I can speak English sufficient for my purpose, and I agree with your mother, Gaelic in this country is of no sort of use whatever; at least I am so artless and unsophisticated as to think so. But go on, Sir."

"Well, mother two or three times came as near as possible catching me, for she was awful afraid of lights and fires, she said, and couldn't sleep sound if the coals weren't covered up with ashes, the hearth swept, and the broom put into a tub of water, and she used to get up and pop into the room very sudden; and though she warn't very light of foot, we used to be too

busy repeating words to keep watch as we ought."

"What an artless couple," said Janet; "well I never! how you can have the face to pretend so, I don't know! Well, you do beat all!"

"A suspicious parent," sais I, "Miss, as I said before, makes an artful child. I never knew what guile was before that. Well, one night; oh dear, it makes my heart ache to think of it, it was the last we ever spent together. Flora was starching muslins, mother had seen me off to my room, and then went to hers, when down I crept in my stockin feet as usual, puts a chair into the chimney corner, and we sat down and repeated our lessons. When we came to the word *Pog* (kiss), I always used to forget it; and it's very odd, for it's the most beautiful one in the language. We soon lost all caution, and it sounded so loud and sharp it started mother; and before we knew where we were, we heard her enter the parlour which was next to us. In an instant I was off and behind the entry door, and Flora was up and at work. Just then the old lady came in as softly as possible, and stood and surveyed the room all round. I could see her through the crack of the door, she

actually seemed disappointed at not finding me there.

"'What noise was that I heard Flora,' she said, speakin' as mild as if she was actilly afraid to wake the cat up.

"Flora lifted the centre of the muslin, she was starching, with one hand, and makin' a hollow under it in the palm of the other, she held it close up to the old woman's face, and clapped it; and it made the very identical sound of the smack she had heard, and the dear child repeated it in quick succession several times. The old lady jumped back the matter of a foot or a more, she pos*itively* looked skared, as if the old gentleman would think some body was a kissin' of her.

"Oh dear, I thought I should have teeheed right out. She seemed utterly confounded, and Flora looked, as she was, the dear critter, so artless and innocent! It dumbfoundered her completely. Still she warn't quite satisfied.

"'What's this chair doing so far in the chimbley corner?' said she.

"How glad I was there warn't two there. The fact is, we never used but one, we was quite young, and it was always big enough for us both.

"Flora talked Gaelic as fast as hail, slipt off her shoes, sat down on it, put her feet to the fire, folded her arms across her bosom, laid her head back and looked so sweet and so winnin' into mother's face, and said, '*cha n'eil Beurl*,' (I have no English) and then proceeded in Gaelic.

"'If you hadn't sat in that place, yourself, when you was young, I guess you wouldn't be so awful scared at it, you old goose you.'

"I thought I never saw her look so lovely. Mother was not quite persuaded, she was wrong after all. She looked all round agin, as if she was sure I was there, and then came towards the door where I was, so I sloped up-stairs like a shadow on the wall, and into bed in no time; but she followed up and came close to me, and holdin the candle in my face, said:

"'Sam, are you asleep?'

"Well, I didn't answer.

"'Sam,' said she, 'why don't you speak,' and she shook me.

"'Hullo,' sais I, pretendin' to wake up, 'what's the matter! have I overslept myself? is it time to get up?' and I put out my arm to rub my eyes, and lo and behold I exposed my coat sleeve.

"'No, Sam,' said she, 'you couldn't oversleep yourself, for you haven't slept at all, you ain't even ondressed.'

"'Ain't I,' said I, 'are you sure?'

"'Why look here,' said she, throwin' down the clothes and pullin' my coat over my head till she nearly strangled me.

"'Well, I shouldn't wonder if I hadn't stripped,' sais I. 'When a feller is so peskilly sleepy as I be, I suppose he is glad to turn in any way.'

"She never spoke another word, but I saw a storm was brewin, and I heard her mutter to herself, 'Creation! what a spot of work! I'll have no teaching of 'mother tongue' here.' Next morning she sent me to Boston of an errand, and when I returned, two days after, Flora was gone to live with sister Sally. I have never forgiven myself for that folly; but really it all came of our being so artless and so innocent. There was no craft in either of us. She forgot to remove the chair from the chimbley corner, poor simple-minded thing, and I forgot to keep my coat sleeve covered. Yes, yes, it all came of our being too innocent; but that's the way, ladies, I learned Gaelic."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOUNDS OF THE HEART.

WHEN I took leave of the family I returned to the room where I had left Peter and the Doctor, but they had both retired. And as my chamber adjoined it, I sat by the fire, lighted a cigar, and fell into one of my rambling meditations.

Here, said I, to myself, is another phase of life. Peter is at once a Highlander, a Canadian, a trapper, a backwoodsman and a coaster. His daughters are half Scotch and half Indian, and have many of the peculiarities of both races. There is even between these sisters a wide difference in intellect, appearance, and innate refinement. The Doctor has apparently abandoned his profession, for the study

of nature, and quit the busy haunts of men, for the solitude of the forest. He seems to think and act differently from any one else in the country. Here too we have had Cutler, who is a scholar and a skilful navigator, filling the berth of a master of a fishing craft. He began life with nothing but good principles, and good spirits, and is now about entering on a career, which in a few years will lead to a great fortune. He is as much out of place where he is, as a salmon would be in a horse pond. And here am I, Squire, your humble servant, Sam Slick the Clockmaker, not an eccentric man, I hope, for I detest them, they are either mad, or wish to be thought so, because madness, they suppose to be an evidence of genius; but a specimen of a class not uncommon in the States, though no other country in the world but Yankeedoodledum produces it.

This is a combination, these colonies often exhibit, and what a fool a man must be when character is written in such large print, if he can't read it, even as he travels on horseback.

Of all the party assembled here to-night, the Scotch lasses alone, who came in during the

evening, are what you call every day galls. They are strong, hearty, intelligent and good-natured, full of fun and industry, can milk, churn, make butter and cheese; card, spin and weave, and will make capital wives for farmers of their own station in life. As such, they are favourable representatives of their class, and to my mind, far, far above those that look down upon them, who ape, but can't copy, and have the folly, because they sail in the wake of larger craft, to suppose they can be mistaken for anything else than tenders. Putting three masts into a coaster may make her an object of ridicule, but can never give her the appearance of a ship. They know this in England, they have got to learn it yet in the Provinces.

Well, this miscellaneous collection of people affords a wide field for speculation. Jessie is a remarkable woman, I must ask the Doctor about her history. I see there is depth of feeling about her, a simplicity of character, a singular sensitiveness, and a shade of melancholy. Is it constitutional, or does it arise from her peculiar position? I wonder how she reasons, and what she thinks, and how she would talk, if she would say what she thinks. Has she

ability to build up a theory of her own, or does she, like half the women in the world, only think of a thing as it occurs? Does she live in instances or in generalities, I'll draw her out and see. Every order, where there are orders, and every class, (and no place is without them where women are) have a way of judging in common with their order or class. What is her station I wonder in her own opinion? What are her expectations? What are her notions of wedlock? All girls regard marriage as an enviable lot, or a necessary evil. If they tell us they don't, it's because the right man hante come. And therefore I never mind what they say on this subject. I have no doubt they mean it; but they don't know what they are a talking about.

You, Squire, may go into a ball-room, where there are two hundred women. One hundred and ninety-nine of them you will pass with as much indifference as one-hundred and ninety-nine pullets; but the two hundredth irresistably draws you to her. There are one hundred handsomer, and ninety-nine cleverer ones present; but she alone has the magnet that attracts you. Now, what is that magnet? Is

it her manner that charms? is it her voice that strikes on one of those thousand and one chords of your nervous system, and makes it vibrate, as sound does hollow glass? Or do her eyes affect your gizzard, so that you have no time to chew the cud of reflection, and no opportunity for your head to judge how you can digest the notions they have put into it? Or is it animal magnetism, or what the plague is it?

You are strangely affected; nobody else in the room is, and everybody wonders at you. But so it is. It's an even chance if you don't perpetrate matrimony. Well, that's a thing that sharpens the eyesight, and will remove a cateract quicker than an oculist can, to save his soul alive. It metamorphoses an angel into a woman, and it's plaguey lucky if the process don't go on and change her into something else.

After I got so far in my meditations, I lit another cigar, and took out my watch to look at the time. "My eyes," sais I, "if it tante past one o'clock at night. Howsomever, it aint often I get a chance to be alone, and I will finish this here weed, at any rate." Arter which I turned in. The following morning I did not rise as early as usual, for it's a great secret for a

man never to be in the way, especially in a house like Peter's, where his daughters had, in course, a good deal to see to themselves. So I thought I'd turn over, and take another snoose; and do you know, Squire, that is always a dreamy one, and if your mind aint worried, or your digestion askew, it's more nor probable you will have pleasant ones.

When I went into the keeping-room, I found Jessie and her sister there, the table set, and everything prepared for me.

"Mr. Slick," said the elder one, "your breakfast is ready."

"But where is your father?" said I, "and Doctor Ovey?"

"Oh, they have gone to the next harbour, Sir, to see a man who is very ill there. The Doctor left a message for you, he said he wanted to see you again very much, and hoped to find you here on his return, which will be about four o'clock in the afternoon. He desired me to say, if you sailed before he got back, he hoped you would leave word what port he would find you in, as he would follow you."

"Oh," said I, "we shall not go before to-morrow, at the earliest, so he will be in very

good time. But who in the world is Doctor Ovey? He is the most singular man I ever met. He is very eccentric; aint he?"

"I don't know who he is," she replied. "Father agrees with you. He says he talks sometimes as if he was daft, but that, I believe, is only because he is so learned. He has a house a way back in the forest, where he lives occasionally; but the greater part of the year he wanders about the woods, and camps out like—."

She hesitated a moment, and then brought out the reluctant word: "an Indian. He knows the name of every plant and flower in the country, and their uses; and the nature of every root, or bark, or leaf that ever was; and then he knows all the ores, and coal mines, and everything of that kind. He is a great hand for stuffing birds and animals, and has some of every kind there is in the province. As for butterflies, beetles, and those sort of things, he will chase them like a child all day. His house is a regular——. I don't recollect the word in English; in Gaelic it is "*tigh neo-nachais.*"

"Museum?" said I.

"Ah, that's it," said she.

"He can't have much practice," I said, "if he goes racing and chasing over the country that way, like a run-away engine."

"He don't want it, Sir," she replied, "he is very well off. He says he is one of the richest men in the country, for he don't spend half his income, and that any man who does that is wealthy. He says he ain't a doctor. Whether he is or not, I don't know; but he makes wonderful cures. Nothing in the world makes him so angry, as when anybody sends for him that can afford a doctor, for he don't take pay. Now, this morning he stormed, and raved, and stamped, and foamed at the mouth, as if he was mad; he fairly swore, a thing I never heard him do before; and he seized the hammer that he chips off stones with, and threatened the man so, who come for him, that he stood with the door in his hand, while he begged him to go.

"'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'the Squire will die if you don't go.'

"'Let him die, then,' he replied, 'and be hanged. What is it to me? It serves him right. Why didn't he send for Doctor Smith, and pay him?

Does he think I am a going to rob that man of his living? Be off, Sir, off with you. Tell him I can't come, and won't come, and do you go for a magistrate to make his will.'

"As soon as the man quitted the house, his fit left him.

"'Well,' said he, 'Peter, I suppose we musn't let the man perish, after all; but I wish he hadn't sent for me, especially just now, for I want to have a long talk with Mr. Slick.'

"And he and father set off immediately through the woods."

"Suppose we beat up his quarters," said I, "Jessie. I should like to see his house, and collection, amazingly."

"Oh," said she, "so should I, above all things; but I wouldn't ask him for the world. He'll do it for you, I know he will; for he says you are a man after his own heart. You study nature so; and I don't know what all, he said of you."

"Well, well," sais I, "old trapper as he is, see if I don't catch him. I know how to bail the trap; so he will walk right into it. And then, if he has anything to eat there, I'll show him how to cook it woodsman fashion. I'll

teach him how to dress a salmon; roast, boil, or bake. How to make a bee-hunter's mess; a new way to do his potatoes camp fashion; and how to dispense with kitchen-ranges, cabouses, or cooking-stoves. If I could only knock over some wild-ducks at the lake here, I'd show him a simple way of preparing them, that would make his mouth water, I know. Truth is a man that lives in the country, ought to know a little of everything, a'most, and he can't be comfortable if he don't. But dear me, I must be a movin."

So I made her a bow, and she made me one of her best courtseys. And I held out my hand to her, but she didn't take it, though I see a smile playin' over her face. The fact is, it is just as well she didn't, for I intended to draw her—. Well, it aint no matter what I intended to do; and, therefore, it aint no use to confess what I didn't realise.

"Truth is," said I, lingering a bit, not to look disappointed, "a farmer ought to know what to raise, how to live, and where to save. If two things are equally good, and one costs money, and the other only a little trouble, the choice aint difficult, is it?"

"Mr. Slick," sais she, "are you a farmer?"

"I was bred and born on a farm, dear," sais I, "and on one, too, where nothin' was ever wasted, and no time ever lost; where there was a place for everything, and everything was in its place. Where peace and plenty reigned; and where there was a shot in the locker for the minister, another for the poor."

"You don't mean to say that you considered them *game*, did you?" said she, looking archly.

"Thank you," sais I. "But now you are making *game* of me, Miss; that's not a bad hit of yours though; and a shot for the bank, at the eend of the year. I know all about farm things, from raisin' Indian corn down to managing a pea-hen; the most difficult thing to regulate next to a wife, I ever see."

"Do you live on a farm now?"

"Yes, when I am to home," sais I, "I have returned again to the old occupation and the old place; for, after all, what's bred in the bone, you know, is hard to get out of the flesh, and home is home, however homely. The stones, and the trees, and the brooks, and the hills look like old friends—don't you think so?"

"I should think so," she said; "but I have

never returned to my home or my people, and never shall." And the tears rose in her eyes, and she got up and walked to the window, and said, with her back towards me, as if she was looking at the weather: "The Doctor has a fine day for his journey; I hope he will return soon. I think you will like him."

And then she came back and took her seat, as composed as if I had never awakened those sad thoughts. Poor thing! I knew what was passing in her mind, as well as if those eloquent tears had not touched my heart. Somehow or another, it appears to me, like a stumblin' horse, I am always a-striking my foot agin some stone, or stump, or root, that any fellow might see with half an eye. She forced a smile, and said:

"Are you married, Sir?"

"Married," sais I, "to be sure I am; I married Flora."

"You must think me as innocent as she was, to believe that," she said, and laughed at the idea. "How many children have you?"

"Seven," sais I:

"Richard R., and Ira C.,
Betsey Anne, and Jessie B.,

Sary D., Eugeen—E,
And Iren—ee."

"I have heard a great deal of you, Mr. Slick," she said, "but you are the queerest man I ever see. You talk so serious, and yet you are so full of fun."

"That's because I don't pretend to nothin' dear;" sais I, "I am just a nateral man. There is a time for all things, and a way to do 'em too. If I have to freeze down solid to a thing, why then, ice is the word. If there is a thaw, then fun and snow-ballin' is the ticket. I listen to a preacher, and try to be the better for his argufying, if he has any sense, and will let me; and I listen to the violin, and dance to it, if it's in tune, and played right. I like my pastime, and one day in seven is all the Lord asks. Evangelical people say he wants the other six. Let them state day and date, and book and page for that, for I won't take their word for it. So I won't dance of a Sunday; but show me a pretty gall, and give me good music, and see if I don't dance any other day. I am not a droll man, dear, but I say what I think, and do what I please, as long as I know I ain't saying or doing wrong. And if that ain't poetry, it's truth, that's all."

"I wish you knew the Doctor," said she; "I don't understand these things, but you are the only man I ever met that talked like him, only he hante the fun you have; but he enjoys fun beyond everything. I must say I rather like him, though he is odd, and I am sure you would, for you could comprehend many things he says that I don't."

"It strikes me," sais I to myself, for I thought, puttin' this and that together; "her rather likin' him, and her desire to see his house, and her tryin' to flatter me that I talked like him; that perhaps, like her young Gaelic friend's brother who dreamed of the silver dollars, she might have had a dream of him."

So, sais I, "I have an idea, Jessie, that there is a subject, if he talked to you upon, you could understand."

"Oh, nonsense," said she, rising and laughing, "now do you go on board and get me your book; and I will go and see about dinner for the Doc—for my father and you."

Well, I held out my hand, and said,

"Good-morning, Miss Jessie. Recollect, when I bring you the book, that you must pay the forfeit."

She dropt my hand in a minute, stood up as straight as a tragedy actress, and held her head as high as the Queen of Sheby. She gave me a look I shan't very easily forget, it was so full of scorn and pride.

"And *you* too, Sir," said she, "I didn't expect *this* of *you*," and then left the room.

"Hullo!" sais I, "who's half-cracked now; you or the Doctor? it appears to me it's six of one and half-a-dozen of the other;" and I took my hat, and walked down to the beach and hailed a boat.

About four, I returned to the house, and brought with me, as I promised, the "Clock-maker." When I entered the room, I found Jessie there, who received me with her usual ease and composure. She was trimming a work-bag, the sides of which were made of the inner rind of the birch-tree, and beautifully worked with porcupine quills and moose hair.

"Well," sais I, "that is the most delicate thing I ever saw in all my born days. Creation, how that would be prized in Boston! How on earth did you learn to do that?" sais I.

"Why," said she, with an effort that evi-

dently cost her a struggle, "my people make and barter them at the Fort at the north-west for things of more use. Indians have no money."

It was the first time I had heard so distinct an avowal of her American origin, and as I saw it brought the colour to her face, I thought I had discovered a clue to her natural pride, or, more properly, her sense of the injustice of the world, which is too apt to look down upon this mixed race with open or ill-concealed contempt. The scurvey opens old sores, and makes them bleed afresh, and an unfeeling fellow does the same. Whatever else I may be, I am not that man, thank fortune. Indeed, I am rather a dab at dressin' bodily ones, and I won't turn my back in that line, with some simples I know of, on any doctor that ever trod in shoe-leather, with all his compounds, phials, and stipties.

In a gineral way, they know just as much about their business as a donkey does of music, and yet both of them practice all day. They don't make no improvements. They are like the birds of the air, and the beasts of the forest. Swallows build their nests year after year, and

generation after generation in the identical same fashion, and moose winter after winter, and century after century always follow each other's tracks. They consider it safer, it ain't so laborious, and the crust of the snow don't hurt their shins. If a critter is such a fool as to strike out a new path for himself, the rest of the herd pass, and leave him to worry on, and he soon hears the dogs in pursuit, and is run down and done for. Medical men act in the same manner.

Brother Eldad, the doctor, used to say to me when riggin' him on the subject:

"Sam, you are the most conceited critter I ever knew. You have picked up a few herbs and roots, that have some virtue in them, but not strength enough for us to give a place to in the pharmacopœia of medicine."

"Pharmacopia?" sais I, 'why, what in natur is that? What the plague does it mean? Is it bunkum?"

"You had better not talk on the subject," said he, "if you don't know the tarms."

"You might as well tell me," sais I, "that I had better not speak English if I can't talk gibberish. But," sais I, "without joking, now,

when you take the husk off that, and crack the nut, what do you call the kernel?"

"Why," sais he, "it's a dispensary; a book containin' rules for compoundin medicines."

"Well then, it's a receipt-book, and nothin' else, arter all. Why the plague can't you call it so at once, instead of usin' a word that would break the jaw of a German?"

"Sam," he replied, "the poet says with great truth

"'A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.'"

"Dear, dear," said I, "there is another strange sail hove in sight, as I am alive. What flag does 'Pierian' sail under?"

"The magpies," said he, with the air of a man that's a goin' to hit you hard. "It is a spring called Pierus after a gentleman of that name, whose daughters, that were as conceited as you be, were changed into magpies by the Muses, for challenging them out to sing. All pratin' fellows like you, who go about runnin' down doctors, ought to be sarved in the same way."

"A critter will never be run down," said I, "who will just take the trouble to get out of the

way, that's a fact. Why on airth couldn't the poet have said Magpian Spring, then all the world would understand him. No, the lines would have had more sense if they had run this way:

"'A little physic is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or drink not of the doctor's spring.'"

Well, it made him awful mad, sais he, "You talk of treating wounds as all unskilful men do, who apply balsams and trash of that kind, that half the time turns the wound into an ulcer; and then when it is too late the doctor is sent for, and sometimes to get rid of the sore, he has to amputate the limb. Now, what does your receipt book say?"

"It sais," sais I, "that natur alone makes the cure, and all you got to do, is to stand by, and aid her in her efforts."

"That's all very well," sais he, "if nature would only tell you what to do, but nature leaves you like a Yankee quack as you are, to guess."

"Well," sais I, "I am a Yankee, and I ain't above ownin' to it, and so are you, but you seem ashamed of your broughtens up, and

I must say I don't think you are any great credit to them. Natur, though you don't know it, because you are all for art, does tell you what to do, in a voice so clear, you can't help hearing it, and in language so plain, you can't help understandin' it. For it don't use chain shot words like 'pharmacopœia' and 'Pierian' and so on, that is neither Greek nor Latin, nor good English, nor vulgar tongue. And more than that, it shows you what to do; And the woods, and the springs, and the soil is full of its medicines and potions. Book doctorin' is like book farmin', a beautiful thing in theory, but ruination in practice."

"Well," said he, with a toss of his head, "this is very good stump oratory, and if you ever run agin a doctor at an election, I shouldn't wonder if you won it, for most people will join you in pullin' down your superiors."

That word superiors grigged me, thinks I, "My boy, I'll just take that expression, roll it up into a ball, and shy it back at you, in a way that will make you sing out, pen and ink, I know. Well," sais I, quite mild, (I am always mild when I am mad, a keen razor is

always smooth ;) "have you any other thing to say about natur?"

"Yes," sais he, "do you know what healin' by the *first intention is*, for that is a nateral operation? Answer me that, will you?"

"You mean the second intention, don't you?" sais I.

"No," he replied, "I mean what I say."

"Well, Eldad," sais I, "my brother, I will answer both. First, about the election, and then about the process of healin', and after that we won't argue no more, for you get so hot always, I am afraid you will hurt my feelins. First," sais I, "I have no idea of runnin' agin a doctor either at an election or elsewhere, so make yourself quite easy on that score, for if I did, as he is my superior, I should be sure to get the worst of it."

"How," said he, Sam, lookin' quite pleased, seein' me kinder knock under that way.

"Why dod drot it," sais I, "Eldad, if I was such a born fool as to run agin a doctor, his clothes would fill mine so chock full of asafœtida and brimstone, I'd smell strong enough to pysen a poll cat. Phew! the very idea makes me sick; don't come any nearer, or I shall

faint. Oh, no, I shall give my superiors a wide berth, depend upon it. Then," sais I, "secondly, as to healin' by the first intention, I have heard of it, but never saw it practised yet. A doctor's first intention is to make money, and the second is to heal the wound. You have been kind enough to treat me to a bit of poetry, now I won't be in your debt, so I will just give you two lines in return. Arter you went to Philadelphia to study, Minister used to make me learn poetry twice a week. All his books had pencil marks in the margin, agin all the tid bits, and I had to learn more or less of these at a time according to their length, among others I remember two verses that just suit you and me.

"'To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence,
Learning thy talent is, but mine is SENSE.'"

"Sam," said he, and he coloured up, and looked choked with rage, "Sam."

"Dad," sais I, and it stopped him in a minute. It was the last syllable of his name, and when we was boys, I always called him Dad, and as he was older than me, I sometimes called him Daddy on that account. It touched

him, I see it did. Sais I, "Dad, give me your daddle, fun is fun, and we may carry our fun too far," and we shook hands. "Daddy," sais I, "since I became an author, and honorary corresponding member of the Slangwhanger Society, your occupation and mine ain't much unlike, is it?"

"How?" said he.

"Why, Dad," sais I, "you cut up the dead, and I cut up the livin."

"Well," sais he, "I give less pain, at any rate, and besides, I do more good, for I make the patient leave a legacy to posterity, by furnishing instruction in his own body."

"You don't need to wait for dissection for the bequest," said I, "for many a fellow after amputation, has said to you, '*a-leg-I-see.*' But why is sawing off a leg an *unprofitable* thing? Do you give it up? Because it's always *bootless.*"

"Well," said he, "why is an author the laziest man in the world? Do you give that up? Because he is most of his time in sheets"

"Well, that is better than being two sheets in the wind," I replied. "But why is he the greatest coward in creation in hot weather?

Because he is afraid somebody will quilt him."

"Oh, oh," said he, "that is an awful bad one. Oh, oh, that is like lead, it sinks to the bottom, boots, spurs and all. Oh, come, that will do, you may take my hat. What a droll fellow you be. You are the old sixpence, and nothin' will ever change you. I never see a feller have such spirits in my life; do you know what pain is?"

"Oh," sais I, "Dad," and I put on a very sad look, "Daddy," sais I, "my heart is most broke, though I don't say anythin' about it. There is no one I can confide in, and I can't sleep at all. I was thinkin' of consultin' you, for I know I can trust you, and I am sure your kind and affectionate heart will feel for me, and that your sound, excellent judgment will advise me what is best to be done under the peculiar circumstances."

"Sam," said he, "my good fellow, you do me no more than justice," and he took my hand very kindly, and sat down beside me. "Sam, I am very sorry for you. Confide in me; I will be as secret as the grave. Have you consulted dear old Minister?"

"Oh, no," said I, "Minister is a mere child."

"True, true, my brother," said he, "he is a good worthy man, but a mere child, as you say. Is it an affair of the heart, Sam?"

"Oh, no," sais I, "I wish it was, for I don't think I shall ever die of a broken heart for anyone, it don't pay."

"Is it a pecuniary affair?"

"No, no, if it was it might be borne, an artful dodge, a good spekelation, or a regular burst would soon cure that."

"I hope it ain't an affair of law," said he, lookin' frightened to death, as if I had done something dreadful bad.

"No, I wish it was, for a misnomer, an alibi, a nonjoinder, a demurrer, a nonsuit, a freemason or a know-nothin' sign to a juror, a temperance wink, or an orange nod to a partizan judge, or some cussed quirk or quibble or another, would carry me through it. No, it ain't that."

"What is it then?"

"Why," sais I, a bustin' out a larfin, "I am most dead sometimes with the jumpin' oothache."

"Well, well," said he, "I never was sold so before, I vow; I cave in, I holler, and will stand treat."

That's the way we ended our controversy about wounds.

But he may say what he likes, I consider myself rather a dab at healing bodily ones. As to those of the heart, I haven't had the experience, for I am not a father confessor to galls, and of course aint consulted. But it appears to me clergymen don't know much about the right way to treat them. The heart is a great word. In itself it's nothin' but a thing that swells and contracts, and keeps the blood a movin; a sort of central post-office that communicates with all the great lines and has way stations to all the remote parts. Like that, there is no sleep in it day or night. Love, hope, fear, despair, disappointment, ambition, pride, supplication, craft, cant, fraud, piety, speculation, secrets, tenderness, bitterness, duty, disobedience, truth, falsehood, gratitude, humbug, and all sorts of such things pass through it or wait till called for; they "are *thar*." All these are dispersed by railways, expresses, fast and slow coaches and carriers. By a figure of speech all these things are sumtotalized, and if put on paper, the depository is called the post-office, and the place where they are conceived and hatched and matured, the heart.

Well, neither the one nor the other has any feeling. They are merely the edifices respectively designed for these operations. The thing and its contents are in one case called the heart; but the contents only of the other are called the mail. Literally, therefore, the heart is a muscle, or some such an affair, and nothing more; but figuratively it is a general term that includes, expresses, and stands for all these things together. We talk of it, therefore, as a living, animated, responsible being that thinks for itself, and acts through its agents. It is either our spiritual part, or something spiritual within us. Subordinate or independant of us—guiding or obeying us—influencing or influenced by us. We speak of it, and others treat it as separate, for they and we say our heart. We give it a colour and a character; it may be a black heart or a base heart; it may be a brave or a cowardly one; it may be a sound or a weak heart also, and a true or a false one; generous or ungrateful; kind or malignant, and so on.

It strikes me natur would have been a more suitable word; but poets got hold of it, and they bedevil everything they touch. Instead of

speaking of a critter's heart, therefore, it would to my mind have been far better to have spoke of the natur of the animal, for I go the whole hog for human natur. But I suppose nobody would understand me if I did, and would say I had no heart to say so. I'll take it therefore as I find it—a thing having a body or substance that can be hurt, and a spirit that can be grieved.

Well as such, I don't somehow think ministers in a general way know how to treat it. The heart, in its common acceptation, is very sensitive and must be handled gently; if grief is there, it must be soothed and consoled, and hope called in to open views of better things. If disappointment has left a sting, the right way is to show a sufferer it might have been wuss, or that if his wishes had been fulfilled, they might have led to something more disastrous. If pride has been wounded, the patient must be humoured by agreeing with him, in the first instance, that he has been shamefully used; (for that admits his right to feel hurt, which is a great thing:) and then he may be convinced he ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it, for he is superior to his enemy, and in reality so far

above him it would only gratify him to think he was of consequence enough to be hated. If he has met with a severe pecuniary loss in business, he ought to be told it's the fortune of trade; how lucky he is he aint ruined, he can afford and must expect losses occasionally. If he frets over it, it will hurt his mercantile credit, and after all, he will never miss it, except in a figure in the bottom of his balance-sheet, and besides, riches aint happiness, and how little a man can get out of them at best; and a minister ought to be able to have a good story to tell him, with some point in it, for there is a great deal of sound philosophy in a good anecdote.

He might say, for instance: "Did you ever hear of John Jacob Astor?"

"No, never."

"What not of John Jacob Astor, the richest man in all the unevarsal United States of America? The man that owns all the brown and white bears, silver-gray and jet-black foxes, sables, otters, stone martins, ground squirrels, and every created critter that has a fur jacket, away up about the North Pole, and lets them wear them, for furs don't keep well, moths are death on 'em, and too many at a time glut the

market; so he lets them run till he wants them, and then sends and skins them alive in spring when it ain't too cold, and waits till it grows again?"

"No, never," sais the man with the loss.

"Well, if you had been stript stark naked and turned loose that way, you might have complained. Oh! you are a lucky man, I can tell you."

"Well," sais old Minus, "how in the world does he own all them animals?"

"If he don't," sais preacher, "perhaps you can tell me who does; and if nobody else does, I think his claim won't be disputed in no court under heaven. Don't you know him? Go and see him. He will make your fortune as he has done for many others. He is the richest man you ever heard of. He owns the Astor House Hotel to New York, which is bigger than some whole towns on the Nova Scotia coast." And he could say that with great truth, for I know a town that's on the chart, that has only a court-house, a groggery, a jail, a blacksmith's shop, and the wreck of a Quebec vessel on the beach.

"Well, a man went to him lately, and sais he: 'Are you the great John Jacob?'

"'I am John Jacob,' said he, 'but I aint great. The sun is so almighty hot here in New York, no man is large; he is roasted down like a race-horse.'

"'I don't mean that,' said the poor man bowin' and beggin' pardon.

"'Oh,' sais he, 'you mean great-grandfather,' laughing, 'No, I hante come that yet; but Astoria Ann Oregon, my granddaughter, says I am to be about the fore part of next June.'

"Well, the man see he was getting rigged, so he came to the pint at once. Sais he, 'Do you want a clerk?'

"'I guess I do,' said he. 'Are you a good accountant?'

"'Have been accountant-book-keeper and agent for twenty-five years,' sais stranger.

"Well, John Jacob see the critter wouldn't suit him, but he thought he would carry out the joke. Sais he, 'How would you like to take charge of my almighty everlastin' property?'

"'Delighted!' says the goney.

"'Well,' said Mr. Astor, 'I am tired to death looking after it; if you will relieve me and do my work, I'll give you what I get out of it myself.'

"'Done!' said the man, takin' off his hat, and bowin' down to the ground. 'I am under a great obligation to you; depend upon it you will get a good account of it.'

"'I have no doubt of it,' said John Jacob. 'Do your part faithfully,' ('Never fear me,' said the clerk.) 'and honestly, and I will fulfil mine, All I get out of it is my board and clothing. and you shall have the same,'

"Ah! my friend," the preacher might say, "how much wisdom there is in John Jacob Astor's remark. What more has the Queen of England, or the richest peer in the land, out of all their riches than 'their board and clothing.' So don't repine, my friend. Cheer up! I will come and fast on canvas-back duck with you to-morrow, for it's Friday; and whatever lives on aquatic food is fishy—a duck is twice laid fish. A few glasses of champaine at dinner, and a cool bottle or two of claret after will set you all right again in a jiffy."

If a man's wife races off and leaves him, which aint the highest compliment he can receive, he should visit him; but it's most prudent not to introduce the subject himself. If broken-heart talks of it, minister shouldn't

make light of it, for wounded pride is mighty tender, but say it's a dreadful thing to leave so good, so kind, so indulgent, so liberal, so confidin' a man as you, if the case will bear it, (in a general way it's a man's own fault); and if it won't bear it, why then there really is a guilty man, on whom he can indulge himself, to expend a few flowers of speech. And arter restin' here awhile, he should hint at the consolation that is always offered, "of the sea having better fish than ever was pulled out of it," and so on.

Well the whole catalogue offers similar topics, and if a man will, while kindly, conscientiously and strictly sticking to the truth, offer such consolation as a good man may, taking care to remember that manner is everything, and all these arguments are not only no good, but do harm if the misfortunate critter is rubbed agin the grain; he will then prepare the sufferer to receive the only true consolation he *has* to offer—the consolation of religion. At least, that's my idea.

Now, instead of that, if he gets hold of a sinner, he first offends his delicacy, and then scares him to death. He tells him to confess

all the nasty particulars of the how, the where, the when, and the who with. He can't do nothing till his curiosity is satisfied, general terms won't do. He must have all the dirty details. And then he talks to him of the devil, an unpronouncible place, fire and brimstone and endless punishment. And assures him if ever he hopes to be happy hereafter, he must be wretched for the rest of his life; for the evangelical rule is, that a man is never forgiven up to the last minute when it can't be helped. Well, every man to his own trade. Perhaps they are right, and I am wrong. But my idea is you can coax, but can't bully folks. *You can win sinners, but you can't force them. The door of the heart must be opened softly, and to do that you must ile the hinge and the lock.*

Well, to get back to my story, and I hardly know where I left off, I think the poor gall was speakin' of Indians in a way that indicated she felt mortified at her descent, or that somehow or somehow else, there was a sore spot there. Well, having my own thoughts about the wounds of the heart and so on, as I have stated, I made up my mind I must get at the

secret by degrees, and see whether my theory of treatment was right or not.

Sais I, "Miss you say these sort of things are bartered at the north-west, for others of more use. There is one thing though I must remark, *they* never were exchanged for anything half so beautiful."

"I am glad you like it," she said, "but look here;" and she took out of her basket a pair or moccasins, the soles of which were of moose leather, tanned and dressed like felt, and the upper part black velvet, on which various patterns were worked with beads. I think I never saw anything of the kind so exquisite, for those nick-nacks the Nova Scotia Indians make, are rough in material, coarse in workmanship, and ineligant in design.

"Which do you prefer?" said she.

"Well," sais I, "I ain't hardly able to decide. The bark work is more delicate and more tasteful; but it's more European in appearance. The other is more like our own country, and I ain't sure that it isn't quite as handsome as the other. But I think I prize the moccasins most. The name, the shape, and the ornaments all tell of the prairie."

"Well, then," she said, "it shall be the mocassins, you must have them, as the exchange for the book."

"Oh," said I, taking out of my pocket the first and second Clockmakers, I had no other of my books on board, and giving them to her, "I am afraid, Miss, that I either said or did something to offend you this morning. I assure you I did not mean to do so, and I am very sorry for it."

"No, no," she said, "it was me; but my temper has been greatly tried since I came to this country. I was very wrong, for *you* (and she laid a stress on that word as if I was an exception,) have been very kind to me."

"Well," sais I, "Miss, sometimes there are things that try us and our feelings, that we don't choose to talk about to strangers, and sometimes people annoy us on these subjects. It wouldn't be right of me to pry into anyone's secrets, but this I *will* say, any person that would vex you, let him be who he will, can be no man, he'd better not do it while I am here, at any rate, or he'll have to look for his jacket very quick, I know."

"Mr. Slick," she said, "I know I am half

Indian, and some folks want to make me feel it."

"And you took me for one o' them cattle," said I, "but if you knew what was passin' in my mind, you wouldn't a felt angry, *I* know."

"What was it?" said she, "for I know *you* won't say anything to me you oughtn't to. What was it?"

"Well," sais I, "there is, between you and me, a young lady here to the southern part of this province I have set my heart on, though whether she is agoin' to give me hern, or give me the mitten, I ain't quite sartified, but I rather kinder sorter guess so, than kinder sorter not so." I just throwed that in, that she mightn't misunderstand me. "Well, she is the most splendiferous gall I ever sot eyes on, since I was created; and," sais I to myself, "now, here is one of a different style of beauty, which on 'em is, take her all in all, the handsomest?"

Half Indian or half Gaelic, or whatever she was, she was a woman, and she didn't flare up this time, I tell you, but taking up the work-bag she said:

"Give this to her, as a present from me."

Thinks I, "My pretty brunette, if I don't get the heart opened to me, and give you a better opinion of yourself, and set you all straight with mankind in general, and the Doctor in particular, afore I leave Ship Harbour I'll give over for ever, undervalyin' the skill of ministers, that's a fact. That will do for trial number one, by and bye, I'll make trial number two."

Taking up the "Clockmaker," and looking at it, she said: "Is this book all true, Mr. Slick? Did you say and do all that's set down here?"

"Well," sais I, "I wouldn't just like to swear to every word of it, but most of it is true, though some things are embellished a little, and some are fancy sketches. But they are all true to nature."

"Oh, dear" said she, "what a pity; how shall I ever be able to tell what's true, and what ain't? Do you think I shall be able to understand it, who know so little, and have seen so little?"

"You'll comprehend every word of it," sais I, "I wrote it on purpose, so every person should

do so. I have tried to stick to life as close as I could, and there is nothin' like natur, it goes home to the heart of us all."

"Do tell me, Mr. Slick," said she, "what natur is, for I don't know."

Well, now that's a very simple question, ain't it? and anyone that reads this book when you publish it, will say, "Why, everybody knows what natur is," and any schoolboy can answer that question. But I'll take a bet of twenty dollars, not one in a hundred will define that tarm right off the reel, without stopping. It fairly stumpt me, and I ain't easily brought to a hack about common things. I could a told her what natur was circumbendibusly, and no mistake, though that takes time. But to define it briefly and quickly, as Minister used to say, if it can be done at all, which I don't think it can, all I can say is, as galls say to conundrums, "I can't, so I give it up. What is it?"

Perhaps it's my own fault, for dear old Mr. Hopewell used to say, "Sam, your head ain't like anyone elses. Most men's minds resembles what appears on the water, when you throw a stone in it. There is a centre, and

circles form round it, each one a little larger than the other, until the impelling power ceases to act. Now you set off on the outer circle, and go round and round ever so often, until you arrive to the centre where you ought to have started from at first; I never see the beat of you."

"It's natur," sais I, "Minister."

"Natur," sais he, "what the plague has natur to do with it?"

"Why," sais I, "can one man surround a flock of sheep?"

"Why, what nonsense," sais he; "of course he can't."

"Well, that's what this child can do," sais I. "I make a good sizeable ring-fence, open the bars, and put them in, for if it's too small, they turn and out agin' like wink, and they will never so much as look at it a second time. Well, when I get them there, I narrow and narrow the circle, till it's all solid wool and mutton, and I have every mother's son of them. It takes time, for I am all alone, and have no one to help me; but they are thar' at last. Now, suppose I went to the centre of the field, and started off arter them, what would it end

in? Why, I'de run one down, and have him, and that's the only one I could catch. But while I was a chasin' of him, all the rest would disperse like a congregation arter church, and cut off like wink, each on his own way, as if he was afraid the minister was a-goin' to run after 'em, head 'em, and fetch 'em back and pen 'em up again."

He squirmed his face a little at that part about the congregation, I consaited, but didn't say nothin', for he knew it was true.

"Now, my reason," sais I, "for goin' round and round is, I like to gather up all that's in the circle, carry it with me, and stack it in the centre."

Lord! what fun I have had pokin' that are question of Jessie's sudden to fellows since then! Sais I, to Brother Eldad once.

"Dad, we often talk about natur'; what is it?"

"Tut," sais he, "don't ask me; every fool knows what natur is."

"Exactly," sais I; "that's the reason I came to you."

He just up with a book, and came plaguy near lettin' me have it right agin my head smash.

"Don't do that," sais I, "Daddy; I was only joking; but what is it?"

Well, he paused a moment and looked puzzled as a fellow does who is looking for his spectacles, and can't find them because he has shoved them up on his forehead.

"Why," sais he, spreadin' out his arm, "it's all that you see, and the law that governs it."

Well, it warn't a bad shot that, for a first trial, that's a fact. It hit the target, though it didn't strike the ring.

"Oh," said I, "then there is none of it at night, and things can't be nateral in the dark."

Well, he seed he had run off the track, so he braved it out. "I didn't say it was necessary to see them all the time," he said.

"Just so," said I, "natur is what you see and what you don't see; but then feelin' aint nateral at all. It strikes me that if—"

"Didn't I say," said he, "the laws that govern them?"

"Well, where are them laws writ?"

"In that are receipt-book o' yourn you're so proud of," said he. "What do you call it, Mr. Wiseacre?"

"Then, you admit," sais I, "any fool *can't* answer that question?"

"Perhaps *you* can," sais he.

"Oh, Dad!" sais I, "you picked up that shot and throwed it back. When a feller does that it shows he is short of ammunition. But, I'll tell you what my opinion is. There is no such a thing as natur."

"What!" said he.

"Why there is no such a thing as natur in reality; it is only a figure of speech. The confounded poets got hold of the idea and parsonified it as they have the word heart, and talk about the voice of natur and its sensations, and its laws and its simplicities, and all that sort of thing. The noise water makes in tumblin' over stones in a brook, a splut-erin' like a toothless old woman, scoldin' with a mouthfull of hot tea in her lantern cheek is called the voice of natur speaking in the stream. And when the wind blows and scatters about all the blossoms from your fruit trees, and you are a ponderin' over the mischief, a gall comes along side of you with a book of poetry in her hand and sais:

"'Hark! do you hear the voice of natur amid the trees? Isn't it sweet?'

"Well, it's so absurd you can't help laughin' and saying, 'No,' but then I hear the voice of natur closer still, and it says, aint she a sweet critter?

"Well, a cultivated field which is a work of art, dressed with artificial manures, and tilled with artificial tools, perhaps by steam, is called the smiling face of nature. Here nature is strong and there exhausted, now animated, and then asleep. At the poles, the features of nature are all frozen, and as stiff as a poker, and in the West Indies burnt up to a cinder. What a pack of stuff it is! It is just a pretty word like pharmacopœia and pierian spring, and so forth. I hate poets, stock, lock, and barrel; the whole seed, breed and generation of them. If you see a she one, look at her stockings; they are all wrinkled about her ancles, and her shoes are down to heel, and her hair is as tangled as the mane of a two-year old colt. And if you see a he one, you see a mooney sort of man, either very sad or so wild-looking you think he is half-mad; he eats and sleeps on earth, and that's all. The rest of the time he is sky-high,

trying to find inspiration and sublimity like Byron, in gin and water. I like folks that have common-sense."

Well to get back to my story. Said Jessie to me: "Mr. Slick, what is natur?"

"Well," sais I, "Miss, it's not very easy to explain it so as to make it intelligible; but I will try. This world and all that is in it, is the work of God. When he made it, he gave it laws or properties that govern it, and so to every living or inanimate thing; and these properties or laws are called their nature. Nature, therefore, is sometimes used for God himself, and sometimes for the world and its contents, and the secret laws of action imposed upon them when created. There is one nature to men; (for though they don't all look alike, the laws of their being are the same,) and another to horses, dogs, fish, and so on. Each class has its own nature. For instance, it is natural for fish to inhabit water, birds the air, and so on. In general, it therefore means the universal law that governs everything. Do you understand it?" says I

"Not just now," she said, "but I will when I have time to think of it. Do you say there is one nature to all men"

"Yes, the same nature to Indian as to white men—all the same."

"Which is the best nature?"

"It is the same."

"Indian and white are the both equal?"

"Quite—"

"Do you think so?"

"Every mite and morsel, every bit and grain. Every body don't think so? That's natural; every race thinks it is better than another, and every man thinks he is superior to others; and so does every woman. They think their children the best and handsomest. A bear thinks her nasty, dirty, shapeless tailless cubs the most beautiful things in all creation."

She laughed at that, but as suddenly relapsed into a fixed gloom. "If red and white men are both equal, and have the same nature," she said, "what becomes of those who are neither red nor white, who have no country, no nation, no tribe, scorned by each, and the tents and the houses of both closed against them. Are they equal? what does nature say?"

"There is no difference," I said; "in the eye of God they are all alike."

"God may think and treat them so," she

replied, rising with much emotion, "but man does not."

I thought it was as well to change the conversation, and leave her to ponder over the idea of the races which seemed so new to her. "So," sais I, "I wonder the Doctor hasn't arrived; it's past four. There he is, Jessie; see, he is on the beach; he has returned by water. Come, put on your bonnet and let you and I go and meet him."

"Who, me!" she said, her face expressing both surprise and pleasure.

"To be sure," said I. "You are not afraid of me, Miss, I hope."

"I warn't sure I heard you right," she said and away she went for her bonnet.

Poor thing! it was evident her position was a very painful one to her, and that her natural pride was deeply injured. Poor dear old Minister! if you was now alive and could read this Journal, I know what you would say as well as possible. "Sam," you would say, "this is a fulfilment of Scripture. *The sins of the fathers are visited on the children, the effects of which are visible in the second and third generation.*"

CHAPTER VII.

FIDDLING AND DANCING, AND SERVING THE DEVIL.

By the time we had reached the house, Cutler joined us, and we dined off of the Doctor's salmon, which was prepared in a way that I had never seen before; and as it was a touch above common, and smacked of the wigwam, I must get the receipt. The only way for a man who travels and wants to get something better than amusement out of it, is to notch down anything new, for every place has something to teach you in that line. "*The silent pig is the best feeder*," but it remains a pig still, and hastens its death by growing too fat. Now the talking traveller feeds his mind as well as his body, and soon finds the less he pampers his appetite the clearer his head is and the better his spirits. The

great thing is to live and learn, and learn to live.

Now I hate an epicure above all created things—worse than lawyers, doctors, politicians and selfish fellows of all kinds. In a giniral way he is a miserable critter, for nothin' is good enough for him or done right, and his appetite gives itself as many airs, and requires as much waitin' on as a crotchetty, fanciful, peevish old lady of fashion. If a man's sensibility is all in his palate, he can't in course have much in his heart. Makin' oneself miserable, fastin' in sackcloth and ashes aint a bit more foolish than makin' oneself wretched in the midst of plenty, because the sea, the air and the earth won't give him the dainties he wants, and Providence won't send the cook to dress them. To spend one's life in eating, drinking and sleeping, or like a bullock, in ruminating on food, reduces a man to the level of an ox or an ass. The stomach is the kitchen, and a very small one too, in a general way, and broiling, simmering, stewing, baking and steaming, is a goin' on there night and day. The atmosphere is none of the pleasantest neither, and if a man chooses to withdraw into himself

and live there, why I don't see what earthly good he is to society, unless he wants to wind up life by writin' a cookery-book. I hate them —that's just the tarm, and I like tarms that express what I mean.

I shall never forget when I was up to Michelimackinic. A thunderin' long word, aint it? We call it Mackinic now for shortness. But perhaps you wouldn't understand it spelt that way, no more than I did when I was to England that Brighton means Brighthelmeston, or Sissiter Cirencester, for the English take such liberties with words, they can't afford to let others do the same; so I give it to you both ways. Well, when I was there last, I dined with a village doctor, the greatest epicure I think I ever see in all my born days. He thought and talked of nothing else from morning till night but eatin.

"Oh, Mr. Slick," said he, rubbin his hands, "this is the tallest country in the world to live in. What a variety of food there is here, fish, flesh and fowl, wild, tame and mongeral, fruits, vegetables, and spongy plants!"

"What's that?" sais I. I always do that when a fellow uses strange words. "We call

a man who drops in accidently on purpose to dinner a sponging fellow, which means if you give him the liquid he will soak it up dry.

"Spongy plants," sais he, "means mushrooms and the like."

"Ah!" said I, "mushrooms are nateral to a new soil like this. Upstarts we call them; they arise at night, and by next mornin' their house is up and its white roof on."

"Very good," said he, but not lookin' pleased at havin' his oratory cut short that way. "Oh, Mr. Slick!" said he, "there is a poor man here who richly deserves a pension both from your government and mine. He has done more to advance the culinary art than either Ude or Soyer."

"Who on earth now were they?" said I. I knew well enough who they were, for when I was to England they used to brag greatly of Soyer at the Reform Club. For fear folks would call their association house after their politics, "*the cheap and dirty*," they built a very splash affair, and to set an example to the state in their own establishment, of economy and reform in the public departments, hired Soyer, the best cook

of the age, at a salary that would have pensioned half-a-dozen of the poor worn-out clerks in Downing Street. *Vulgarity is always showy.* It is a pretty word "Reformers." The common herd of them I don't mind much, for rogues and fools always find employment for each other. But when I hear of a great reformer like some of the big bugs to England, that have been grinning through horse-collars of late years, like harlequins at fairs, for the amusement and instruction of the public, I must say I do expect to see a super-superior hypocrite.

Yes, I know who those great artists Soyer and Ude were, but I thought I'd draw him out. So I just asked who on earth they were, and he explained at great length, and mentioned the wonderful discoveries they had made in their divine art.

"Well," sais I, "why on earth don't your friend the Mackinic cook go to London or Paris where he won't want a pension, or anything else if he excels them great men?"

"Bless you, Sir," he replied, "he is merely a voyageur."

"Oh dear," sais I, "I dare say then he can fry ham and eggs and serve 'em up in ile, boil

salt beef and pork and twice lay cod-fish, and perhaps boil potatoes nice and watery like cattle turnips. What discoveries could such a rough-and-tumble fellow as that make?"

"Well," said the doctor, "I didn't want to put myself forward, for it aint pleasant to speak of oneself."

"Well, I don't know that," sais I, "I aint above it, I assure you. If you have a horse to sell, put a thunderin' long price on him, and folks will think he must be the devil and all, and if you want people to vally you right, appraise yourself at a high figure. *Braggin saves advertisin.* I always do it; for, as the Nova Scotia magistrate said, who sued his debtor before himself, 'What's the use of being a justice, if you can't do yourself justice.' But what was you sayin about the voyageur?"

"Why, Sir," said he, "I made the discovery through his instrumentality. He enabled me to do it by suffering the experiments to be made on him. His name was Alexis St Martin; he was a Canadian, and about eighteen years of age, of good constitution, robust and healthy. He had been engaged in the service of the American Fur Company, as a

voyageur, and was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket, on the 9th of June, 1822. The charge, consisting of powder and duck-shot, was received in his left side; he being at a distance of not more than one yard from the muzzle of the gun. The contents entered posteriorly, and in an oblique direction, forward and inward, literally blowing off integuments and muscles, of the size of a man's hand, fracturing and carrying away the anterior half of the sixth rib, fracturing the fifth, lacerating the lower portion of the left lobe of the lungs, the diaphragm, and perforating the stomach."

"Good gracious!" sais I, "how plain that is expressed! It is as clear as mud, that! I do like doctors, for their talking and writing is is intelligible to the meanest capacity."

He looked pleased, and went ahead agin.

"After trying all the means in my power for eight or ten months, to close the orifice, by exciting adhesive inflammation in the lips of the wound, without the least appearance of success, I gave it up as impracticable, in any other way than that of incising and bringing them together by sutures; an operation to which the patient

would not submit. By using the aperture which providence had supplied us with to communicate with the stomach, I ascertained, by attaching a small portion of food, of different kinds to a string, and inserting it through his side, the exact time each takes for digestion, such as beef or pork, or mutton or fowl, or fish or vegetables, cooked in different ways.* We all know how long it takes to dress them, but we did not know how long a time they required for digestion. I will show you a comparative table."

"Thank you," sais I, "but I am afraid I must be a moving." Fact is, my stomach was movin' then, for it fairly made me sick. Yes, I'd a plaguy sight sooner see a man embroidering, which is about as contemptible an accomplishment as an idler can have, than to hear him everlastingly smack his lips, and see him open his eyes and gloat like an anaconda before he

* The village doctor appears to have appropriated to himself the credit due to another. The particulars of this remarkable case are to be found in a work published in New York in 1833, entitled "Experiments and observations on the gastric juices, and the phisiology of digestion," by William Beaumont, M.D., Surgeon in the United States Army, and also in the "Albion" newspaper of the same place for January 4, 1834.

takes down a bullock, horns, hair, and hoof, tank, shank, and flank, at one bolt, as if it was an opium pill to make him sleep.

Well, all this long lockrum arose out of my saying I should like to have the receipt by which Jessie's sister had cooked the salmon for dinner; and I intend to get it too, that's a fact. As we concluded our meal, "Doctor," sais I, "we have been meditating mischief in your absence. What do you say to our makin' a party to visit the '*Bachelor beaver's dam*,' and see your museum, fixins, betterments, and what not?"

"Why," said he, "I should like it above all things; but—"

"But what," said I.

"But I am afraid, as you must stay all night, if you go, my poor wigwam wont accomodate so many with beds."

"Oh! some of us will camp out," sais I, "I am used to it, and like it a plaguy sight better than hot rooms."

"Just the thing," said he. "Oh! Mr. Slick you are a man after my own heart. The nature of all foresters is alike, *red* or white, English or French, Yankee or Blue-nose."

Jessie looked up at the coincidence of that expression with what I had said yesterday.

"Blue-nose," said I, "Doctor," to familiarize the girl's mind to the idea I had started of the mixed race being on a footing of equality with the other two, "Blue-nose ought to be the best, for he is half Yankee, and half English; two of the greatest people on the face of the airth!"

"True," said he, "by right he ought to be, and it's his own fault he aint."

I thought it would be as well to drop the allusion there, so I said, "That's exactly what mother used to say when I did anything wrong: 'Sam, aint you ashamed.' 'No, I aint,' said I. 'Then you ought to be,' she'd reply.

"It's a fixed fact, then," said I, "that we go to-morrow to the Beaver dam?"

"Yes," said he, "I shall be delighted. Jessie, you and your sister will accompany us, won't you?"

"I should be charmed," she replied.

"I think you will be pleased with it," he continued, "it will just suit you; it's so quiet and retired. But you must let Etienne take the horse, and carry a letter to my sergeant and his commanding officer, Betty, to give them notice of our visit, or he will go through the whole

campaign in Spain before he is done, and tell you how ill the commissariat-people were used, in not having notice given to them to lay in stores. I never was honoured with the presence of ladies there before, and he will tell you he is broken-hearted at the accommodation. I don't know what there is in the house; but the rod and the gun will supply us, I think, and the French boy, when he returns, will bring me word if anything is wanted from the shore."

"Jessie," said I, "can't you invite the two Highland lassies and their brother, that were here last night, and let us have a reel this evening?"

"Oh! yes," she said, and going into the kitchen, the message was dispatched immediately. As soon as the guests arrived, Peter produced his violin, and the Doctor waking out of one of his brown studies, jumped up like a boy, and taking one of the new comers by the hand, commenced a most joyous and rapid jig, the triumph of which seemed to consist in who should tire the other out. The girl had youth and agility on her side; but the Doctor was not devoid of activity, and the great training which his constant exercise kept him in, threw the balance in his

favour; so, when he ceased, and declared the other victorious, it was evident that it was an act of grace, and not of necessity. After that we all joined in an eight-handed reel, and eight merrier and happier people, I don't think were ever before assembled at Ship Harbour.

In the midst of it the door opened, and a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking man entered, and stood contemplating us in silence. He had a bilious-looking countenance, which the strong light of the fire and candles, when thrown upon it, rendered still more repulsive. He had a broad-brimmed hat on his head, which he did not condescend to remove, and carried in one hand a leather travelling-bag, as lean and as dark-complexioned as himself, and in the other a bundle of temperance newspapers. Peter seeing that he did not speak or advance, called out to him, with a face beaming with good humour, as he kept bobbing his head, and keeping time with his foot, (for his whole body was affected by his own music,)

"Come in, friend, come in, she is welcome. Come in, she is playin' herself just now, but she will talk to you presently." And then he stamped his foot to give emphasis to the turn

of the tune, as if he wanted to astonish the stranger with his performance.

The latter, however, not only seemed perfectly insensible to its charms, but immoveable. Peter at last got up from his chair, and continued playing as he advanced towards him; but he was so excited by what was going on among the young people, that he couldn't resist dancing himself, as he proceeded down the room, and when he got to him, capered and fiddled at the same time.

"Come," said he, as he jumped about in front of him, "come and join in," and liftin' the end of his bow suddenly, tipt off his hat for him, and said, "come, she will dance with you herself."

The stranger deliberately laid down his travelling-bag and paper parcel, and lifting up both hands said, "Satan, avaunt." But Peter misunderstood him, and thought he said, "Sartain, I can't."

"She canna do tat," he replied, "can't she then, she'll teach you the step, herself. This is the way," and his feet approached so near the solemncolly man that he retreated a step or two as if to protect his shins. Everybody in the room was

convulsed with laughter, for all saw what the intruder was, and the singular mistake Peter was making. It broke up the reel. The Doctor put his hands to his sides, bent forward, and made the most comical contortions of face. In this position he shuffled across the room, and actually roared out with laughter.

I shall never forget the scene; I have made a sketch of it, to illustrate this for you. There was this demure sinner, standing bolt upright in front of the door, his hat hanging on the handle, which had arrested it in its fall, and his long black hair, as if partaking of his consternation, flowing wildly over his cheeks; while, Peter, utterly unconscious that no one was dancing continued playing and capering in front of him, as if he was ravin distracted, and the Doctor bent forward, pressing his sides with his hands, as if to prevent their bursting, laughed as if he was in hysterics. It was the most comical thing I ever saw. I couldn't resist it no longer, so I joined the trio.

"Come, Doctor," sais I, "a three-handed reel," and entering into the joke, he seized the stranger by one hand, and I by the other, and before our silent friend knew where he was,

he was in the middle of the floor, and though he was not made to dance, he was pushed or flung into his place, and turned and faced about as if he was taking his first lesson. At last, as if by common consent, we all ceased laughing, from sheer exhaustion. The stranger still kept his position in the centre of the floor, and when silence was restored, raised his hands again in pious horror, and said, in a deep, sepulchral voice:

"*Fiddling and dancing, and serving the devil.* Do you ever think of your latter end?"

"Thee had better think of thine, friend," I whispered, assuming the manner of a quaker for fun, "for Peter is a rough customer, and won't stand upon ceremony."

"*Amhic an aibhisteir*, (son of the devil,)" said Peter, shaking his fist at him, "if she don't like it, she had better go. It's her own house, and she will do what she likes in it. Faat does she want?"

"I want the man called Samuel Slick," said he.

"Verily," sais I, "friend, I am that man, and wilt thee tell me who thee is that wantest me, and where thee livest?"

"Men call me," he said, "Jehu Judd, and when to home, I live in Quaco in New Brunswick."

I was glad of that, because it warn't possible the critter could know anything of me, and I wanted to draw him out.

"And what does thee want, friend?" I said.

"I come to trade with you, to sell you fifty barrels of mackerel, and to procure some nets for the fishery, and some manufactures, commonly called *domestics*."

"Verily," sais I, "thee hast an odd way of opening a trade, methinks, friend Judd. Shaking quakers dance piously, as thee mayest have heard, and dost thee think thy conduct seemly? What mayest thee be, friend?"

"A trader," he replied.

"Art thee not a fisher of men, friend, as well as a fisher of fish?"

"I am a Christian man," he said, "of the sect called '*Come-outers*,'* and have had ex-

* Come-outers. This name has been applied to a considerable number of persons in various parts of the Northern States, principally in New England, who have recently *come out* of the various religious denominations with which they have been connected; hence the name They

perience, and when I meet the brethren, sometimes I speak a word in season."

"Well, friend, thee has spoken thy words out of season, to-night," I said.

"Peradventure I was wrong," he replied, "and if so, I repent me of it."

"Of a certainty, thee was, friend. Thee sayest thy name is Jehu; now, he was a hard rider, and it may be thee drivest a hard bargain, if so, go thy ways, for thee cannot 'make seed-corn off of me;' if not, tarry here till this company goeth, and then I will talk to thee touching the thing called mackarel. Wilt thee sit by the fire till the quaker ceaseth his dancing, and perhaps thee may learn what those words mean: 'and the heart danceth for joy,' or it may be thee will return to thy vessel, and trade in the morning."

"No man knoweth," he said, "what an hour may bring forth; I will bide my time."

"The night is cold at this season," said Peter, who considered that the laws of hospitality

have not themselves assumed any distinctive organization. They have no creed, believing that every one should be left free to hold such opinions on religious subjects as he pleases, without being held accountable for the same to any human authority.—*Bartlett's Americanisms.*

required him to offer the best he had in his house to a stranger, so he produced some spirits, as the most acceptable thing he possessed, and requested him to help himself.

"I care not if I do," he said, "for my pledge extendeth not so far as this," and he poured himself out a tumbler of brandy and water, that warnt half-and-half, but almost the whole hog. Oh, gummy, what a horn! it was strong enough almost to throw an ox over a five bar gate. It made his eyes twinkle, I tell you, and he sat down and began to look as if he thought the galls pretty.

"Come Peter," said I, "strike up, the stranger will wait awhile."

"Will she dance," said he, "tam her."

"No," said I, but I whispered to the Doctor, "he will *reel* soon," at which he folded his arms across his breast and performed his gyrations as before. Meanwhile Cutler and Frazer, and two of the girls commenced dancing jigs, and harmony was once more restored. While they were thus occupied, I talked over the arrangements for our excursion on the morrow with Jessie, and the Doctor entered into a close examination of Jehu Judd, as to the new

asphalt mines in his province. He informed him of the enormous petrified trunks of palm-trees that have been found while exploring the coal-fields, and warmed into eloquence as he enumerated the mineral wealth and great resources of that most beautiful colony. The Doctor expressed himself delighted with the information he had received, whereupon, Jehu rose and asked him in token of amity to pledge him in a glass of Peter's excellent cognac, and without waiting for a reply, filled a tumbler and swallowed it at one gulp.

My, what a pull that was. Thinks I to myself, "Friend if that don't take the wrinkles out of the parchment case of your conscience, then I don't know nothin' that's all." Oh dear, how all America is overrun with such cattle as this; how few teach religion, or practise it right. How hard it is to find the genuine article. Some folks keep the people in ignorance, and make them believe the moon is made of green cheese, others with as much sense, fancy the world is. One has old saints, the other invents new ones. One places miracles at a distance, 'tother makes them before their eyes, while both are up to mesmerism. One says there is no marryin' in

Paradise, the other says, if that's true, it's hard, and it is best to be a mormon and to have polygamy here. Then there is a third party who says, neither of you speak sense, it is better to believe nothin, than to give yourself up to be crammed. Religion, Squire, ain't natur, because it is intended to improve corrupt natur, it's no use talkin, therefore, it can't be left to itself, otherwise it degenerates into something little better than animal instinct. It must be taught, and teaching must have authority as well as learning. There can be no authority where there is no power to enforce, and there can be no learning where there is no training. If there must be normal schools to qualify schoolmasters, there must be Oxfords and Cambridges to qualify clergymen. At least that's my idea. Well, if there is a qualified man he must be supported while he is working. But if he has to please his earthly employer, instead of obeying his heavenly master, the better he is qualified the more dangerous he is. If he relies on his congregation, the order of things is turned upside down. He serves mammon, and not God. If he does his duty he must tell unpleasant truths, and then he gets a walkin' ticket. Who will

hire a servant, pay him for his time, find a house for him to live in, and provide him in board, if he has a will of his own, and won't please his employer by doin' what he is ordered to do. I don't think you would, Squire, and I know I wouldn't.

No, a fixed, settled church, like ourn, or yours, Squire, is the best. There is safe anchorage ground in them, and you don't go draggin' your flukes with every spurt of wind, or get wrecked if there is a gale that rages round you. There is something strong to hold on to. There are good buoys, known landmarks, and fixed light-houses, so that you know how to steer, and not helter skelter lights movin' on the shore like will-o'-the-whisps, or wreckers' false fires, that just lead you to destruction. The medium between the two churches, for the clergy would be the right thing. In yours they are too independent of the people, with us a little too dependent. But we are coming up to the notch by making moderate endowments, which will enable the minister to do what is right, and not too large to make him lazy or careless. Well then, in neither of them is a minister handed over to a faction to try.

Them that make the charges ain't the judges, which is a Magna Charta for him.

Yes, I like our episcopal churches, they teach, persuade, guide, and paternally govern, but they have no dungeons, no tortures, no fire and sword. They ain't afraid of the light, for as minister used to say, "their light shines afore men." Just see what sort of a system it must be that produces such a man as Jehu Judd. And yet Jehu finds it answer his purpose in his class to be what he is. His religion is a cloak, and that is a grand thing for a pick-pocket. It hides his hands, while they are fumblin' about your waistcoat and trowsers, and then conceals the booty. You can't make tricks if your adversary sees your hands, you may as well give up the game.

But to return to the evangelical trader. Before we recommenced dancing again, I begged the two Gaelic girls, who were bouncing, buxom lasses, and as strong as Shetland ponies, to coax or drag him up for a reel. Each took a hand of his and tried to persuade him. Oh, weren't they full of smiles, and didn't they look rosy and temptin? They were sure they said so good-lookin' a man as he was, must have

learned to dance, or how could he have given it up?

"For a single man like you," said Catherine.

"I am not a single man," said Old Piety, "I am a widower, a lonely man in the house of Israel."

"Oh, Catherine," sais I, a givin' her a wink, "take care of theeself, or thy Musquodobit farm, with its hundred acres of intervale meadow, and seventy head of horned cattle is gone."

He took a very amatory look at her after that hint.

"Verily she would be a *duck* in *Quaco*, friend Jehu," said I.

"Indeed would she, anywhere," he said, looking sanctified Cupids at her, as pious galls do who show you the place in your prayer-book at church.

"Ah, there is another way, methinks she would be a duck," said I, "the maiden would soon turn up the whites of her eyes at dancin' like a *duck* in thunder, as the profane men say."

"Oh, oh," said the Doctor, who stood behind me, "I shall die, he'll kill me. I can't stand this, oh, how my sides ache."

"Indeed I am afraid I shall always be a *wild duck*," said Catherine.

"They are safer from the fowler," said Jehu, "for they are wary and watchful."

"If you are a widower," she said, "you ought to dance."

"Why do you think so?" said he; but his tongue was becoming thick, though his eyes were getting brighter.

"Because," she said, "a widower is an odd critter."

"Odd?" he replied, "in what way odd, dear?"

"Why," said the girl, "an ox of our'n lately lost his mate, and my brother called him the odd ox, and not the single ox, and he is the most frolicksome fellow you ever see. Now, as you have lost your mate, you are an odd one, and if you are lookin' for another to put its head into the yoke, you ought to go frolickin' everywhere too!"

"Do single critters ever look for mates?" said he, slily.

"Well done," said I, "friend Jehu. The drake had the best of the duck that time. Thee weren't bred at Quaco for nothin. Come,

rouse up, wake snakes, and walk chalks, as the thoughtless children of evil say. I see thee is warmin' to the subject."

"Men do allow," said he, lookin' at me with great self-complacency, "that in speech I am *peeowerful*."

"Come, Mary," said I, addressin' the other sister, "do thee try thy persuasive powers, but take care of thy grandmother's legacy, the two thousand pounds thee hast in the Pictou Bank. It is easier for that to go to Quaco than the farm."

"Oh, never fear," said she.

"Providence," he continued, "has been kind to these virgins. They are surprising comely, and well endowed with understanding and money," and he smirked first at one and then at the other, as if he thought either would do—the farm or the legacy.

"Come," they both said, and as they gave a slight pull, up he sprung to his feet. The temptation was too great for him: two pairs of bright eyes, two pretty faces, and two hands in his, filled with Highland blood—and that ain't cold—and two glasses of grog within, and two fortunes without were irresistible.

So said he, "If I have offended, verily I will make amends; but dancing is a dangerous thing, and a snare to the unwary. The hand and waist of a maiden in the dance lead not to serious thoughts."

"It's because thee so seldom feels them," I said. "Edged tools never wound thee when thee is used to them, and the razor that cutteth the child, passeth smoothly over the chin of a man. He who locketh up his daughters, forgetteth there is a window and a ladder, and if gaiety is shut out of the house, it is pitied and admitted when the master is absent or asleep. When it is harboured by stealth and kept concealed, it loses its beauty and innocence, and waxeth wicked. The crowd that leaveth a night-meeting is less restrained than the throng that goeth to a lighted ball-room. Both are to be avoided; one weareth a cloak that conceals too much, the other a thin vestment that reveals more than is seemly. Of the two, it is better to court observation than shun it. Dark thoughts lead to dark deeds."

"There is much reason in what you say," he said; "I never had it put to me in that light before. I have heard of the shakers, but never

saw one before you, nor was aware that they danced."

"Did thee never hear," said I, "when thee was a boy,

> "'Merrily dance the Quaker's wife,
> And merrily dance the Quaker?'

and so on?"

"No, never," said he.

"Then verily, friend, I will show thee how a Quaker can dance. They call us shakers, from shaking our feet so spry. Which will thee choose—the farm or the legacy?"

Mary took his hand, and led him to his place, the music struck up, and Peter gave us one of his quickest measures. Jehu now felt the combined influence of music, women, brandy and dancing, and snapped his fingers over his head, and stamped his feet to mark the time, and hummed the tune in a voice that from its power and clearness astonished us all.

"Well done, old boy," said I, for I thought I might drop the quaker now, "well done, old boy," and I slapped him on the back, "go it while you are young, make up for lost time:

now for the double shuffle. Dod drot it, you are clear grit and no mistake. You are like a critter that boggles in the collar at the first go off, and don't like the start, but when you do lay legs to it you certainly ain't no slouch, I know."

The way he cut carlicues, ain't no matter. From humming he soon got to a full cry, and from that to shouting. His antics overcame us all. The Doctor gave the first key note. "Oh, oh, that man will be the death of me," and again rubbed himself round the wall, in convulsions of laughter. Peter saw nothing absurd in all this, on the contrary, he was delighted with the stranger.

"Oigh," he said, "ta preacher is a goot feller after all, she will tance with her hern ainsel," and fiddling his way up to him again, he danced a jig with Jehu, to the infinite amusement of us all. The familiarity which Mr. Judd exhibited with the steps and the dance, convinced me that he must have often indulged in it before he became a christian. At last he sat down, not a little exhausted with the violent exertion, but the liquor made him peeowerful thick-legged, and his track warnt a

bee line, I tell you. After a while a song was proposed, and Mary entreated him to favour us with one.

"Dear Miss," said he, "pretty Miss," and his mouth resembled that of a cat contemplating a pan of milk that it cannot reach, "lovely maiden, willingly would I comply, if Sall Mody (Psalmody) will do, but I have forgotten my songs."

"Try this," said I, and his strong, clear voice rose above us all, as he joined us in

"Yes, Lucy is a pretty girl,
Such lubly hands and feet,
When her toe is in the Market-house,
Her heel is in Main Street.

"Oh, take your time, Miss Lucy,
Miss Lucy, Lucy Long,
Rock de cradle, Lucy,
And listen to de song."

He complained of thirst and fatigue after this, and rising, said, "I am *peeower*ful dry, by jinks," and helped himself so liberally, that he had scarcely resumed his seat before he was fast asleep, and so incapable of sustaining himself in a sitting posture, that we removed

him to the sofa, and loosening his cravat, placed him in a situation where he could repose comfortably. We then all stood round the evangelical "*come-outer*," and sang in chorus:

> "My old master, Twiddledum Don,
> Went to bed with his trousers on,
> One shoe off, and the other shoe on—
> That's a description of Twiddledum Don."

"Oh, my old 'Come-outer,' said I, as I took my last look at him for the night, "you have 'come-out' in your true colours at last, but this comes of '*fiddling and dancing, and serving the devil.*'"

CHAPTER VIII.

STITCHING A BUTTON-HOLE.

AFTER the family had retired to rest, the Doctor and I lighted our cigars, and discoursed of the events of the evening.

"Such men, as Jehu Judd," he said, "do a monstrous deal of mischief in the country. By making the profession of piety a cloak for their knavery, they injure the cause of morality, and predispose men to ridicule the very appearance of that which is so justly entitled to their respect, a sober, righteous, and godly life. Men lose their abhorrence of fraud in their distrust of the efficacy of religion. It is a duty we owe to society to expose and punish such fellows."

"Well then, I will do *my* duty," said I, laughing, "he has fired into the wrong flock

this time, I'll teach him not to do it again or my name is not Sam Slick. I will make that goney a caution to sinners *I* know. He has often deceived others so that they didn't know him, I will now alter him so he shan't know himself when he wakes up."

Proceeding to my bed-room, which, as I said before adjoined the parlour, I brought out the box containin' my sketchin' fixins, and opening of a secret drawer, shewed him a small paper of bronze coloured powder.

"That," said I, "is what the Indians at the Nor-west use to disguise a white man, when he is in their train, not to deceive their enemies, for you couldn't take in a savage for any length of time, no how you could fix it, but that his pale face might not alarm the scouts of their foes. I was stained that way for a month, when I was among them, for there was war going on at the time."

Mixing a little of it with brandy I went to the sofa, where Mr. Jehu Judd was laid out, and with a camel's hair brush ornamented his upper lip with two enormous and ferocious moustachios, curling well upwards, across his cheeks, to his ears, and laid on the paint in a manner to resist

the utmost efforts of soap and water. Each eye was adorned with an enormous circle to represent the effect of blows, and on his forehead was written in this indelible ink in large print letters, like those on the starn-board of a vessel, the words, "Jehu of Quaco."

In the morning we made preparations for visiting the Batchelor Beaver. The evangelical trader awoke amid the general bustle of the house, and sought me out to talk over the sale of his mackarel.

"Fa is tat," said Peter, who first stared wildly at him, and then put himself in a posture of defence. "Is she a deserter from the garishon of Halifax?"

"I am a man of peace," said Jehu, (who appeared to have forgotten the aberrations of the last evening, and had resumed his usual sanctimoniouslyfied manner.) "Swear not, friend, it is an abomination, and becometh not a christian man."

Peter was amazed, he could not trust his eyes, his ears, or his memory.

"Toctor," said he, "come here for heaven's sake, is she hernainsel or ta tevil."

The moment the Doctor saw him, his hands

as usual involuntarily protected his sides, and he burst out a laughing in his face, and then describing a circle on the grass, fell down, and rolled over, saying; "Oh, oh, that man will be the death of me." The girls nearly went into hysterics, and Cutler, though evidently not approving of the practical joke, as only fit for military life, unable to contain himself, walked away. The French boy, Etienne, frightened at his horrible expression of face, retreated backwards, crossed himself most devoutly, and muttered an Ave Maria.

"Friend Judd," said I, for I was the only one who retained my gravity, "thee ought not to wear a mask, it is a bad sign."

"I wear no mask, Mr. Slick," he said, "I use no disguises, and it does not become a professing man like you, to jeer and scoff because I reprove the man Peter for his profaneness."

Peter stamped and raved like a madman, and had to resort to Gaelic to disburden his mind of his effervescence. He threatened to shoot him, he knew him very well, he said, for he had seen him before on the prairies. He was a Kentucky villain, a forger, a tief, a Yankee spy sent to excite the Indians against the English. He

knew his false moustachios, he would swear to them in any court of justice in the world. "Deil a bit is ta Loon, Jehu Judd," he said, "her name is prayin' Joe, the horse-stealer."

For the truth of this charge he appealed to his daughters, who stood aghast at the fearful resemblance his moustachios had given him to that noted borderer.

"That man of Satan," said Jehu, looking very uncomfortable, as he saw Peter flourishing a short dirk, and the Doctor holding him back and remonstrating with him. "That man of Satan I never saw before yesterday, when I entered his house, where there was *fiddling and dancing, and serving the devil.* Truly my head became dizzy at the sight, my heart sunk within me at beholding such wickedness, and I fell into a swoon, and was troubled with dreams of the evil one all night."

"Then he visited thee, friend," I said, "in thy sleep, and placed his mark upon thee—the mark of the beast, come and look at it in the glass."

When he saw himself, he started back in great terror, and gave vent to a long, low, guttural groan, like a man who is suffering

intense agony. "What in the world is all this?" he said. He again approached the glass and again retreated with a look of unspeakable despair, groaning like a thousand sinners, and swelled out about the head and throat like a startled blauzer-snake. After which he put his hand to his lip and discovered there was no hair. He then took courage and advanced once more, and examined it carefully, and rubbed it, but it did not remove it.

"He has burned it into the skin," I said, "he hath made thee the image of the horse-stealer, and who knoweth whom else thou resemblest. Thee art a marked man verily. Thee said thee never used disguises."

"Never," he said, "never, Mr. Slick."

"Hush," I said, "thee hast worn three disguises. First thee wore the disguise of religion; secondly, thee were disguised in liquor; and thirdly, thee art now disguised with what fighting men call the mous-tachio."

"Oh, Mr. Slick," said he, leaving off his cant, and really looking like a different man, "dod drot it, it is a just punishment. I knock under, I holler, I give in, have mercy on me.

Can you rid me of this horrid mark, for I can't flunk out in the street in this rig."

"I can," sais I, "but I will do it on one condition only, and that is, that you give over canting that way, and coverin' tricks with long faces, and things too serious to mention now, for that is doubly wicked. Cheatin' ain't pretty at no time, though I wouldn't be too hard on a man for only gettin' hold of the right eend of the rope in a bargain. I have done it myself. Or puttin' the leak into a consaited critter sometimes for fun. But to cheat, and cant to help you a doin' of it, is horrid, that's a fact. It's the very devil. Will you promise, if I take down that ornamental sign-board, that you will give up that kind o' business and set up a new shop?"

"I will," said he, "upon my soul—I'll be d—d if I don't. That ain't cant now is it?"

"Well, now you never said a truer word," said I, "you will be d—d if you don't, that's a fact. But there is no use to run to the other extreme, neither."

"Are you a preacher?" said he, and I thought he gave me a sly look out of the corner of his eye, as much as to say, "how good we are, ain't

we," as sin said when the devil was rebukin' of him. The fact is, the fellow was a thunderin' knave, but he was no fool, further than being silly enough to be a knave.

"No," sais I, "I ain't, I scorn a man dubbin' himself preacher, without the broughtens up to it, and a lawful warrant for being one. And I scorn cant, it ain't necessary to trade. If you want that proved to you, wait till I return to-morrow, and if you get to winderd of me in a bargain, I'll give you leave to put the mustachios on me, that's a fact. My maxim is to buy as low, and sell as high as I can, provided the article will bear a large profit. If not, I take a moderate advance, turn the penny quick, and at it again. I will compound something that will take out your false hair, for I don't think it will be easy to shave it off. It all came of pretence. What in the world was the reason you couldn't walk quietly into the cantecoi, where people were enjoying themselves, and either join them, or if you had scruples, keep them to yourself and sit by. Nobody would have molested you. Nothing but cant led you to join temperance societies. A man ought to be able to use, not abuse liquor, but the moment you obligate your-

self not to touch it, it kinder sets you a hankering after it, and if you taste it after that, it upsets you, as it did last night. *It ain't easy to wean a calf that takes to suckin' the second time; that's a fact.* Your pretence set folks agin' you. They didn't half like the interruption for one thing, and then the way you acted made them disrespect you. So you got a most an all-fired trick played on you. And I must say it sarves you right. Now, sais I, go on board and—"

"Oh, Mr. Slick," said he, "oh now, that's a good fellow, don't send me on board, such a figure as this, I'd rather die fust, I'd never hear the last of it. The men would make me the laughing stock of Quaco. Oh, I can't go on board."

"Well," sais I, "go to bed then, and put a poultice on your face, to soften the skin." That warn't necessary at all, but I said it to punish him. "And when I come back, I will give you a wash, that will make your face as white and as smooth as a baby's."

"Oh, Mr. Slick," said he, "couldn't you—" but I turned away, and didn't hear him out.

By the time I had done with him, we were

all ready to start for the Bachelor Beaver. Peter borrowed an extra horse and waggon, and drove his youngest daughter. Cutler drove Jessie in another, and the Doctor and I walked.

"We can travel as fast as they can," he said, "for part of the road is full of stumps, and very rough, and I like the arrangement, and want to have a talk with you about all sorts of things."

After travelling about two miles, we struck off the main highway, into a wood-road, in which stones, hillocks, and roots of trees, so impeded the waggons, that we passed them, and took the lead.

"Are you charged?" said the Doctor, "if not, I think we may as well do so now."

"Perhaps it would be advisable," said I. "But where is your gun?"

"I generally am so well loaded," he replied, "when I go to the woods, I find it an incumbrance. In addition to my other traps, I find forty weight of pemican as much as I can carry."

"*Pemican*,"* sais I, "what in natur is that?" I knew as well as he did what it was, for a man that don't understand how to make that,

* See Dunn's "Oregon."

don't know the very abeselfa of wood-craft. But I tell you what, Squire, unless you want to be hated, don't let on you know all that a feller can tell you. The more you *do* know, the more folks are afeared to be able to tell you something new. It flatters their vanity, and it's a harmless piece of politeness, as well as good policy to listen; for who the plague will attend to you, if you won't condescend to hear them? *Conversation is a barter, in which one thing is swapped for another, and you must abide by the laws of trade.* What you give, costs you nothing; and what you get, may be worth nothing; so, if you don't gain much, you don't lose, at all events. "So," sais I, "what in natur is pemican?"

"Why," sais he, "it is formed by pounding the choice parts of venison or other meat very small, dried over a slack fire, or by the frost, and put into bags, made of the skin of the slain animal, into which a portion of melted fat is poured. The whole being then strongly pressed, and sewed up in bags, constitutes the best, and most portable food known; and one which will keep a great length of time. If a dainty man, like you, wishes to improve its flavour, you may spice it."

"What a grand thing that would be for soldiers, during forced marches, wouldn't it. Well, Doctor," sais I, "that's a wrinkle, aint it? But who ever heard of a colonial minister knowing anything of colony habits?"

"If we have a chance to kill a deer," he said, "I will show you how to make it," and he looked as pleased to give me that information, as if he had invented it himself. "So I use this instead of a gun," he continued, producing a long, thick-barreled pistol, of capital workmanship, and well mounted. "I prefer this, it answers every purpose: and is easy to carry. There are no wolves here, and bears never attack you, unless molested, so that the gun-barrel is not needed as a club; and if Bruin once gets a taste of this, he is in no hurry to face it again. The great thing is to know how to shoot, and where to hit. Now, it's no use to fire at the head of a bear, the proper place to aim for is the side, just back of the fore leg. Are you a good shot?"

"Well," said I, "I can't brag, for I have seen them that could beat me at that game; but, in a general way, I don't calculate to throw away my lead. It's scarce in the woods.

Suppose, though, we have a trial. Do you see that blaze in the hemlock tree, there? try it."

Well, he up, and as quick as wink fired, and hit it directly in the centre.

"Well," sais I, "you scare me. To tell you the truth, I didn't expect to be taken up that way. And so sure as I boast of a thing, I slip out of the little eend of the horn." Well, I drew a bead fine on it, and fired.

"That mark is too small," said he, (thinking I had missed it,) "and hardly plain enough."

"I shouldn't wonder if I had gone a one side or the other," said I, "as we walked up to it, "I intended to send your ball further in; but I guess I have only turned it round. See, I have cut a little grain of the bark off the right side of the circle."

"Good," said he, "these balls are near enough to give a critter the heart-ache, at any rate. You are a better shot than I am; and that's what I have never seen in this province. Strange, too, for you don't live in the woods, as I do."

"That's the reason," said I, "I shoot for practice, you, when you require it. Use keeps your hand in, but it wouldn't do it for me;

so I make up by practising, whenever I can. When I go to the woods, which aint as often now as I could wish, for they aint to be found everywhere in our great country, I enjoy it with all my heart. I enter into it as keen as a hound, and I don't care to have the Clock-maker run rigs on. A man's life often depends on his shot, and he ought to be afraid of nothin. Some men, too, are as dangerous as wild beasts; but if they know you can snuff a candle with a ball, hand runnin, why, they are apt to try their luck with some one else, that aint up to snuff, that's all. It's a common feeling, that.

"The best shot I ever knew, was a tailor, at Albany. He used to be very fond of brousin' in the forest sometimes, and the young fellows was apt to have a shy at Thimble. They talked of the *skirts* of the forest, the *capes* of the Hudson, laughing in their *sleeve*, giving a fellow a *bastin*, having a *stitch* in the side, *cuffing* a fellow's ears, taking a *tuck-in* at lunch, or calling mint-julip an *inside lining*, and so on; and every time any o' these words came out, they all laughed like anything.

"Well, the critter who was really a capital

fellow, used to join in the laugh himself, but still grinnin' is no proof a man enjoys it; for a hyena will laugh, if you give him a poke. So what does he do, but practise in secret every morning and evening at pistol-shooting, for an hour or two, until he was a shade more than perfection itself. Well, one day he was out with a party of them same coons, and they began to run the old rig on him as usual. And he jumps up on eend, and in a joking kind o' way, said: 'Gentle*men*, can any of you *stitch a button-hole*, with the button in it?' Well, they all roared out at that like mad.

"'No Sir*ree*,' sais they, 'but come, show us *Thimble*, will you? that's a good fellow. Tom, fetch the *goose*, to press it when it's done. Dick, *cabbage* a bit of cloth for him to try it upon. Why, Tom, you are as *sharp as a needle*.'

"'Well,' sais he, 'I'll show you.'

"So he went to a tree, and took out of his pocket a fippenny bit, that had a hole in the centre, and putting in it a small nail, which he had provided, he fastened it to the tree.

"'Now,' said he, taking out a pair of pistols, and lots of ammunition, from the bottom of his prog-basket, where he had hid them, 'Now,'

said he, gentle*men*, the way to stitch a button-hole, is to put balls all round that button, in a close ring, and never disturb them; that's what we tailors call workmanlike,' and he fired away, shot after shot, till he had done it.

"'Now,' said he, 'gentle*men*, that button has to be fastened,' and he fired, and drove the nail that it hung on, into the tree. 'And now, gentle*men*,' said he, 'I have stood your shots for many a long day, turn about is fair play. The first man that cracks a joke at me, on account of my calling, must stand my shot, and if I don't stitch his button-hole for him, I am no tailor; that's all.'

"Well, they all cheered him when he sat down, and they drank his health; and the boss of the day said: 'Well, Street (afore that he used to call him Thimble), well, Street,' said he, 'you *are* a *man*.'

"'There you are again,' said Street, 'that is a covered joke at a tailor being only the ninth part of one. I pass it over this time, but let's have no more of it.'

"'No, Sir*ree*, no,' said boss, 'on honour now, I didn't mean it. And I say, too, let there be no more of it.'"

"Not a bad story!" said the Doctor. "A man ought to be able to take his own part in the world; but my idea is we think too much of guns. Do you know anything of archery?"

"A little," sais I, "at least folks say so; but then they really give me credit for what I don't deserve; they say I draw a thunderin long bow sometimes."

"Oh! oh!" he said laughing, "posi*tive*ly, as the fellow said to the tailor, you'll give me a stitch in *my* side. Well, that's better than being '*sewed* up,' as Jehu was last night. But, seriously, do you ever use the bow?"

"Well, I have tried the South American bow, and it's a powerful weapon that; but it takes a man to draw it, I tell you."

"Yes," said he, "it requires a strong arm; but the exercise is good for the chest. It's the one I generally use. The bow is a great weapon, and the oldest in the world. I believe I have a tolerable collection of them. The Indian bow was more or less excellent, according to the wood they had; but they never could have been worth much here, for the country produces no suitable material. The old English long-bow, perhaps, is a good one; but it is not so powerful as the

Turkish. That has immense power. They say it will carry an arrow from four hundred and fifty to five hundred yards. Mine, perhaps, is not a first-rate one, nor am I what I call a skilful archer; but I can reach beyond three hundred yards—though that is an immense distance. The gun has superseded them; but though superior in many respects, the other has some qualities that are invaluable. In skirmishing, or in surprising outposts, what an advantage it is to avoid the alarm and noise occasioned by fire-arms. All troops engaged in this service in addition to the rifle ought to have the bow and the quiver. What an advantage it would have been in the Caffre war, and how serviceable now in the Crimea. They are light to carry and quickly discharged. When we get to my house, I will prove it to you. We will set up two targets, at one hundred yards, say. You shall fire from one to the other, and then stand aside, and before you can reload I will put three arrows into yours. I should say four to a common soldier's practice; but I give even you three to one. If a man misses his first shot at me with a gun, he is victimized, for I have three chances in return before he gets his second, and if I don't

pink him with one or the other; why, I deserve to be hit. For the same reason, what a glorious cavalry weapon it is, as the Parthians knew. What a splendid thing for an ambush, where you are neither seen nor heard. I don't mean to say they are better than fire-arms; but, occasionally used with them they would be irresistable. If I were a British officer in command I would astonish the enemy."

"You would astonish the Horse-Guards, too, *I* know," said I. "It would ruin you for ever. They'd call you old 'bows and arrows,' as they did the general that had no flints to his guns, when he attacked Buonus Ayres; they'd have you up in 'Punch;' they'd draw you as Cupid going to war; they'd nickname you a *Bow*-street officer. Oh! they'd soon teach you what a *quiver* was. They'd play the devil with you. They'd beat you at your own game; you'd be stuck full of poisoned arrows; you could as easily introduce the queue again, as the bow."

"Well, Cressey, Poictiers, and Agincourt were won with the bow," he said, "and, as an auxiliary weapon, it is still as effective as ever. However that is not a mere speculation. When I go out after cariboo, I always carry mine, and

seldom use my gun. It don't alarm the herd; they don't know where the shaft comes from, and are as likely to look for it in the lake or in the wild grass, as any where else. Let us try them together. But let us load with shot now. We shall come to the brook directly, and where it spreads out into still water, and the flags grow, the wild fowl frequent; for they are amazin fond of poke-lokeins, as the Indians call those spots. We may get a brace or two, perhaps, to take home with us. Come, let us push ahead, and go warily."

After awhile a sudden turn of the road disclosed to us a flock of blue-winged ducks, and he whispered, "Do you fire to the right, and I will take the left." When the smoke from our simultaneous discharges cleared away, we saw the flock rise, leaving five of their number as victims of their careless watch.

"That is just what I said," he remarked, "the gun is superior in many respects; but if we had our bows here, we would have had each two more shots at them, while on the wing. As it is, we can't reload till they are out of reach. I only spoke of the bow as subordinate and auxiliary; but never as a substitute. Although I am not

certain that with our present manufacturing skill, metallic bows could not now be made, equal in power, superior in lightness, and more effective than any gun when the object to be aimed at is not too minute, for in that particular, the rifle will never be equalled—certainly not surpassed."

The retreiver soon brought us our birds, and we proceeded leisurely on our way, and, in a short time were overtaken by the waggons, when we advanced together towards the house, which we reached in about an hour more. As soon as we came in sight of it, the dogs gave notice of our approach, and a tall, straight, priggish-looking man, marched, for he did not hurry himself, bareheaded towards the bars in the pole fence. He was soon afterwards followed by a little old woman at a foot amble, or sort of broken trot, such as distinguishes a Naraganset pacer. She had a hat in her hand, which she hastily put on the man's head. But, as she had to jump up to do it, she effected it with a force that made it cover his eyes, and nearly extinguish his nose. It caused the man to stop and adjust it, when he turned round to his flapper, and, by the motion of his hand, and her retrogade movement it appeared he did not receive this delicate attention

very graciously. Duty, however, was pressing him, and he resumed his stately step towards the bars.

She attacked him again in the rear, as a goose does an intruder, and now and then picked something from his coat, which I supposed to be a vagrant thread, or a piece of lint or straw, and then retreated a step or two, to avoid closer contact. He was compelled at last to turn again on his pursuer, and expostulate with her in no gentle terms. I heard the words, "mind your own business," or something of the kind, and the female voice more distinctly (women always have the best of it); "You look as if you had slept in it. You aint fit to appear before gentlemen." Ladies she had been unaccustomed of late to see, and therefore omitted altogether. "What would Colonel Jones say, if he saw you that way."

To which the impatient man replied: "Colonel Jones be hanged. He is not my commanding officer, or you either—take that will you old ooman." If the colonel was not there his master was, therefore pressing forward he took down the bars, and removed them a one side, when he drew himself bolt upright, near one of the posts, and placing his hand across his forehead, remained

in that position, without uttering a word, till the waggons passed, and the Doctor said, "Well, Jackson how are you?" "Hearty sir! I hope your honour is well? Why, Buscar, is that you dog; how are you, my man?" and then he proceeded very expeditiously to replace the poles.

"What are you stopping for?" said the Doctor to me, for the whole party was waiting for us.

"I was admirin of them bars," said I.

"Why, they are the commonest things in the country," he replied. "Did you never see them before?" Of course I had, a thousand times, but I didn't choose to answer.

"What a most beautiful contrivance," said I, "they are. First, you can't find them, if you don't know beforehand where they are, they look so like the rest of the fence. It tante one stranger in a thousand could take them down, for if he begins at the top they get awfully tangled, and if he pulls the wrong way, the harder he hauls the tighter they get. Then he has to drag them all out of the way, so as to lead the horse through, and leave him standin there till he puts them up, agin and as like as not, the critter gets tired of waitin, races

off to the stable, and breaks the waggon all to flinders. After all these advantages, they don't cost but a shilling or so more than a gate. Oh, it's grand."

"Well, well," said the Doctor, "I never thought of that afore, but you are right after all," and he laughed as good humouredly as possible. "Jackson," said he.

"Yes, your honour."

"We must have a gate there."

"Certainly," said the servant, touching his hat. But he honoured me with a look, as much as to say, "thank you for nothing, Sir. It's a pity you hadn't served under Colonel Jones, for he would have taught you to mind your own business double quick."

We then proceeded to the door, and the Doctor welcomed the party to the "Bachelor Beaver's-dam," as he called it. In the meantime, the bustling little old woman returned, and expressed great delight at seeing us. The place was so lonesome, she said, and it was so pleasant to see ladies there, for they were the first who had ever visited the Doctor, and it was so kind of them to come so far, and she hoped they would often honour the place

with their presence, if they could put up with their accommodation, for she had only heard from the Doctor the night before; and she was so sorry she couldn't receive them as she could wish, and a whole volume more, and an appendix longer than that, and an index to it, where the paging was so jumbled you couldn't find nothin.

Jackson joined in, and said, he regretted his commissariat was so badly supplied. That it was a poor country to forage in, and that there was nothing but the common rations and stores for the detachment stationed there. But that nothing should be wanting on his part, and so on. The housekeeper led the way to the apartments destined for the girls. Peter assisted the boy to unharness the horses, and the Doctor shewed Cutler and myself into the hall, where the breakfast-table was set for us. Seeing Jackson marching to the well, as if he was on parade, I left the two together in conversation, and went out to talk to him.

"Sergeant," sais I.

"Yes, your honour," said he, and he put down the pail, and raised his hand to his forehead.

"I understand you have seen a great deal of service in your time."

"Yes, Sir," said he, looking well pleased, and as if his talking tacks were all ready. I had hit the right subject. "I ave gone through a deal of soldiering in my day, and been in many a ard fight, Sir."

"I see you have the marks on you," I said. "That is a bad scar on your face."

"Well, Sir," said he, "saving your presence, I wish the devil had the Frenchman that gave me that wound. I have some I am proud of having received in the service of my king and country. I have three balls in me now, which the doctors couldn't extract, and nothin' but death will bring to the light of day again, if they can be said to be seen in the grave. But that scar is the only disgraceful mark I ever received since I first joined in 1808.

"When we were laying siege to Badajoz, Sir, I was in the cavalry, and I was sent with a message to a brigade that was posted some distance from us. Well, Sir, as I was trotting along, I saw a French dragoon, well mounted, leading a splendid spare orse, belonging to some French hofficer of rank, as

far as I could judge from his happearance and mountings. Instead of pursuing my course, as I ought to have done, Sir, I thought I'de make a dash at the rascal, and make prize of that are hanimal. So I drew my sword, raised myself in my saddle (for I was considered a first-rate swordsman, as most Hinglishmen hare who have been used to the single-stick,) and made sure I ad him. Instead of turning, he kept steadily on, and never as much as drew his sabre, so in place of making a cut hat him, for I'de scorn to strike han hunarmed man, my play was to cut is reins, and then if he wanted a skrimage, to give him one, and if not, to carry off that hare orse.

"Well, Sir, he came on gallantly, I must say that, and kept his eye fixed steadily on me, when just as I was going to make a cut at his reins, he suddenly seized his eavy-mounted elmet, and threw it slap at my face, and I'll be anged if it didn't stun me, and knock me right off the orse flat on the ground, and then he galloped off as ard as he could go. When I got up, I took his elmet under my harm, and proceeded on my route. I was

ashamed to tell the story straight, and I made the best tale I could of the scrimmage, and shewed the elmet in token that it was a pretty rough fight. But the doctor, when he dressed the wound, swore it never was made with a sword, nor a bullet, nor any instrument he knew hon, and that he didn't think it was occasioned by a fall, for it was neither insised, outsised, nor con'used—but a confusion of all three. He questioned me as close as a witness.

"'But,' says I, 'doctor, there is no telling what himplements Frenchmen ave. They don't fight like us, they don't. It was a runnin' scrimmage, or *handicap* fight.' Yes, Sir, if it was hanywhere helse, where it wouldn't show, it wouldn't be so bad, but there it is on the face, and there is no denyin' of it."

Here the little woman made her appearance again, with the hat in her hand, and said imploringly:

"Tom, doee put your hat on, that's a good soul. He don't take no care of himself, Sir," she said, addressing herself to me. "He has seen a deal of service in his day, and has three bullets in him now, and he is as careless of hisself, as if he didn't mind whether I was

left alone in the oulin' wilderness or not. Oh, Sir, if you heard the wild beastesis here at night, it's dreadful. It's worse than the wolves in the Pyreen, in Spain. And then, Sir, all I can do, I can't get him to wear is at, when he knows in is eart he had a stroke of the sun near Badajoz, which knocked him off his orse, and see how it cut his face. He was so andsome before, Sir."

"Betty," said the sergeant, "the Doctor is calling you. Do go into the ouse, and don't bother the gentleman. Oh, Sir," said he, "I have had to tell a eap of lies about that are scar on my face, and that's ard, Sir, for a man who has a medal with five clasps; ain't it?"

Here the Doctor came to tell me breakfast was ready.

"I was admiring, Doctor," said I, "this simple contrivance of yours for raising water from the well. It is very ingenious."

"Very," he said, "but I assure you it is no invention of mine. I have no turn that way. It is very common in the country."

I must describe this extraordinary looking affair, for though not unusual in America, I have

never seen it in England, although the happy thought, doubtless owes its origin to the inventive genius of its farmers.

The well had a curb, as it is called, a square wooden box open at the top, to prevent accident to the person drawing the water. A few paces from this was an upright post about twelve feet high, having a crotch at the top. A long beam lies across this, one end of which rests on the ground at a distance from the post, and the other projects into the air with its point over the well. This beam is secured in the middle of the crotch of the upright post by an iron bolt, on which it moves, as on an axle. To the ærial end is attached a few links of a chain, that hold a long pole to which the bucket is fastened and hangs over the well. The beam and its pendant apparatus, resembles a fishing-rod and its line protruding over a stream. When a person wishes to draw water, he takes hold of the pole, and as he pulls it down, the bucket descends into the well, and the heavy end of the beam rises into the air, and when the pail is filled, the weight of the butt end of the beam in its descent raises the bucket.

"Now," said I, "Doctor, just observe how

beautiful this thing is in operation. A woman, (for they draw more nor half the water used in this country,) has to put out all her strength, dragging down the pole, with her hands over her head, (an attitude and exercise greatly recommended by doctors to women,) in order to get the bucket down into the well. If she is in too big a hurry, the lever brings it up with a jerk that upsets it, and wets her all over, which is very refreshing in hot weather, and if a child or a dog happens to be under the heavy end of the beam, it smashes it to death, which after all ain't no great matter, for there are plenty left to them who have too many and don't care for 'em. And then if it ain't well looked after and the post gets rotten at the bottom, on a stormy day it's apt to fall, and smash the roof of the house in, which is rather lucky, for most likely it wanted shingling, and it is time it was done. Well, when the bucket swings about in the wind, if a gall misses catching it, it is apt to hit her in the mouth, which is a great matter, if she has the tooth-ache, for it will extract corn-crackers a plaguey sight quicker than a dentist could to save his soul."

"Well," said he "I never thought of that before. I have no turn for these things, I'll have it removed, it is a most dangerous thing, and I wouldn't have an accident happen to the sergeant and dear old Betty for the world."

"God bless your honour for that," said Jackson.

"But Doctor," said I, "joking apart, they are very picturesque, ain't they, how well they look in a sketch, eh! nice feature in the foreground."

"Oh," said he, patting me on the back, "there you have me again Slick. Oh, indeed they are, I can't part with my old well pole, oh, no, not for the world: Jackson, have an eye to it, see that it is all safe and strong and that no accident happens, but I don't think we need take it away. Come, Slick, come to breakfast."

Thinks I to myself, as I proceeded to the hall, "there are two classes only in this world. Those who have genius, and those who have common sense. They are like tailors, one can cut a coat, and do nothin' else, for he is an artist. The other can put the parts together, for he is a workman only. Now the Doctor is

a man of talent and learning, an *uncommon* man, but he don't know *common* things at all. He can *cut out* a garment, but he can't *stitch a button hole.*"

CHAPTER IX.

THE PLURAL OF MOOSE.

THE room in which we breakfasted was about eighteen feet square, having a large old-fashioned fire-place opposite to the front door, which opened directly on the lawn. The walls were fancifully ornamented with moose and deer horns, fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, landing nets and baskets, bows and arrows of every description, and Indian relics, such as stone hatchets, bowls, rude mortars, images, war clubs, wampum, and implements not unlike broad swords made of black birch, the edges of which were inlaid with the teeth of animals, or the shells of fish, ground sharp. Besides these, were skulls of great size and in good preservation, stone pipes, pouches, and so on, also some enormous teeth

and bones of an antediluvian animal, found in the Bras Dor lake in Cape Breton. It was, take it altogether, the most complete collection of relics of this interesting race, the Micmacs, and of natur's products to be found in this province. Some of the larger moose horns were ingeniously managed, so as to form supports for polished slabs of hardwood for tables. The Doctor informed me that this department of his museum was under the sole direction of the Sergeant, who called it his armoury, and to whose experience in the arrangement of arms he was indebted for the good effect they produced. The only objection he said he had to it, was, that classification had been sacrificed to appearance, and things were very much intermixed; but his collection was too small to make this a matter of any importance.

Jackson, as soon as the Doctor was similarly engaged in showing them to the Captain and the Miss McDonalds, for whom they seemed to have a peculiar interest, mounted guard over me.

"You see, Sir," said he, "the moose horns are the only thing of any size here, and that's because the moose is half English, you know.

Everything is small in this country, and degenerates, Sir. The fox ain't near as big as an English one. Lord, Sir, the ounds would run down one o' these fellows in ten minutes. They haven't got no strength. The rabbit, too, is a mere nothink; he is more of a cat, and looks like one too, when he is hanged in a snare. It's so cold nothin comes to a right size here. The trees is mere shrubbery compared to our hoaxes. The pine is tall, but then it has no sap. It's all tar and turpentine, and that keeps the frost out of its heart. The fish that live under the ice in the winter are all iley, in a general way, like the whales, porpoises, dog-fish, and cod. The liver of the cod is all ile, and women take to drinkin it now in cold weather, to keep their blood warm. Depend upon it, Sir, in two or three generations, they will shine in the sun like niggers. Porter would be better for 'em to drink than ile, and far more pleasanter too, Sir, wouldn't it? It would fill 'em out, Saving your presence, Sir, you never see a girl here with—"

"Hush! the ladies will hear you," I said.

"I ax your honor's pardon; perhaps I am making too bold, but it's nateral for a man that

has seed so much of the world as I have to talk a bit, especially as my tongue is absent on furlough more nor half the year, and then the old 'ooman's goes on duty, and never fear, Sir, her'n don't sleep at its post. She has seen too much sarvice for that. It don't indeed. It hails every one that passes the sentry-box, and makes 'em advance and give the countersign. A man that has seed so much, Sir, in course has a good deal to talk about. Now, Sir, I don't want to undervaly the orns at no rate, but Lord bless you, Sir, I have seen the orns of a wild sheep, when I was in the Medeteranion, so large, I could hardly lift them with one hand. They say young foxes sleep in them sometimes. Oh, Sir, if they would only get a few of them, and let them loose here, there would be some fun in unting of them. They are covered over with air in summer, and they are so wild you can't take them nb other way than by shooting of them. Then, Sir, there is the orns of—"

"But how is the moose half English?" sais I.

"Why, Sir, I heard our colour-sergeant M'Clure say so when we was in Halifax. He was a great reader and a great arguer, Sir, as

most Scotchmen are. I used to say to him, 'M'Clure, it's a wonder you can fight as well as you do, for in England fellows who dispute all the time, commonly take it all out in words.'

"One day, Sir, a man passed the north barrack gate, tumping, (as he said, which means in English, Sir, hauling,) an immense bull moose on a sled, though why he didn't say so, I don't know, unless he wanted to show he knew what M'Clure calls the botanical word for it. It was the largest hanimal I ever saw here.

"Says Mac to him, 'What do you call that creature?'

"'Moose,' said he.

"'Do you pretend to tell me,' said Mac, 'that that henormous hanimal, with orns like a deer, is a moose?'

"'I don't pretend at all,' said he; 'I think I hought to know one when I see it, for I have killed the matter of a undred of them in my day.'

"'It's a daumed lee,' said the Sergeant. 'It's no such thing; I wouldn't believe it if you was to swear to it.'

"'Tell you what,' said the man, 'don't go for

to tell me that again, or I'll lay you as flat as he is in no time,' and he cracked his whip and moved on.

"'What's the use,' said I, 'M'Clure, to call that man a liar? How do you know whether it is a moose or not, and he is more like to get its name right than you, who never saw one afore.'

"'Moose,' said he, 'do you take me for a fool? do you suppose he is a goin to cram me with such stuff as that? The idea of his pretending to tell me that a creature six feet high with great spreading antlers like a deer is a moose, when in fact they are no bigger than a cock-roach, and can run into holes the size of a sixpence! Look at me—do you see anything very green about me?'

"'Why, Mac,' sais I, 'as sure as the world you mean a mouse.'

"'Well, I said a moose,' he replied.

"'Yes, I know you said a moose, but that's not the way to pronounce a mouse. It may be Scotch, but it ain't English. Do you go into that hardware shop, and ask for a moose-trap, and see how the boys will wink to each other, and laugh at you.'

"'A man,' sais he, drawing himself up, 'who has learned humanity at Glaskee, don't require to be taught how to pronounce moose.'

"'As for your humanity,' said I, 'I never see much of that. If you ever had that weakness, you got bravely over it, and the glass key must have been broke years agone in Spain.'

"'You are getting impertinent,' said he, and he walked off and left me.

"It's very strange, your honor, but I never saw an Irishman or Scotchman yet that hadn't the vanity to think he spoke English better than we do."

"But the Yankees?" said I.

"Well, Sir, they are foreigners, you know, and only speak broken English; but they mix up a deal of words of their own with it, and then wonder you don't understand them. They keep their mouths so busy chawing, they have to talk through their noses.

"A few days after that, Sir, we walked down to the market-place, and there was another of these hanimals for sale. But perhaps I am making too bold, Sir?"

"No, no, not at all; go on. I like to hear you."

"'Well,' said M'Clure to the countryman, 'What do you call that?'

"'A moose,' said he.

"Well, I gives him a nudge of my helbow, to remind him not to tell him it was a 'daumed lee,' as he did the other man.

"'What does moose mean, my man?'

"Would you believe it, Sir, he didn't like that word 'my man,' partikelarly coming from a soldier, for they are so hignorant here they affect to look down upon soldiers, and call 'em 'thirteen pences.'

"'Mean,' said he, 'it means *that*,' a-pointin' to the carcass. 'Do you want to buy it?'

"'Hem!' said Mac. 'Well now, my good fellow—'

"Oh, Sir, if you had a seen the countryman when he heard them words, it would a been as good as a play. He eyed him all over, very scornful, as if he was taking his measure and weight for throwing him over the sled by his cape and his trousers, and then he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, and took out a large black fig of coarse tobacco, and bit a piece out of it, as if it was an apple, and fell too a

chewing of it, as if to vent his wrath on it, but said nothing.

"'Well, my good fellow,' said Mac, 'when there are more than one, or they are in the plural number, what do you call them?'

"'Mice,' said the fellow.

"'Mice!' said M'Clure, 'I must look into that; it's very odd. Still, it can't be mooses, either.'

"He didn't know what to make of it; he had been puzzled with mouse before, and found he was wrong, so he thought it was possible 'mice' might be the right word, after all.

"'Well,' said he, 'what do you call the female moose?'

"'Why,' sais the man, 'I guess,' a-talkin' through his nose instead of his mouth—how I hate that Yankee way, don't you, Sir? 'Why,' sais he, 'I guess we call the he-moose M, and the other N, as the case may be.'

"'Who gave them that name?' said M'Clure.

"'Why, I reckon,' said the other, 'their godfathers and godmothers at their baptism, but I can't say, for I warn't there.'

"'I say, my man,' said M'Clure, 'you had better keep a civil tongue in your head.'

"'Ask me no questions, then,' said the countryman, 'and I'll tell you no lies; but if you think to run a rig on me, you have made a mistake in the child, and barked up the wrong tree, that's all. P'raps I ain't so old as you be, but I warn't born yesterday. So slope, if you please, for I want to sneeze, and if I do, it will blow your cap over the market-house, and you'll be lucky if your head don't go along with it."

"'Come away,' said I, 'Mac, that fellow has no more manners than a heathen.'

"'He's an hignorant beast,' said he, 'he is beneath notice.'

"The man eard that, and called after him, 'Hofficer, hofficer,' said he.

"That made M'Clure stop, for he was expectin' to be one every day, and the word sounded good, and Scotchmen, Sir, ain't like other people, pride is as natural as oatmeal to them. The man came up to us limpin.

"'Hofficer,' said he, 'I ax your pardon if I offended you, I thought you was a pokin fun at me, for I am nothing but a poor hignorant farmer, from the country, and these townspeople are always making game of us. I'll tell you all about that are moose and how I killed him,

He urt my feelins, Sir, or I never would have mislested him, for Zack Wilcox is as good-natured a chap, it's generally allowed, as ever lived. Yes, he trod on my toes, I don't feel right yet, and when any fellow does that to me, why there ain't no mistake about it, his time is out and the sentence is come to pass. He begged for his life, oh, it was piteous to see him. I don't mean to say the dumb beast spoke, but his looks were so beseeching just the way if you was tied up to the halbert to be whipped, you'd look at the general.'

"'Me?' said M'Clure.

"'Yes, you or anybody else,' said the man. 'Well,' said he, 'I told him I wouldn't shoot him, I'de give him one chance for his life, but if he escaped he'd be deaf for ever afterwards. Poor feller, I didn't intend to come it quite so strong, but he couldn't stand the shock I gave him, and it killed him—frightened him to death.'

"'How?' said M'Clure.

"'Why,' sais he, 'I'll tell you,' and he looked cautiously all round, as if he didn't want anyone to know the secret. 'I gave him a most an almighty hambler that fairly keeled him over.'

"'What?' said M'Clure.

"'Why,' sais he, 'I gave him,' and he bent forward towards his hear as if to whisper the word, 'I gave him a most thunderin' everlastin' loud—' and he gave a yell into his hear that was eard clean across the harbour, and at the ospital beyond the dock-yard, and 'tother way as far as Fresh-water Bridge. Nothin' was hever eard like it before.

"M'Clure sprang backwards the matter of four or five feet, and placed his hand on his side arms, while the countryman brayed out a horse laugh that nearly took away one's earing. The truck-men gave him a cheer, for they are all Irishmen, and they don't like soldiers commonly on account of their making them keep the peace at ome at their meetin' of monsters, and there was a general commotion in the market. We beat a retreat, and when we got out of the crowd, sais I, 'M'Clure, that comes of arguing with every one you meet. It's a bad habit.'

"'I wasn't arguing,' sais he, quite short, 'I was only asking questions, and how can you ever learn if you don't inquire?'

"Well, when he got to the barrack, he got a book wrote by a Frenchman, called Buffoon."

"A capital name" sais I "for a Frenchman," but he didn't take, for there is no more fun in an Englishman, than a dough pudding, and went on without stopping.

"Sais he, 'this author is all wrong. He calls it han 'horiginal,' but he ain't a native animal, it's half English and half Yankee. Some British cattle at a remote period have been wrecked here, strayed into the woods, and erded with the Carriboo. It has the ugly carcass and ide of the ox, and has taken the orns, short tail and its speed from the deer. That accounts for its being larger than the native stags.' I think he was right, Sir, what is your opinion?"

The Doctor and the rest of the party coming up just then put an end to Jackson's dissertation on the origin of the moose. The former said,

"Come, Mr. Slick, suppose we try the experiment of the bow," and Jessie, seeing us prepared for shooting, asked the Doctor for smaller ones for her sister and herself. The targets were accordingly prepared, and placing myself near one of them, I discharged the gun and removed a few paces on one side, and commenced as rapidly as I could to reload, but the Doctor

had sent three arrows through mine before I had finished. It required almost as little time as a revolver. He repeated the trial again with the same result.

"What do you think of the bow now?" said he in triumph. "Come, Captain, do you and Mr. Slick try your luck, and see what sort of shots you can make." The Captain, who was an experienced hand with a gun, after a few attempts to ascertain the power and practice necessary, made capital play with the bore, and his muscular arm rendered easy to him that which required of me the utmost exertion of my strength. Jessie and her sister now stept forward, and measuring off a shorter distance, took their stations. Their shooting in which they were quite at home, was truly wonderful. Instead of using the bow as we did, so as to bring the arrow in a line with the eye, they held it lower down, in a way to return the elbow to the right side, much in the same manner that a skilful sportsman shoots from the hip. It seemed to be no sort of exertion whatever to them, and every arrow was lodged in the inner circle. It seemed to awaken them to a new existence, and in their excite-

ment I observed they used their mother tongue.

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said Jackson to the Doctor, putting his hand to his forehead, "if our sharp-shooters in Spain ad ad bows like yours, in their skrimages with the French light troops, they would ave done more service and made less noise about it than they did." And saluting me in the same maner, he said in an under tone,

"If I ad ad one of them at Badajoz, Sir, I think I'd a put a pen in that trooper's mouth, to write the account of the way he lost his elmet. A shower of them, Sir, among a troop of cavalry, would have sent riders flying, and horses kicking, as bad as a shower of grape. There is no danger of shooting your fingers off with them, Sir, or firing away your ramrod. No, there aint, is there, Sir?"

"Tom, do'ee put on your hat now, that's a good soul," said his attentive wife, who had followed him out a third time, to remind him of his danger. "Oh, Sir," said she, again addressing me, "what signifies a armless thing, like an harrow; that's nothin but a little wooden rod, to the stroke of the sun, as they

calls it. See what a dreadful cut it's given him."

Tom looked very impatient at this, but curbed in his vexation, and said "thankee, Betty," though his face expressed anything but thanks. "Thankee, Betty. There, the Doctor is calling you. She is as good a creature, Sir, as ever lived," he continued; "and has seen a deal of service in her day. But she bothers me to death, about that stroke of the sun. Sometimes I think I'll tell her all about it; but I don't like to demean myself to her. She wouldn't think nothin of me, Sir, if she thought I could have been floored that way; and women, when they begin to cry, throw up sometime, what's disagreeable. They aint safe. She would, perhaps, have heaved up in my face, that that dragoon had slapped my chops for me, with his elmet. I am blowed, Sir, if I can take a glass of grog out of my canteen, but she says, Tom, mind that stroke of the sun. And when I ave a big D marked agin my name in the pension book, she'll swear, to her dying day, I was killed by that are stroke."

"Why don't you put it on then," I said, "just to please her."

"Well, Sir, if I was at head-quarters, or even at han houtpost, where there was a detachment, I would put it hon; because it wouldn't seem decent to go bare-headed. But Lord bless you, Sir, *what's the use of ha at in the woods, where there is no one to see you?*"

Poor fellow, he didn't know what a touch of human nature there was in that expression, "*what's the use of a hat in the woods, when there is no one to see you?*"

The same idea, though differently expressed, occurs to so many. "Yes," said I to myself, "put on your hat for your wife's sake, and your own too; for though you may fail to get a stroke of the sun, you may get not an inflammation of the brain, for there aint enough of it for that complaint to feed on, but rheumatism in the head; and that will cause you a plaguey sight more pain than the dragoon's helmet ever did, by a long chalk."

But, to get back to my story, for the way I travel through a tale, is like the way a child goes to school. He leaves the path to chase a butterfly, or to pick wild strawberries, or to run after his hat, that has blown off, or to take a shy at a bird, or throw off his shoes, roll up

his trousers, and wade about the edge of a pond, to catch polly-wogs; but he gets to school in the eend, though somewhat of the latest, so I have got back at last, you see.

Mother used to say, "Sam, your head is always a wool-gathering."

"I am glad of it," says I, "marm."

"Why, Sam," she'd say, "why, what on earth do you mean."

"Because, marm," I'd reply, "a head that's always a gatherin, will get well stored at last."

"Do get out," the dear old soul would say, "I do believe, in my heart, you are the most nimpent (impudent), idlest, good for nothingest boy in the world. Do get along."

But she was pleased, though, after all; for women do like to repeat little things like them, that their children say, and ask other people, who don't hear a word, or if they do, only go right off and laugh at 'em: Aint that proper cute now? Make a considerable smart man when he is out of his time, and finished his broughtens up, won't he?

Well, arter the archery meeting was over, and the congregation disparsed, who should I find myself a walkin down to the lake with

but Jessie. How it was, I don't know, for I warnt a lookin for her, nor she for me; but so it was. I suppose it is human natur, and that is the only way I can account for it. Where there is a flower, there is the bee; where the grass is sweet, there is the sheep; where the cherry is ripe, there is the bird; and where there is a gall, especially if she is pretty, there, it is likely, I am to be found also. Yes, it must be natur. Well, we walked, or rather, strolled off easy. There are different kinds of gaits, and they are curious to observe; for I consait, sometimes, I can read a man's character in his walk. The child trots; the boy scarcely touches the ground with his feet, and how the plague he wears his shoes out so fast, I don't know. Perhaps Doctor Lardner can tell, but I'll be hanged if I can, for the little critter is so light, he don't even squash the grass. The sailor waddles like a duck, and gives his trousers a jerk, to keep them from going down the masts (his legs), by the run; a sort of pull at the main-brace. The soldier steps solemn and formal, as if the dead march in Saul was a playin. A man and his wife walk on different sides of the street; *he* sneaks along head down,

and *she* struts head up, as if she never heard the old proverb, 'woe to the house where the hen crows.' They leave the carriage-way between them, as if they were afraid their thoughts could be heard. When meetin is out, a lover lags behind, as if he had nothin above particular to do, but to go home; and he is in no hurry to do that, for dinner won't be ready this hour. But, as soon as folks are dodged by a blue bonnet with pink ribbons ahead, he pulls foot like a lamp-lighter, and is up with the gall that wears it in no time, and she whips her arms in hisn, and they saunter off, to make the way as long as possible. She don't say "*Peeower*ful sermon that, warn't it?" and he don't reply, "I heerd nothin but the text, 'love one another.'" Nor does he squeeze her arm with his elbow, nor she pinch his with her little blue-gloved fingers. Watch them after that, for they go so slow, they almost crawl, they have so much to say, and they want to make the best of their time; and besides, walking fast would put them out of breath.

The articled-clerk walks the streets with an air as much like a military man as he can; and it resembles it almost as much as electrotype

ware does silver. He tries to look at ease, though it is a great deal of trouble; but he imitates him to a hair in some things, for he stares impudent at the galls, has a cigar in his mouth, dresses snobbishly, and talks of making a book at Ascot. The young lawyer strutts along in his seven-league boots, has a white-bound book in one hand, and a parcel of papers, tied with red tape in the other. He is in a desperate hurry, and as sure as the world, somebody is a dying, and has sent for him to make his will. The Irish priest walks like a warder who has the keys. There is an air of authority about him. He puts his cane down on the pavement hard, as much as to say, do you hear that, you spalpeen? He has the secrets of all the parish in his keeping; but they are other folk's secrets, and not his own, and of course, so much lighter to carry, it don't prevent him looking like a jolly fellow, as he is, arter all. The high-churchman has an M.B. waistcoat on, is particular about his dress, and walks easy, like a gentleman, looks a little pale about the gills, like a student; but has the air of a man, that wanted you to understand. I am about my work, and I would have you to know I am the

boy to do it, and do it, too, without a fuss. If he meets a bishop, he takes his hat off, for he admits his authority. If a beggar accosts him, he slips some charity in his hands, and looks scared, lest he should be seen.

The low-churchman hates the M.B. vestment, it was him who christened it. He is a dab at nick-names. He meant it to signify the Mark of the Beast. He likes the broad-brimmed beaver, it's more like a quaker, and less like a pope. It is primitive. He looks better fed than the other, and in better care. Preachin he finds in a general way easier than practice. Watch his face as he goes along, slowly and solemncoly through the street. He looks *so* good, all the women that see him say, " Ain't he a dear man ?" He is meekness itself. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. He has no pride in him. If there is any, it ain't in his heart at any rate. Perhaps there is a little grain in his legs, but it never got any higher. Sometimes, I suspect, they have been touched with the frost, for the air of a dining-room is colder under the table than above it, and his legs do march stiff and formal like a soldier's, but then, as he says, he is of the church militant. See

what a curious expression of countenance he has when he meets his bishop. Read it, it says: "Now, my old Don, let us understand each other; you may ordain and confirm, but don't you go one inch beyond that. No synods, no regeneration in baptism, no control for me; I won't stand it. My idea is every clergyman is a bishop in his own parish, and his synod is composed of pious galls that *work*, and rich spinsters that *give*. If you do interfere, I will do my duty and rebuke those in high places. Don't rile me, for I have an ugly pen, an ugly tongue, and an ugly temper, and nothing but my sanctity enables me to keep them under." If he is accosted by a beggar, he don't, like the other, give him money to squander, but he gives him instruction. He presents him with a tract. As he passes on, the poor wretch pauses and looks after him, and mutters. "Is it a prayer? most likely, for that tract must be worth something, for it cost something to print."

Then there is the sectarian lay-brother. He has a pious walk, looks well to his ways lest he should stumble, and casting his eyes down, kills two birds with one stone. He is

in deep meditation about a contract for a load of deals, and at the same time regards his steps, for the ways of the world are slippery. His digestion is not good, and he eats pickles, for the vinegar shews in his face. Like Jehu Judd, he hates "fiddling and dancing, and serving the devil," and it is lucky he has a downcast look, for here come two girls that would shock him into an ague.

Both of them have the colonial step and air, both of them, too, are beautiful, as Nova Scotia girls generally are. The first is young and delicate, and as blooming as a little blush-rose. She holds out with each hand a portion of her silk dress, as if she was walking a minuet, and it discloses a snow white petticoat, and such a dear little foot and ankle—lick! Her step is short and mincing. She has a new bonnet on, just imported by the last English steamer. It has a horrid name, it is called a kiss-me-quick. It is so far back on her head, she is afraid people will think she is *bare-faced,* so she casts her eyes down, as much as to say, "Don't look at me, please, I am so pretty I am afraid you will stare, and if you do I shall faint, as sure as the world, and

if you want to look at my bonnet, do pray go behind me, for what there is of it, is all there. It's a great trial to me to walk alone, when I am so pretty." So she compresses her sweet lips with such resolution that her dear little mouth looks so small you'd think it couldn't take in a sugar-plum. Oh, dear, here are some officers approaching, for though she looks on the pavement she can see ahead for all that. What is to be done. She half turns aside, half is enough, to turn her back would be rude, and she looks up at a print or a necklace, or something or another in a shop window, and it's a beautiful attitude, and very becoming, and if they will stare, she is so intent on the show glass, she can't see them, and won't faint, and her little heart flutters as one of them says as he passes, "Devilish pretty gall, that, Grant, who is she?" and then she resumes her walk, and minces on.

If any man was to take his Bible oath that that little delicate girl, when she gets home, and the hall-door is shut, will scream out at the tip eend of her voice, like a screetching paraquet, "Eliza Euphemia, where in creation have you stowed yourself too?" and that Eliza Euphemia would

hear her away up in the third story, and in the same key answer: "I can't come down, I aint fit to be seen, nary way, for I'm all open before, and onfastened behind, and my hair is all in paper," I wouldn't believe him; would you?

The other young lady, that follows, is a little too much of Juno, and somewhat too little of Venus. She is a tall, splendid-looking heifer, as fine a gall as you will see in any country, and she takes it for granted you don't need to inquire who *she* is. She aint bold, and she aint diffident; but she can stare as well as you can, and has as good a right too. Her look is scorny, as the snobocracy pass and do homage, by bestowing on her an admiring look. Her step is firm, but elastic; it is a decided step, but the pious lay-brother regards her not, and moves not out of his way for her. So she stops that he may see his error, and when he does look, he perceives that it would lead him into further error if he gazed long, so he moves to the other side of the path, but does it so slowly, she confronts him again. After a moment's reflection, he tries to turn her flank—a movement that is unfortunately anticipated by her, and there is a collision on the track. The concussion dislocates his hat,

and the red silk Bandannah handkerchief, which acted as travelling-bag, and pocket-book, discharges its miscellaneous contents on the pavement. That's onlucky; for he was a going to shunt off on another line, and get away; but he has to stop and pick up the fragmentary freight of his beaver.

Before he can do this, he is asked by Juno how he dares to stop a lady in that indecent manner, in the street; and while he is pleading not guilty to the indictment, the gentlemen that stared at the simpering beauty, come to the aid of the fair prosecutrix. She knows them, and they say, "Capital, by Jove—what a rum one he is!" Rum one; why he is a member of a temperance society, walks in procession when to home, with a white apron in front, and the ends of a scarf-like sash behind, and a rosette as large as a soup-plate on his breast—a rum one; what an infamous accusation!

The poor man stands aghast at this; he humbly begs pardon, and Juno is satisfied. She takes one of the beaux by the arm, and says: "Do pray see me home—I am quite nervous;" and to prove it she laughs as loud as any of them. The joke is now being carried too far,

and the young sword-knots pick up, amid roars of laughter, his handkerchief, the papers, the horn-comb, the fig of tobacco, the fractured pipe, the jack-knife, and the clean shirt-collar, that was only worn once, and toss them into his hat, which is carefully secured on his head, so low as to cover his eyes, and so tight as nearly to shave off both his ears. The lay-brother thinks, with great truth, that he would sooner take five yoke of oxen, and tail a mast for a frigate, through the solid forest to the river, than snake his way through the streets of a garrison-town. After re-adjusting his hat, he resumes his pious gait, and Juno also goes her way, and exhibits her *decided* step.

Now, the step of Jessie and myself was unlike any of these—it was a natural and easy one; the step of people who had no reason to hurry, and, at the same time, were not in the habit of crawling. In this manner we proceeded to the lake, and sought a point of land which commanded a full view of it on both sides, and embraced nearly its whole length. Here was a clump of trees from which the underwood had been wholly cut away, so as to form a shade for the cattle depasturing in the meadow. As we entered the grove, Jessie exclaimed:

"Oh! Mr. Slick, do look! Here is a canoe —can you use a paddle?"

"As well as an oar," said I, "and, perhaps a little grain better; for I haven't been down all the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia rivers in em for nothing, let alone Lake Michigan, George, Madawaska and Rossignol, and I don't know how many others. Step in, and let us have at them on the water."

In a minute the canoe was launched and away we flew like lightning. Oh, there is nothing like one of those light elegant graceful barks; what is a wherry or a whale-boat, or a skull or a gig to them? They draw no more water than an egg-shell; they require no strength to paddle; they go right up on the beach, and you can carry them about like a basket. With a light hand, a cool head and a quick eye, you can make them go where a duck can. What has science, and taste, and handicraft ever made to improve on this simple contrivance of the savage. When I was for two years in John Jacob Astor Fur Company's employment, I knew the play of Jessie's tribe.

"Can you catch," said I, "Miss?"

"Can you?"

"Never fear."

And we exchanged paddles as she sat in one end of the canoe, and I in the other, by throwing them diagonally at each other as if we were passing a shuttle-cock. She almost screamed with delight, and in her enthusiasm addressed me in her native Indian language.

"Gaelic," said I, "give me Gaelic dear, for I am very simple and very innocent."

"Oh, very," she said, and as she dropped her paddle into the water, managed to give me the benefit of a spoonfull in the eyes.

After we had tried several evolutions with the canoe and had proceeded homeward a short distance, we opened a miniature bay into which we leisurely paddled, until we arrived at its head, where a small waterfall of about forty feet in height, poured its tributary stream into the lake. On the right hand side which was nearest to the house was a narrow strip of verdant intervale, dotted here and there with vast shady beeches and elms. I never saw a more lovely spot. Hills rose above each other beyond the waterfall, like buttresses to support the conical one that though not in itself a mountain, (for there is not, strictly speaking, one in this pro-

vince,) yet loomed as large in the light mist that enveloped its lofty peak. As this high cliff rose abruptly from the lake, the light of smaller cascades was discernable through the thin shrubbery that clothed its rocky side, although their voice was drowned in the roar of that at its base.

Nothing was said by either of us for some time, for both were occupied by different thoughts. I was charmed with its extraordinary beauty, and wondered how it was possible that it should be so little known as not even to have a name. My companion, on the other hand, was engaged in sad reflections which the similarity of the scene with her early recollections of her home in the far west, suggested to her mind.

"Ain't this beautiful, Jessie?" I said, "don't this remind you of Canada, or rather your own country?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "me—me," for during the whole day there had been a sad confusion of languages and idioms, "me very happy and very sad; I want to laugh, I want to cry; I am here and there," pointing to the north-west. "Laughing, talking, sporting with my father and Jane, and you, and am also by the side of my dear

mother, far—far beyond those hills. I see your people and my people; I paddle in our canoe, shoot with our bows, speak our language; yes, I am here, and there also. The sun, too, is in both places. He sees us all. When I die, perhaps I shall go back, but I am not of them or of you—I am nothing," and she burst into tears and wept bitterly.

"Jessie," said I, "let us talk about something else; you have been too much excited this morning, let us enjoy what God gives us and not be ungrateful; let your sister come also, and try the canoe once more. This is better than a hot room, ain't it?"

"Oh yes," she replied, "this is life. This is freedom."

"Suppose we dine here," I said.

"Oh yes," she replied, "I should like it above all things. Let us dine on the grass, the table the great spirit spreads for his children;" and the transient cloud passed away, and we sped back to the lawn as if the bark that carried us was a bird that bore us on its wings.

Poor Jessie, how well I understood her emotions. Home is a word, if there is one in the language, that appeals directly to the heart.

Man and wife, father and mother, brothers and sisters, master and servant with all their ties, associations and duties all, all are contained in that one word. Is it any wonder, when her imagination raised them up before her, that the woman became again a child and that she longed for the wings of the dove to fly away to the tents of her tribe in the far west. I am myself as dry, as seasoned, and as hard as the wood of which my clocks are made. I am a citizen of the world rather than of Slickville. But I too felt my heart sink within me when I reflected that mine, also, was desolate, and that I was alone in my own house, the sole surviving tenant of all that large domestic circle, whose merry voices once made its silent halls vocal with responsive echoes of happiness. We know that our fixed domicile is not here, but we feel that it is, and must continue to be our home, ever dear and ever sacred until we depart hence for another, and a better world. They know but little of the agency of human feelings, who in their preaching, attempt to lessen our attachment for the paternal roof, because, in common with all other earthly possessions it is perishable in its nature, and uncertain in its tenure. The home of life is not the less es-

timable, because it is not the home of eternity; but the more valuable, perhaps, as it prepares and fits us by its joys and its sorrows, its rights and its duties, and also by what it withholds, as well as imparts for that inheritance which awaits us hereafter. Yes, home is a great word, but its full meaning ain't understood by every one.

It ain't those who have one, or those who have none that comprehend what it is; nor those who in the course of nature leave the old and found a new one for themselves; nor those who when they quit shut their eyes and squinch their faces when they think of it, as if it fetched something to their mind that warn't pleasant to recollect; nor those who suddenly rise so high in life, that their parents look too vulgar, or the old cottage too mean for them, or their former acquaintances too low. But I'll tell you who knows the meaning and feels it too; a fellow like me who had a cheerful home, a merry and a happy home, and who when he returns from foreign lands finds it deserted and as still as the grave, and all that he loved scattered and gone, some to the tomb and others to distant parts of the earth. The solitude chills him, the silence appals him. At night shadows follow

him like ghosts of the departed, and the walls echo back the sound of his footsteps, as if demons were laughing him to scorn. The least noise is heard over the whole house. The clock ticks so loud he has to remove it, for it affects his nerves. The stealthy mouse tries to annoy him with his mimic personification of the burglar, and the wind moans among the trees as if it lamented the general desolation. If he strolls out in his grounds, the squirrel ascends the highest tree and chatters and scolds at the unusual intrusion, while the birds fly away screaming with affright, as if pursued by a vulture. They used to be tame once, when the family inhabited the house, and listen with wonder at notes sweeter and more musical than their own. They would even feed from the hand that protected them. His dog alone seeks his society, and strives to assure him by mute but expressive gestures that he at least will never desert him. As he paces his lonely quarter-deck, (as he calls the gravel-walk in front of his house,) the silver light of the moon gleaming here and there between the stems of the aged trees startles him with the delusion of unreal white robed forms, that flit about the shady

groves as if enjoying or pitying his condition, or perhaps warning him that in a few short years he too must join this host of disembodied spirits.

Time hangs heavily on his hands, he is tired of reading, it is too early for repose, so he throws himself on the sofa and muses, but even meditation calls for a truce. His heart laments its solitude, and his tongue its silence. Nature is weary and exhausted and sleep at last comes to his aid. But alas! he awakes in the morning only to resume his dull monotonous course, and at last he fully comprehends what it is to be alone. Women won't come to see him, for fear they might be talked about, and those that would come would soon make him a subject of scandal. He and the world like two people travelling in opposite directions, soon increase at a rapid rate the distance between them. He loses his interest in what is going on around him, and people lose their interest in him. If his name happens to be mentioned, it may occasion a listless remark, "I wonder how he spends his time," or, "the poor devil must be lonely there."

Yes, yes, there are many folks in the world

that talk of things they don't understand, and there are precious few who appreciate the meaning of that endearing term "home." He only knows it as I have said who has lived in one, amid a large family, of which he is the solitary surviving member. The change is like going from the house to the sepulchre, with this difference only, one holds a living and the other a dead body. Yes, if you have had a home you know what it is, but if you have lost it, then and not till then do you feel its value.

CHAPTER X.

A DAY ON THE LAKE.—PART I.

WHEN we reached the grove, I left Jessie in the canoe, and went up to the house in search of her sister. Jackson and Peter were sitting on the wood-pile; the latter was smoking his pipe, and the other held his in his hand, as he was relating some story of his exploits in Spain. When I approached, he rose up and saluted me in his usual formal manner.

"Where is the Doctor," said I, "and the rest of the party?"

"Gone to see a tame moose of his, Sir," he said, "in the pasture; but they will be back directly."

"Well," sais I, lighting a cigar by Peter's

pipe, and taking a seat alongside of him, "go on, Jackson; don't let me interrupt you."

"I was just telling Mr. McDonald, Sir," said he, "of a night I once spent on the field of battle in Spain."

"Well, go on."

"As I was a saying to him, Sir," he continued, "you could ear the wolves among the dead and the dying a owling like so many devils. I was afraid to go to sleep, as I didn't know when my turn might come; so I put my carbine across my knees, and sat up as well as I could, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, but I was so weak from the loss of blood, that I kept dozing and starting all the time amost. Oh, what a tedious night that was, Sir, and how I longed for the dawn of day, when search should be made among us for the wounded! Just as the fog began to rise, I saw a henormous wolf, about a hundred yards or so from me, busy tearing a body to pieces; and taking a good steady haim at him, I fired, when he called out:

"'Blood and ounds! you cowardly furrin rascal, haven't you had your belly-full of fighting yet, that you must be after murthering a

wounded man that way? By the powers of Moll Kelly, but you won't serve Pat Kallahan that dirty trick again, anyhow.'

"As he levelled at me, I fell back, and the ball passed right over me and struck a wounded orse that was broke down behind, and a sittin up on his fore-legs like a dog. Oh, the scream of that are hanimal, Sir, was just like a Christian's. It was hawful. I have the sound of it in my ears now halmost. It pierced through me, and you might have eard it that still morning over the whole field. He sprung up and then fell over, and kicked and struggled furious for a minute or two before he died, and every time he lashed out, you could a eard a elpless wounded wretch a groanin bitterly, as he battered away at him. The truth is, Sir, what I took for a wolf that hazy morning was poor Pat, who was sitting up, and trying to bandage his hankle, that was shattered by a bullet, and the way he bobbed his head up and down, as he stooped forward, looked exactly as a wolf does when he is tearing the flesh off a dead body.

"Well, the scream of that are orse, and the two shots the dragoon and I exchanged, saved

my life, for I saw a man and a woman making right straight for us. It was Betty, Sir, God bless her, and Sergeant M'Clure. The owling she sot up, when she saw me, was dreadful to ear, Sir.

"'Betty,' said I, 'dear, for eaven's sake see if you can find a drop of brandy in any of these poor fellows' canteens, for I am perishing of thirst, and amost chilled to death.'

"'Oh, Tom, dear,' said she, 'I have thought of that,' and unslinging one from her shoulders put it to my lips, and I believe I would have drained it at a draft, but she snatched it away directly, and said:

"'Oh, do 'ee think of that dreadful stroke of the sun, Tom. It will set you crazy if you drink any more.'

"'The stroke of the sun be anged!' said I; 'it's not in my ead this time—it's in the other end of me.'

"'Oh dear, dear!' said Betty; 'two such marks as them, and you so handsome too! Oh dear, dear!'

"Poor old soul! it's a way she had of trying to come round me.

"'Where is it?' said M'Clure.

"'In the calf of my leg,' said I.

"Well, he was a handy man, for he had been a hospital-sargeant, on account of being able to read doctors' pot-hooks and inscriptions. So he cut my boot, and stript down my stocking and looked at it. Says he, 'I must make a turn-and-quit.'

"'Oh, Rory,' said I, 'don't turn and quit your old comrade that way.'

"'Oh, Rory, dear,' said Betty, 'don't 'ee leave Tom now—don't 'ee, that's a good soul.'

"'Pooh!' said he, 'nonsense! How your early training has been neglected, Jackson!'

"'Rory,' said I, 'if I was well you would'nt dare to pass that slur upon me. I am as well-trained a soldier, and as brave a man as ever you was.'

"'Tut, tut, man,' said he, 'I meant your learning.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I can't brag much of that, and I am not sorry for it. Many a better scholar nor you, and better-looking man too has been anged afore now, for all his schoolin.'

"Says he, 'I'll soon set you up, Tom. Let me see if I can find anything here that will do for a turn-and-quit.'

"Close to where I lay there was a furrin officer who had his head nearly amputated with a sabre cut. Well, he took a beautiful gold repeater out of his fob, and a great roll of dubloons out of one pocket, and a little case of diamond rings out of the other.

"'The thieving Italian rascal!' said he, 'he has robbed a jeweller's shop before he left the town,' and he gave the body a kick and passed on. Well, close to him was an English officer.

"'Ah,' said he, 'here is something useful,' and he undid his sash, and then feeling in his breast pocket, he hauled out a tin tobacco-case, and opening of it, says he:

"'Tom, here's a real god-send for you. This, and the sash I will give you as a keepsake. They are mine by the fortune of war, but I will bestow them on you.'"

"Oigh! oigh!" said Peter, "she was no shentleman."

"He warn't then, Sir," said Tom, not understanding him, "for he was only a sargeant like me at that time, but he is now, for he is an officer."

"No, no," said Peter, "the king can make an offisher, but she can't make a shentleman.

She took the oyster her nainsel, and gave you the shell."

"Well," continued Jackson, "he took the sash, and tied it round my leg, and then took a bayonet off a corpse, and with that twisted it round and round so tight it urt more nor the wound, and then he secured the bayonet so that it wouldn't slip. There was a furrin trooper's orse not far off that had lost his rider, and had got his rein hunder his foreleg, so Betty caught him and brought him to where I was a sitting. By the haid of another pull at the canteen, which put new life into me, and by their hassistance, I was got on the saddle, and he and Betty steadied me on the hanimal, and led me off. I no sooner got on the orse than Betty fell to a crying and a scolding again like anything.

"'What hails you now,' says I 'Betty? You are like your own town of Plymouth—it's showery weather with you all the year round amost. What's the matter now?'

"'Oh, Tom, Tom,' said she, 'you will break my eart yet—I know you will.'

"'Why what have I done?' says I. 'I could't help getting that little scratch on the leg.'

"'Oh, it tante that,' she said; 'it's that orrid stroke of the sun. There's your poor ead huncovered again. Where is your elmet?'

"'Oh, bother,' sais I, 'ow do I know? Somewhere on the ground, I suppose.'

"Well, back she ran as ard as she could, but M'Clure wouldn't wait a moment for her and went on, and as she couldn't find mine, she undid the furriner's and brought that, and to pacify her I had to put it on and wear it. It was a good day for M'Clure, and I was glad of it, for he was a great scholar and the best friend I ever had. He sold the orse for twenty pounds afterwards."

"She don't want to say nothin disrespectable," said Peter, "against her friend, but she was no shentleman for all tat."

"He is now," said Tom again, with an air of triumph. "He is an hofficer, and dines at the mess. I don't suppose he'd be seen with me now, for it's agen the rules of the service, but he is the best friend I have in the world."

"She don't know nothin about ta mess herself," said Peter, "but she supposes she eats meat and drinks wine every tay, which was more tan she did as a poy. But she'd rather

live on oatmeal and drink whiskey, and be a poor shentlemen, than be an officher like M'Clure, and tine with the Queen, Cot bless her."

"And the old pipe, then, was all you got for your share, was it?" says I.

"No, Sir," said Tom, "it warnt. One day, when I was nearly well, Betty came to me.

"'Oh, Tom," said she, "I have such good news for you.'

"'What is it?' sais I, 'are we going to have another general engagement?'

"'Oh, dear, I hope not,' she said. 'You have had enough of fighting for one while, and you are always so misfortunate.'

"'Well, what is it?' sais I.

"'Will you promise me not to tell?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'I will.'

"'That's just what you said the first time I kissed you. Do get out,' she replied, 'and you promise not to lisp a word of it to Rory M'Clure? or he'll claim it, as he did that orse, and Tom I caught that orse, and he was mine. It was a orrid, nasty, dirty, mean trick that.'

"'Betty,' said I, 'I won't ear a word hagin him: he is the best friend I ever had, but I won't tell him, if you wish it.'

"'Well,' said Betty, and she bust out crying for joy, for she can cry at nothing, amost. 'Look, Tom, here's twenty Napoleons, I found them quilted in that officer's elmet.' So after all, I got out of that scrape pretty well, didn't I, Sir?"

"Indeed she did," said Peter, "but if she had seen as much of wolves as Peter McDonald has she wouldn't have been much frightened by them. This is the way to scare a whole pack of them," and stooping down, and opening a sack, he took out the bagpipes, and struck up a favourite highland air. If it was calculated to alarm the animals of the forest, it at all events served now to recall the party, who soon made their appearance from the moose-yard. "Tat," said Peter, "will make 'em scamper like the tevil. It has saved her life several times."

"So I should think," said I. (For of all the awful instruments that ever was heard, that is the worst. Pigs in a bag, ain't the smallest part of a circumstance to it, for the way it squeals is a caution to cats.) When the devil was a carpenter, he cut his foot so bad with an adze, he threw it down, and gave up the trade in disgust. And now that Highlanders have

given up the trade of barbarism, and become the noblest fellows in Europe, they should follow the devil's example, and throw away the bagpipes for ever.

"I have never seen M'Clure," said Jackson, addressing me, "but once since he disputed with the countryman about the plural of moose in the country-market. I met him in the street one day, and says I,

"'How are you, Rory? Suppose we take a bit of a walk.'

"Well, he held up his ead stiff and straight, and didn't speak for a minute or two; at last he said:

"'How do you do, Sargeant Jackson?'

"'Why, Rory,' sais I, 'what hails you to hact that way? What's the matter with you now, to treat an old comrade in that manner?'

"He stared ard at me in the face hagain, without giving any explanation. At last he said, 'Sargeant Jackson,' and then he stopped again. 'If anybody speers at you where Ensign Roderich M'Clure is to be found, say on the second flat of the officers quarters at the North Barracks,' and he walked on and left me. He had got his commission."

"She had a Highland name," said Peter, "and tat is all, but she was only a lowland Glaskow peast. Ta teivil tack a' such friends a tat."

"Doctor," said I, "Jessie and I have discovered the canoe, and had a glorious row of it. I see you have a new skiff there; suppose we all finish the morning on the lake. We have been up to the waterfall, and if it is agreeable to you, Jessie proposes to dine at the intervale instead of the house."

"Just the thing," said the Doctor, "but you understand these matters better than I do, so just give what instructions you think proper."

Jackson and Betty were accordingly directed to pack up what was needful, and hold themselves in readiness to be embarked on our return from the excursion on the water. Jessie, her sister and myself took the canoe; the Doctor and Cutler the boat, and Peter was placed at the stern to awaken the sleeping echoes of the lake with his pipes. The Doctor seeing me provided with a short gun, ran hastily back to the house for his bow and arrows, and thus equipped and grouped, we proceeded up the lake, the canoe taking the

lead. Peter struck up a tune on his pipes. The great expanse of water, and the large open area where they were played, as well as the novelty of the scene, almost made me think that it was not such bad music after all, as I had considered it.

After we had proceeded a short distance, Jessie proposed a race between the canoe and the boat. I tried to dissuade her from it, on account of the fatigue she had already undergone, and the excitement she had manifested at the waterfall, but she declared herself perfectly well, and able for the contest. The odds were against the girls; for the Captain and the Doctor were both experienced hands, and powerful, athletic men, and their boat was a flat-bottomed skiff, and drew but little water. Added to which, the young women had been long out of practice, and their hands and muscles were unprepared by exercise. I yielded at last, on condition that the race should terminate at a large rock that rose out of the lake at about a mile from us. I named this distance, not merely because I wished to limit the extent of their exertion, but because I knew that if they had the lead that far, they

would be unable to sustain it beyond that, and that they would be beaten by the main strength of the rowers. We accordingly slackened our speed till the boat came up alongside of us. The challenge was given and accepted, and the terminus pointed out, and when the signal was made, away we went with great speed.

For more than two-thirds of the distance we were bow and bow, sometimes one and sometimetimes the other being ahead, but on no occasion did the distance exceed a yard or so. When we had but the remaining third to accomplish, I cautioned the girls that the rowers would now probably put out all their strength, and take them by surprise, and therefore advised them to be on their guard. They said a few words to each other in their native language, laughed, and at once prepared for the crisis, by readjusting their seats and foothold, and then the eldest said, with a look of animation, that made her surpassingly beautiful, "Now," and away we went like iled lightning, leaving the boat behind at a rate that was perfectly incredible.

They had evidently been playing with them at first, and doing no more than to ascertain

their speed and power of propulsion, and had all along intended to reserve themselves for this triumph at the last. As soon as we reached the winning point, I rose up to give the cheer of victory, but just at that moment, they suddenly backed water with their paddles, and in turning towards the boat, the toe of my boot caught in one of the light ribs of the canoe, which had been loosened by the heat of the sun, and I instantly saw that a fall was unavoidable. To put a hand on the side of the little bark would inevitably overset it, and precipitate the girls into the lake. I had but one resource left, therefore, and that was to arch over the gunwale, and lift my feet clear of it, while I dove into the water. It was the work of an instant, and in another, I had again reached the canoe. Begging Jessie to move forward, so as to counter-balance my weight, I rose over the stern, (if a craft can be said to have one, where both ends are alike, and it can be propelled either way,) and then took the seat that had been occupied by her.

"Now, Jane," said I, "I must return to the house, and get a dry suit of the Doctor's clothes; let us see what we can do."

The Doctor told me Betty knew more about his wardrobe, than he did himself, and would furnish me with what I required; and in the meantime, that they would lay upon their oars till we returned.

"Are you ready, Miss," said I, "I want you to do your prettiest now, and put your best foot out, because I wish them to see that I am not the awkward critter in a canoe, they think I am."

The fact is, Squire, that neither the Doctor nor Cutler knew, that to avoid falling under the circumstances I was placed in, and to escape without capsizing the canoe, was a feat that no man, but one familiar with the management of those fragile barks, and a good swimmer, too, can perform, Peter was aware of it, and appreciated it; but the other two seemed disposed to cut their jokes upon me; and them that do that, generally find, in the long run, I am upsides with them, that's a fact. A cat and a Yankee always come on their feet, pitch them up in the air as high, and as often as you please.

"Now for it," said I, and away we went at a 2.30 pace, as we say of our trotting horses. Cutler and the Doctor cheered us as we went;

and Peter, as the latter told me afterwards, said: "A man who can dwell like an otter, on both land and sea, has two lives." I indorse that saw, he made it himself; it's genuine, and it was like a trapper's maxim. Warn't it?

As soon as I landed I cut off for the house, and in no time, rigged up in a dry suit of our host's, and joined the party, afore they knew where they were. I put on a face as like the Doctor's, as two clocks of mine are to each other. I didn't do it to make *fun of* him, but *out* of him. Oh, they roared again, and the Doctor joined in it as heartily as any of them, though he didn't understand the joke. But Peter didn't seem to like it. He had lived so much among the Indians, and was so accustomed to their way of biling things down to an essence, that he spoke in proverbs, or wise saws. Says he to me, with a shake of his head, "*a mocking bird has no voice of its own.*" It warn't a bad sayin, was it? I wish I had noted more of them, for though I like 'em, I am so yarney, I can't make them as pithey as he did. I can't talk short-hand, and I must say I like condensation. Now, brevity is the only use to individuals there is in telegraphs.

There is very little good news in the world for any of us; and bad news comes fast enough. I hate them myself. The only good there is in em, is to make people write short; for if you have to pay for every word you use, you won't be extravagant in em, there is no mistake.

Telegraphs ruin intellect; they reduce a wise man to the level of a fool; and fifty years hence, there won't be a sensible trader left. For national purposes they are very well, and government ought to have kept them to themselves, for those objects; but they play the devil with merchants. There is no room for the exercise of judgment. It's a dead certainty now. Flour is eight dollars in England; well, every one knows that, and the price varies, and every one knows that also, by telegraph. Before that, a judgmatical trader took his cigar in his mouth, sat down, and calculated. Crops short, Russian war, blockade, and so on. Capital will run up prices, till news of new harvest are known; and then they will come down by the run. He deliberates, reasons, and decides. Now, the last Liverpool paper gives the price current. It advises all, and governs all. Any blockhead can be a merchant now. Formerly, they poked sapey-

headed goneys into Parliament, to play dummey; or into the army and navy, the church, and the colonial office. But they kept clever fellows for law, special commissioners, the stage, the 'Times,' the 'Chronicle,' and such like able papers, and commerce; and men of middlin talents were resarved for doctors, solicitors, Gretna Green, and so on.

But the misfortinate prince-merchants now will have to go to the bottom of the list with tradesmen and retailers. They can't have an opinion of their own, the telegraph will give it. The latest quotations, as they call them, come to them, they know that iron is *firm*, and timber *giving way*, that lead is *dull* and *heavy*, and coal gone to *blases*, while the stocks are *rising* and vessels *sinking*, all the rest they won't trouble their heads about. The man who trades with Cuba, won't care about Sinope, and it's too much trouble to look for it on the map. While the Black Sea man won't care about Toronto, or whether it is in Nova Scotia or Vermont, in Canada or California. There won't soon be a merchant that understands geography.

But what is wuss, half the time the news is false, and if it hadn't been for that, old Hemp

and Iron would have made a fortune. And if it is true, it's worse still, for he would have acted on his own judgment if he hadn't heard it, and circumstances would have altered as they always are doing every day, and he would have made a rael hit. Oh, I hate them. And besides this, they have spoiled them by swearing the operators. An oath gives them fellows such an itch to blart, that though they don't inform, they let the cat out of the bag, and that is as bad. Tell you what I wouldn't like to confess by telegraph. If I am courting a gall and she sais all right, why then my fun is spoiled, for when a thing is settled, all excitement is gone, and if I am refused the longer I am in ignorance the better. It is wiser to wait, as the Frenchman did at Clare, who sat up three nights to see how the letters passed over the wires. Well, if I am married, I have to report progress and log-books are always made up before or afterwards. It's apt to injure my veracity. In short, you know what I mean, and I needn't follow it out, for a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

But the Lord have mercy on merchants, any fool will get along as well as the best of them now. Dear me, I recollect a man they poked

fun at once at Salem. They induced him by way of a rise, to ship a cargo of blankets and warming-pans to the West Indies. Well, he did so, and made a good speck, for the pans were bought for dippers, and the blankets for strainers. Yes, telegraphs will reduce merchants to the level of that fellow Isaac Oxter.

But I must look for the trail again, or I shall forget my story.

I think I left off, where I got back in the canoe, and joined the party in the boat. Well, we then proceeded like the off and near ox, pulling from rather than to each other, but still keeping neck and neck as it were. In this manner we proceeded to the head of the lake, and then as we returned, steered for a small wooded island in the centre, where I proposed to land and rest awhile, for this beautiful sheet of water was of considerable extent. As we approached it, Peter again struck up his pipes, and shortly afterwards a noble male moose, as much terrified by the noise, as McDonald said Canada wolves were, broke cover, and swam for the main land. The moose frequently select such places to secure their young, from the bears, who are their greatest enemies, and find

an easy prey in their helpless calves. It is not improbable that the female still remained, and that this act of gallantry in the buck was intended to withdraw attention from her, and thus save her from pursuit. I had no bullets with me, and my gun was only loaded with duck-shot. To discharge that at him, would have been a wanton act of cruelty, as at most it could only inflict upon him painful wounds. In this emergency, Jessie pointed to a stout half-inch rope that was coiled up in the bottom of the canoe, and I immediately exchanged places with her, and commenced making a lasso, while she plied the paddle.

We gained rapidly upon him, and I was pre-preparing to throw the fatal noose over his horns, when to my astonishment he raised his neck and a portion of his fore-legs out of the water, as if he was landing. We were then a considerable distance from the shore, but it appeared, as I afterwards learned from the Doctor, that a long low neck of land made out there into the lake, that was only submerged in the spring and autumn, but in summer was covered with wild grass, upon which deer fed with avidity, as an agreeable change from browsing.

The instinct of the animal induced him to make for this shallow, from which he could bound away at full speed (trot) into the cover.

All hope of the chase was now over, and I was about abandoning it in despair, when an arrow whizzed by us, and in an instant he sprang to his feet, and exposed his huge form to view. He was a remarkable fine specimen of his kind, for they are the largest as well as the ugliest of the deer tribe. For an instant he paused, shook himself violently, and holding down his head, put up his fore-leg to break off that, which evidently maddened him with pain. He then stood up erect, with his head high in the air, and laid his horns back on his neck, and giving a snort of terror, prepared to save his life by flight.

It is astonishing how much animation and attitude has to do with beauty. I had never seen one look well before, but as his form was relieved against the sky, he looked as he is, the giant king of the forest. He was just in the act of shifting his feet in the yielding surface of the boggy meadow, preparatory to a start, when he was again transfixed by an arrow, in a more vulnerable and vital part. He sprung, or rather

reared forward, and came down on his knees, and then several times repeated the attempt to commence his flight by the same desperate effort. At last he fell to rise no more, and soon rolled over, and after some splashing with his head to avoid the impending death by drowning, quietly submitted to his fate. Nothing now was visible of him but the tips of his horns, and a small strip of the hide that covered his ribs. A shout from the boat proclaimed the victory.

"Ah, Mr. Slick," said the Doctor, "what could you have done, with only a charge of duck-shot in your gun, eh? The arrow, you see, served for shot and bullet. I could have killed him with the first shaft, but his head was turned and covered the vital spot. So I had to aim a little too far forward, but still it carried a death-warrant with it, for he couldn't have run over a mile without falling from exhaustion, arising from the loss of blood. It is a charming day for the bow, for there is no wind, and I could hit a dollar at a hundred and twenty yards. There is another on that island, but she probably has a calf, perhaps two, and it would be a wicked waste of the food that God provides

for us, to destroy her. But we must get this gentleman into the boat, and it will bring us down so deep in the water, we must keep near the shore, as it may be necessary occasionally to wade."

Peter, without ceremony, began to make preparations for such an emergency. He had been accustomed all his life, until he left the Norwest Company's employment, to the kilt, and he neither felt nor looked at home in the trousers. Like most of his countrymen, he thought there was more beauty in a hairy leg, and in a manly shammy-leather looking skin, than in any covering. While his bald knee, the ugliest, weakest, most complicated and important joint in the frame, he no doubt regarded with as much veneration as the pious do the shaven crown of a monk. He therefore very complacently and coolly began to disencumber himself of this detestable article of the tailor's skill. I thought it best therefore to push off in time, to spare his daughters this spectacle, merely telling the Doctor we would wait for him where we had embarked.

We proceeded very leisurely, only once in a while dipping the paddle gently into the water, so as to keep up the motion of the canoe. The

girls amused themselves by imitating the call and answer of the loon, the blue-jay, the king-fisher, and the owl. With a piece of bark, rolled up in the form of a short-ear trumpet, they mimicked the hideous voice of the moose, and the not less disagreeable lowing of the cariboo. The martin started in surprise at his affrighted neighbour on the water, and the fox no doubt, crept from his hole to listen to the voice that called him to plunder, at this dangerous hour. All these sounds are signals among the Indians, and are carried to a perfection, that deceives the ear of nature itself. I had read of their great power in this species of ventriloquism, but never had heard it practised before, with the exception of the imitation of the deer tribe, which is well-known to white 'still-hunters.'

They are, in their own country, not very communicative to strangers; and above all, never disclose practices so peculiarly reserved for their own service or defence. I was amazed at their skill in this branch of Indian accomplishment.

But the notes of the dear little chick-a-dee-dee charmed me the most. The stillness of this wild, sequestered place, was most agreeably

diversified by all these fictitious birds and beasts, that seemed inviting, each his own kind, to come and look at this lovely scene. From the wonderful control they appeared to have over their voices, I knew that one, or both of them must sing. I therefore asked them if they knew the Canadian-boat song; and they answered, with great delight, that they did. And suiting the action to the word, which, by the bye, adds marvellously to its effect, they sung it charmingly. I couldn't resist their entreaties to join in it, although I would infinitely have preferred listening to taking a part. When we concluded it, Jessie said it was much prettier in her native tongue, and sung a verse in her own language. She said the governor of the fort, who spoke Indian, as well as English, had arranged the words for it, and when she was a child in his family, she learned it. "Listen," said she, "what is that?"

It was Jackson playing on the key-bugle. Oh, how gloriously it sounded, as its notes fell on the ear, mellowed and softened by the distance. When Englishmen talk of the hunters' horn in the morning, they don't know what they are a saying of. It's well enough I do

suppose in the field, as it wakes the drowsy sportsman, and reminds him that there is a hard day's ride before him. But the lake and the forest is nature's amphitheatre, and it is at home there. It won't speak as it can do at all times and in all places; but it gives its whole soul out in the woods; and the echoes love it, and the mountains wave their plumes of pines to it, as if they wanted to be wooed by its clear, sweet, powerful notes.* All nature listens to it, and keeps silence, while it lifts its voice on high. The breeze wafts its music on its wings, as if proud of its trust; and the lake lies still, and pants like a thing of life, as if its heart beat to its tones. The birds are all hushed, as if afraid to disturb it; and the deer

* This inflated passage, and some other similar ones, are extremely characteristic of Americans in the same station of life as Slick. From the use of superlative expressions in their conversation, they naturally adopt an exaggerative style in writing, and the minor poets and provincial orators of the Republic are distinguished for this hyperbolical tone. In Great Britain they would be admired by the Irish; on the Continent, by the Gascons. If Mr. Slick were not affected by this weakness himself, he would be among the first to detect and ridicule it in others.

pause, and listen, and gaze on the skies, as if the music came from Heaven. Money only can move some men, and a white heat alone dissolve stones. But he who has ever heard the bugle, and is not inspired by it, has no divinity within him. The body is there, but the soul is wanting.

"Go on, Jackson, I will forgive your twadle about Sargent M'Clure, the stroke of the sun, the trooper's helmet, and the night among the wolves. I will listen to your old soldier's stories all night, only go on, and play for me. Give me that simple air again. Let me drink it in with my ears, till my heart is full. No grace notes, no tricks of the band-master's, no flourishes; let it be simple and natural. Let it suit us, and the place we are in, for it is the voice of our common parent, nature." Ah, he didn't hear me, and he ceased.

"Jessie, dear, ain't that beautiful?" said I.

"Oh," she said, (and she clasped her hands hard,) "it is like the sound of a spirit speaking from above."

"Imitate it," said I.

She knew the air, it was a Scotch one; and their music is the most touching, because the most simple, I know.

Squire, you will think I am getting spooney, but I ain't. You know how fond I am of nature, and always was; but I suppose you will think if I ain't talking Turkey, that I am getting crankey, when I tell you an idea that came into my mind just then. She imitated it in the most perfect manner possible. Her clear, sweet, mellow, but powerful notes, never charmed me so before. I thought it sounded like a maiden, answering her lover. One was a masculine, the other a female voice. The only difference was in the force, but softness was common to both. Can I ever forget the enchantment of that day?

"Dear Jessie," said I, "you and your friend are just formed for each other. How happy you could make him."

"Who?" said she, and there was no affectation in the question. She knew not the import of that word. "What do you mean?"

"Hush," said I, "I will tell you by and bye. Old Tom is playing again."

It was "Auld lang syne." How touching it was. It brought tears to Jessie's eyes. She had learned it, when a child, far, far away; and it recalled her tribe, her childhood, her country, and her mother. I could see these thoughts throw their shadows over her face, as light clouds chase each other before the sun, and throw their veil, as they course along the sky, over the glowing landscape. It made me feel sad, too; for how many of them, with whom my early years were spent, have passed away. Of all the fruit born by the tree of life, how small a portion drops from it, when fully ripe, and in the due course of nature. The worm, and premature decay, are continually thinning them; and the tempest and the blight destroy the greater part of those that are left. Poor dear worthy old Minister, you, too, are gone, but not forgotten. How could I have had these thoughts? How could I have enjoyed these scenes? and how described them? but for you! Innocent pure, and simple-minded man, how fond you were of nature, the handy-work of God, as you used to call it. How full you were of poetry, beauty, and sublimity? And what do I not owe to you? I am not ashamed of having

been a Clockmaker, I am proud of it.* But I should, indeed, have been ashamed, with your instruction, always to have remained one. Yes, yes!

"Why should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?"

Why? indeed.

"Tam it," said Peter, for we were so absorbed in listening to the music, we did not hear the approach of the boat, "ta ting is very coot but it don't stir up te blood, and make you feel like a man, as ta pipes do? Did she ever hear *barris an tailler?* Fan she has done with her brass cow-horn, she will give it to you. It can wake the tead that air. When she was a piper poy to the fort, Captain Fraisher was killed by the fall of a tree, knocked as stiff as a gunparrel, and as silent too. We laid her out on the counter in one of the stores, and pefore we put her into the coffin the governor said: 'Peter,' said he, 'she was always fond of *barris an tailler*, play it before we nail her up, come *seid suas*, (strike up.)'

"Well, she gets the pipes and plays it her nain-

* This is the passage to which Mr. Slick referred in the conversation I had with him, related in Chapter I., entitled, "A Surprise."

sel, and the governor forgot his tears, and seized McPhee by the hand, and they danced; they couldn't help it when that air was played, and what do you think? It prought Captain Fraisher to life. First she opened her eyes, and ten her mouth again wunst more. She did upon my shoul.

"Says she, 'Peter, play it faster will you? More faster yet, you blackguard.' And she tropt the pipes and ran away, and it was the first and last time Peter McDonald ever turned his pack on a friend. The doctor said it was a trance, but he was a sassanach and knew nothing about music; but it was the pipes prought the tead to. This is the air," and he played it with such vigour he nearly grew black in the face.

"I believe it," sais I, "it has brought me to, also, it has made me a new man, and brought me back to life again. Let us land the moose."

"Ted," said Peter, "she is worth two ted men yet. There is only two teaths. Ted as te tevil, and ted drunk, and she ain't neither; and if she were poth she would wake her up with tat tune, *barris an tailler*, as she tid Captain Fraisher, tat she will."

"Now," said I, "let us land the moose."

CHAPTER XI.

A DAY ON THE LAKE.—PART II.

PETER's horrid pipes knocked all the romance out of me. It took all the talk of dear old Minister, (whose conversation was often like poetry without rhyme,) till I was of age, to instill it into me. If it hadn't been for him I should have been a mere practical man, exactly like our Connecticut folks, who have as much sentiment in them in a general way as an onion has of otter of roses. It's lucky when it don't predominate though, for when it does, it spoils the relish for the real business of life.

Mother when I was a boy used to coax me up so everlastingly with loaf-cake, I declare I got such a sweet tooth I could hardly eat plain bread made of flour and corn meal, although it

was the wholesomest of the two. When I used to tell Minister this sometimes, as he was flying off the handle, like when we travelled through New York State to Niagara, at the scenery of the Hudson, or Lake George, or that everlastin water-fall, he'd say.

"Sam, you are as correct as a problem in Euclid, but as cold and dry. Business and romance are like oil and water that I use for a night-lamp, with a little cork dipsey. They oughtn't to be mixed, but each to be separate, or they spoil each other. The tumbler should be nearly full of water, then pour a little oil on the top, and put in your tiny wick and floater, and ignite it. The water goes to the bottom—that's business you see, solid and heavy. The oil and its burner lies on the top—and that's romance. It's a living flame, not enough to illuminate the room, but to cheer you through the night, and if you want more, it will light stronger ones for you. People have a wrong idea of romance, Sam. Properly understood, it's a right keen, lively appreciation of the works of nature, and its beauty, wonders, and sublimity. From thence we learn to fear, to serve, and to adore Him that made them and us. Now, Sam, you under-

stand all the wheels, and pullies and balances of your wooden clocks; but you don't think anything more of them, than it's a grand speculation for you, because they cost you a mere nothing, seeing they are made out of that which is as cheap as dirt here, and because you make a great profit out of them among the benighted colonists, who know little themselves, and are governed by English officials who know still less. Well, that's nateral, for it is a business view of things.* Now sposen you lived in the Far West woods, away from great cities, and never saw a watch or a wooden clock before, and fust sot your eyes on one of them that was as true as the sun, wouldn't you break out into enthusiasm about it, and then extol to the skies the skill and knowledge of the Yankee man, that invented, and made it? To be sure you would. Wouldn't it carry you off into contemplatin' of the planet whose daily course, and speed, it measures so exact? Wouldn't you go on from that point, and ask yourself what must be the wisdom and power of Him who made innumerable worlds,

* It is manifest Mr. Hopewell must have had Paley's illustration in his mind.

and caused them to form part of a great, grand, magnificent, and harmonious system, and fly off the handle, as you call it, in admiration, and awe? To be sure you would. And if anybody said you was full of romance who heard you, wouldn't you have pitied his ignorance, and said there are other enjoyments we are capable of besides corporeal ones? Wouldn't you be a wiser and a better man? Don't you go now for to run down romance, Sam; if you do, I shall think you don't know, there is a divinity within you," and so he would preach on for an hour, till I thought it was time for him to say Amen, and give the dismissal benediction.

Well, that's the way I came by it, I was inoculated for it, but I was always a hard subject to inoculate. Vaccination was tried on me over and over again by the doctor before I took it, but at last it came and got into the system. So it was with him and his romance, it was only the continual dropping that wore the stone at last, for I didn't listen as I had ought to have done. If he had a showed me where I could have made a dollar, he would have found me wide awake, I know, for I set out in life with a

determination to go ahead, and I have; and now I am well to do, but still I wish I had a minded more what he did say, for poor old soul, he is dead now. *An opportunity lost, is like missing a passage, another chance may never offer to make the voyage worth while. The first wind may carry you to the end. A good start often wins the race. To miss your chance of a shot, is to lose the bird.*

How true these "saws" of his are; but I don't recollect half of them, I am ashamed to say. Yes, it took me a long time to get romance in my sails, and Peter shook it out of them, by one shiver in the wind. So we went to work. The moose was left on the shore, for the Doctor said he had another destination for him than the water-fall. Betty, Jackson, and Peter, were embarked with their baskets and utensils in the boats and directed to prepare our dinner.

As soon as they were fairly off, we strolled leisurely back to the house, which I had hardly time to examine before. It was an irregular building made of hewn logs, and appeared to have been enlarged, from time to time, as more accommodation had been required. There was neither uniformity nor design in it, and it might

rather be called a small cluster of little tenements than a house. Two of these structures alone, seemed to correspond in appearance and size. They protruded in front, from each end of the main building, forming with it three sides of a square. One of these was appropriated to the purposes of a museum, and the other used as a workshop. The former contained an exceedingly interesting collection.

"This room," he said, "I cannot intrust to Jackson, who would soon throw everything into confusion by grouping, instead of classifying things. This country is full of most valuable minerals, and the people know as much about them, as a pudding does of the plums contained in it. Observe this shelf, Sir, there are specimens of seven different kinds of copper on it; and on this one fragments of four kinds of lead. In the argentiferous galena is a very considerable proportion of silver. Here is a piece of a mineral called molybdena of singular beauty, I found it at Gaberous Bay, in Cape Breton. The iron ores you see are of great variety. The coal-fields of this colony are immense in extent, and incalculable in value. All this case is filled with their several varieties. These precious stones

are from the Bay of Fundy. Among them are amethyst, and other varieties of crystal, of quartz, henlandite, stibite, analcine, chabasie, albite, mesotype, silicious sinter, and so on. Pray do me the favour to accept this amethyst. I have several others of equal size and beauty, and it is of no use to me."

He also presented Cutler with a splendid piece of nesotype or needle stone, which he begged him to keep as a memento of the "Bachelor Beaver's-dam."

"Three things, Mr. Slick," he continued, "are necessary to the development of the mineral wealth of this province—skill, capital, and population; and depend upon it the day is not far distant, when this magnificent colony will support the largest population, for its area, in America."

I am not a mineralogist myself, Squire, and much of what he said was heathen Greek to me, but some general things I could understand, and remember such as that there are (to say nothing of smaller ones) four immense independant coal-fields in the eastern section of Nova Scotia: namely, at Picton, Pomquet, Cumberland, and Londonderry; the first of

which covers an area of one hundred square miles, and that there are also at Cape Breton two other enormous fields of the same mineral, one covering one hundred and twenty square miles, and presenting at Lingan a vein eleven feet thick. Such facts I could comprehend, and I was sorry when I heard the bugle announcing that the boat had returned for us.

"Jessie," said the Doctor, "here is a little case containing a curiously fashioned and exquisitely worked ring, and a large gold cross and chain, that I found while searching among the ruins of the nunnery at Louisburg. I have no doubt they belonged to the superior of the convent. These baubles answered her purpose by withdrawing the eyes of the profane from her care-worn and cold features; they will serve mine also, by showing how little you require the aid of art, to adorn a person nature has made so lovely."

"Hallo!" sais I to myself, "well done, Doctor, if that don't beat cock-fighting, then there aint no snakes in Varginny, I vow. Oh! you aint so soft as you look to be after all; you may be a child of nature, but that has its own

secrets, and if you haint found out its mysteries, it's a pity."

"They have neither suffered," he continued, "from the corrosion of time nor the asceticism of a devotee, who vainly thought she was serving God by voluntarily withdrawing from a world into which he himself had sent her, and by foregoing duties which he had expressly ordained she should fulfil. Don't start at the sight of the cross; it is the emblem of christianity, and not of a sect, who claim it exclusively, as if He who suffered on it, died for them only. This one has hitherto been used in the negation of all human affections, may it shed a blessing on the exercise of yours."

I could hardly believe my ears; I didn't expect this of him. I knew he was romantic, and all that; but I did not think there was such a depth and strength of feeling in him.

"I wish," I said, "Jehu Judd could a heard you, Doctor, he would have seen the difference between the clear grit of the genuine thing, and a counterfeit, that might have made him open his eyes and wink."

"Oh! Slick," said he, "come now that's a

good fellow, don't make me laugh, or I shall upset these glass cases;" and before Jessie could either accept or decline this act of gallantry, he managed to lead the way to the lake. The girls and I embarked in the canoe, and the rest of the party in the boat, but before I stepped into the bark, I hid the pipes of Peter behind the body of the moose, very much to the amusement of Jessie and the Doctor, who both seemed to agree with me in giving a preference to the bugle.

I never saw so lovely a spot in this country as the one we had chosen for our repast, but it was not my intention to land until the preparations for our meal were all fully completed; so as soon as Jane leaped ashore, I took her place and asked Jessie to take another look at the lake with me. Desiring Jackson to recal us with his bugle when required, we coasted up the west side of the lake for about half-a-mile, to a place where I had observed two enormous birches bend over the water into which they were ultimately doomed to fall, as the current had washed away the land where they stood, so as to leave them only a temporary resting place. Into this arched and quiet re-

treat we impelled our canoe, and paused for a while to enjoy its cool and refreshing shade.

"Jessie," said I, "this time to-morrow I shall be on the sea again."

"So soon?" she replied.

"Yes dear; business calls us away, and life is not all like a day on the lake."

"No, no," she said, "not to me; it is the only really happy one I have spent since I left my country. You have all been so kind to me; you, the Captain, and the Doctor, all of you, you have made no difference, you have treated me as if I was one of you, as if I was born a lady."

"Hasn't the Doctor always been kind to you?" I said.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "always very kind, but there is nobody here like him."

"He loves you very much."

"Yes," she said, in the most unembarrassed and natural manner possible, "he told me so himself."

"And can't you return his love?"

"I do love him as I do my father, brother, or sister."

"Couldn't you add the word husband?"

"Never, never," she said, "Mr. Slick. He thinks he loves me now, but he may not think so always. He don't see the red blood now, he don't think of my Indian mother; when he comes nearer perhaps he will see plainer. No, no, half-cast and out-cast, I belong to no race. Shall I go back to my tribe and give up my father and his people? they will not receive me, and I must fall asleep with my mother. Shall I stay here and cling to him and his race, that race that scorns the half-savage? never! never! when he dies I shall die too. I shall have no home then but the home of the spirits of the dead."

"Don't talk that way, Jessie," I said, "you make yourself wretched, because you don't see things as they are. It's your own fault if you are not happy. You say you have enjoyed this day."

"Oh, yes," she said, "no day like this; it never came before, it don't return again. It dies to-night, but will never be forgotten."

"Why not live where you are? Why not have your home here by this lake, and this mountain? His tastes are like yours, and yours like his; you can live two lives here—the forest of the red man around you—the roof of the

white one above you. To unite both is true enjoyment; there is no eye to stare here, no pride to exclude, no tongue to offend. You need not seek the society of others, let them solicit yours, and the Doctor will make them respect it."

It was a subject on which her mind appeared to have been made up. She seemed like a woman that has lost a child, who hears your advice, and feels there is some truth in it, but the consolation reaches not her heart.

"It can't be," she said, with a melancholy smile, as if she was resigning something that was dear to her, "God or nature forbids it. If there is one God for both Indian and white man, he forbids it. If there are two great spirits, one for each, as my mother told me, then both forbid it. The great spirit of the pale faces," she continued, "is a wicked one, and the white man is wicked. Wherever he goes, he brings death and destruction. The woods recede before him—the wild fowl leave the shores—the fish desert their streams—the red man disappears. He calls his deer and his beaver, and his game, (for they are all his and were given to him for food and for clothing,) and travels far, far, away, and leaves the graves and the bones

of his people behind him. But the white man pursues him, day and night, with his gun and his axe, and fire-water; and what he spares with the rifle, rum, despair and starvation destroy. See," she said, and she plucked a withered red cone from a shumack that wept over the water, "see *that* is dyed with the blood of the red man."

"That is prejudice," I said.

"No, it is the truth," she replied. "I know it. My people have removed twice, if not three times, and the next move will be to the sea or the grave."

"It is the effect of civilization, and arts, and the power of sciences and learning, over untutored nature," I said.

"If learning makes men wicked, it is a bad thing," she observed; "for the devil instructs men how to destroy. But rum aint learning, it is poison; nor is sin civilization, nor are diseases, blessings, nor madness, reason."

"That don't alter things," I said, "if it is all true, that you say, and there is too much reality in it, I fear; but the pale faces are not all bad, nor the red all good. It don't apply to your case."

"No," she said, "nature forbids the two

races to mingle. That, that is wild, continues wild; and the tame remains tame. The dog watches his sleeping master; and the wolf devours him. The wild-duck scorns confinement; and the partridge dies if compelled to dwell with domestic fowls. Look at those birds," she said, as she threw a chip among a flock of geese that were floating down the lake, "if the beautiful Indian wild bird consorts with one of them, the progeny die out. They are mongrels, they have not the grace, the shape, or the courage of either. Their doom is fixed. They soon disappear from the face of the earth and the waters. They are despised by both breeds;" and she shook her head, as if she scorned and loathed herself, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Jessie," said I, and I paused a moment, for I wanted to give her a homœopathic dose of common sense—and those little wee doses work like charms, that's a fact. "Jessie," says I, and I smiled, for I wanted her to shake off those voluntary trammels. "Jessie, the Doctor aint quite quite tame, and you aint quite wild. You are both six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other, and just about as like as two peas."

Well it's astonishing what that little sentence did. *An ounce of essence is worth a gallon of*

fluid. A wise saw is more valuable than a whole book, and a plain truth is better than an argument. She had no answer for that. She had been reasoning without knowing it, as if in fact she had been in reality an Indian. She had imbibed in childhood the feelings of her mother, who had taken the first step and repented it—of one who had deserted, but had not been adopted —who became an exile and remained an alien —who had bartered her birthright, for degradation and death. It is natural that regret for the past, and despair for the future should have been the burden of the mournful ditties of such a woman; that she who had mated without love, and lived without affection, the slave, the drudge, but not the wife or companion of her master should die with imprecations on her lips for a race who were the natural foes of her people, and who had reduced her to be an object of scorn and contempt to both. It is no wonder, therefore, poor Jessie had a repugnance to the union, when she remembered her mother, and the sad lesson her unhappy life and fearful death contained. It was a feeling difficult to overcome.

"Jessie," sais I, "nature, instead of forbiddin it, approves of it; for like takes to

like. I don't say it to please you, but you are as good as he is, or any white man in the world. Your forefathers on your mother's side are a brave, manly, intelligent race; they are free men and have never been subdued or enslaved by any one: and if they have degenerated at all, it is because they have contracted, as you say, vices from the white man. You have reason to be proud of being descended from a race of warriors. On the other hand, your father is a Highlander, and they too have always been free, because they were brave; they are the noblest fellows in Europe. As for the English, there are none now, except in Wales, and they are called Taffies—which means *lunatics*, for they are awful proud, and their mountains are so high, every fellow says his ancestors were descended from the man in the *moon*. But the present race are a mixture of Taffies, French, Danes, Saxons, Scotch, and the Lord knows who all, and to my mind are all the better of it."

"But the colour," said she.

"As to colour!" said I, "nations differ in every shade, from black up to chalk white. The Portugese, Italians and Turks are darker than the Indian if anything; Spaniards and Greeks about the same."

"And do they intermarry?"

"I guess they do?" said I; "the difference of language only stops them—for it's hard to make love when you can't understand each other—but colour never."

"Is that now really true?" she said; "for I am ignorant of the world."

"True as preachin," said I, "and as plain as poverty."

She paused awhile, and said slowly:

"Well, I suppose if all the world says and does differently, I must be wrong, for I am unacquainted with everything, but my own feelings; and my mother taught me this, and bade me never to trust a white man. I am glad I was wrong, for if I feel I am right, I am sure I shall be happy."

"Well," sais I, "I am sure you will be so, and this is just the place, above all others in the world that will suit you, and make you so. Now," sais I, "Jessie, I will tell you a story;" and I told her the whole tale of Pocahontas; how she saved Captain Smith's life in the early settlement of Virginia, and afterwards married Mr. Rolfe, and visited the court of England, where all the nobles sought her society. And

then I gave her all the particulars of her life, illness, and death, and informed her that her son, who stood in the same relationship to the whites as she did, became a wealthy planter in Virginia, and that one of his descendants lately deceased, was one of the most eloquent as well as one of the most distinguished men in the United States. It interested her uncommonly, and I have no doubt greatly contributed to confirm her in the decision she had come to. I will not trouble you, Squire, with the story, for it is so romantic, I believe everybody has heard of it. I promised to give her a book containing all the details.

The bugle now sounded our recall, and in a few minutes we were seated on the grass, and enjoying our meal with an appetite that exercise, excitement, and forest air never fail to give. Songs, trout-fishing, and stories agreeably occupied the afternoon; and when the sun began to cast long shadows from the mountain, we re-embarked with our traps, and landed at the cove near the clump of trees where we started in the morning. While preparations were making for tea in the house, I lit my cigar to take a stroll with Cutler, and talk over our arrangements for

an early start in the morrow, and proceeding immediately to sea. In the meantime, I briefly stated to the Doctor that he would now find no further obstacle to his wishes, and counselled him to lose no time, while the impression was favourable, to bring his long-pending negociation to a conclusion.

"Slick," said he, laughing, "your government ought to have prevailed upon you to remain in the diplomatic service. You are such a capital negociator."

"Well," said I, "I believe I would have succeeded in that line; but do you know how?"

"By a plentiful use of soft sawder," said he.

"No, Doctor, I knew you would say that; and it aint to be despised neither, I can tell you. No, it's because you go coolly to work for you are negotiatin for another. If you don't succeed, it's the fault of the mission, of course, and defeat won't break your heart; if you do carry your point, why, in the natur of things, it is all your own skill. I have done famously for you; but I made a bungling piece of business for myself, I assure you. What my brother, the lawyer, used to say is very true: 'A man who pleads his own cause has a fool for his client.' You can't praise yourself

unless it's a bit of brag, and that I can do as well as anyone, I do suppose; but you can't lay the whitewash on handily no more than you can brush the back of your own coat when it is on. Cutler and I will take a stroll, and do you invite Jessie out, to see the moon on the lake."

In about an hour, Peter, who had found his pipes to his infinite delight, intimated supper was ready; and the dispersed groups returned, and sat down to a meal which, in addition to the tea and coffee and its usual accompaniments at country-houses, had some substantial viands for those, like myself, who had done more talking than eating at dinner. In a short time, the girls retired for the night, and we arranged for a peep of day return.

"Mr. Slick," said the Doctor, "I have ordered the boy to take the moose down to the village as my share of the sea-stores. Will you give me leave to go a part of the cruise with you?"

"With great pleasure," said I; "it's just what I was going to ask the favour of you to do. It's the very identical thing."

"Come, Peter," said he, "I will show you where to turn in;" and returning, in a few

minutes, with Jackson, desired him to attend the Captain.

When we were alone, he said:

"Come this way, Mr. Slick. Put your hat on—I want you to take a turn with me."

And leading me down to the verge of the woods, where I saw a light, we entered a large bark wigwam, where he said he often slept during the hot weather.

It was not made in the usual conical form, but resembled a square tent, which among Indians generally indicates there is a large family, and that they propose to occupy the same spot for some time. In fact, it was half wigwam, half summer-house, resembling the former in appearance, construction, and material; but was floored on account of the damp ground, and contained a small table, two chairs, and a couple of rustic seats large enough to sleep upon, which, on the present occasion, had hunters' beds on them. The tent, or more properly camp, as it is generally called here, was so contrived as to admit of the door being shifted according to the wind. On the present occasion, the opening was towards the lake, on which the moon was casting its silver light.

Here we sat till a late hour, discoursing, over our cigars, on a variety of subjects, the first and last of which topic was Jessie, who had, it appeared, at last accepted the Bachelor Beaver. Altogether, it was a charming visit; and left a most agreeable recollection of the enjoyment that is to be found in "*a day and a night in the woods.*"

CHAPTER XII.

THE BETROTHAL.

EARLY the following morning, just as the first dawn of day was streaking the eastern sky, Jackson's bugle sounded the *reveillé*, and we were all soon on foot and in motion. The moose was lifted into the cart, and the boy dispatched with it to the harbour, so as to have it in readiness for putting on board as soon as we should arrive, and a cup of coffee was prepared for us by Betty, as she said, to keep the cold out of our stomach while travelling. The Doctor had some few arrangements to make for his voyage, and Cutler and I set out in advance, on foot. It was agreed that Ovey, Peter, and his

daughters, should follow, as soon as possible, in the waggons, and breakfast with us on board of the Black Hawk.

"Mr. Jackson," said I, as I saw him standing at the door.

"Yes, Sir," and he was at my side in a minute, and honoured me with one of his most gracious smiles, and respectful military salutes.

There is great magic in that word "Mr.," when used to men of low degree, and in "Squire" for those just a notch higher. Servitude, at best, is but a hard lot. To surrender your will to another, to come and go at his bidding, and to answer a bell as a dog does a whistle, aint just the lot one would choose, if a better one offered. A master may forget this, a servant never does. The great art, as well as one of the great Christian duties, therefore, is not to make him feel it. Bidding is one thing, and commanding is another. If you put him on good terms with himself, he is on good terms with you, and affection is a stronger tie than duty. The vanity of mankind is such, that you always have the ingratitude of helps dinned into your ears, from one year's end to another, and yet these folk never heard of the ingratitude of employers, and wouldn't

believe there was such a thing in the world, if you were to tell them. Ungrateful, eh! Why, didn't I pay him his wages? wasn't he well boarded? and didn't I now and then let him go to a frolic? Yes, he wouldn't have worked without pay. He couldn't have lived if he hadn't been fed, and he wouldn't have staid if you hadn't given him recreation now and then. It's a poor heart that don't rejoice sometimes. So much thanks he owes you. Do you pray that it may always rain at night or on Sundays? Do you think the Lord is the Lord of masters only? But he has been faithful, as well as diligent, and careful as well as laborious, he has saved you more than his wages came to—are there no thanks for this? Pooh! you remind me of my poor old mother. Father used to say she was the most unreasonable woman in the world—for when she hired a gall she expected perfection, for two dollars and a half a month.

Mr. Jackson! didn't that make him feel good all over? Why shouldn't he be called Mr., as well as that selfish conceited M'Clure, Captain? Yes, there is a great charm in that are word, "Mr." It was a wrinkle I picked up by accident, very early in life. We had to our farm to Slick-

ville, an Irish servant, called Paddy Monahan—as hard-working a critter as ever I see, but none of the boys could get him to do a blessed thing for them. He'd do his plowin or reapin, or whatever it was, but the deuce a bit would he leave it to oblige Sally or the boys, or any one else, but father; he had to mind him, in course, or put his three great coats on, the way he came, one atop of the other, to cover the holes of the inner ones, and walk. But, as for me, he'd do anythin I wanted. He'd drop his spade, and help me catch a horse, or he'd do my chores for me, and let me go and attend my mink and musquash traps, or he'd throw down his hoe and go and fetch the cows from pasture, that I might slick up for a party—in short he'd do anything in the world for me.

"Well, they all wondered how under the sun Paddy had taken such a shindy to me, when nobody else could get him to budge an inch for them. At last, one day, mother asked me how on airth it was—for nothin strange goes on long, but a woman likes to get at the bottom of it.

"Well," sais I, "mother, if you won't whisper a syllable to anybody about it, I'll tell you."

"Who, me," sais, she "Sammy?" She

always called me Sammy when she wanted to come over me. "Me tell ? A person who can keep her own secrets, can keep yours, Sammy. There are some things I never told your father."

"Such as what ?" sais I

"A-hem," said she. "A-hem—such as he oughtn't to know, dear. Why, Sam I am as secret as the grave ! How is it, dear ?"

"Well," sais I, "I will tell you. This is the way: I drop Pat and Paddy altogether, and I call him Mr. Monaghan, and never say a word about the priest."

"Why, Sammy," said she, "where in the world did you pick up all your cuteness. I do declare you are as sharp as a needle. Well, I never. How you do take after me ! *boys are mothers' sons. It's only galls who take after their father.*"

It's cheap coin, is civility, and kindness is a nice bank to fund it in, Squire : for it comes back with compound interest. He used to call Josiah, Jo, and brother Eldad, Dad, and then yoke 'em both together, as "spalpeens," or "rapscallions," and he'd vex them by calling mother, when he spoke to them of her, the "ould woman," and Sally, "that young cratur, Sal." But he'd show the difference when he mentioned me ; it was always

"the young master," and when I was with him, it was "your honour."

Lord, I shall never forget wunst, when I was a practisin of ball-shooting at a target, Pat brought out one of my muskits, and, sais he: "Would your honour just let me take a crack at it. You only make a little round hole in it, about the size of a fly's eye; but, by the piper that played before Moses, I'll knock it all to smithereens."

"Yes," sais I, "Mr. Monaghan; fire and welcome."

Well, up he comes to the toe-line, and puts himself into attitude, scientific like. First he throws his left leg out, and then braces back the right one well behind him, and then he shuts his left eye to, and makes an awful wry face, as if he was determined to keep every bit of light out of it, and then he brought his gun up to the shoulder with a deuce of a flourish, and took a long, steady aim. All at once he lowered the piece.

"I think I'll do it better knalin, your honour," said he, "the way I did when I fired at Lord Blarney's land-agent, from behind the hedge, for lettin a farm to a Belfast heretic. Oh! didn't I riddle him, your honour." He paused a mo-

ment, his tongue had run away with him. "His coat, I main," said he. "I cut the skirts off as nait as a tailor could. It scared him entirely, so, when he see the feathers flyin that way, he took to flight, and I never sot eyes on him no more. I shouldn't wonder if he is runnin yet."

So he put down one knee on the ground, and adjusting himself said, "I won't leave so much as a hair of that target, to tell where it stood." He took a fresh aim, and fired, and away he went, heels over head, the matter of three or four times, and the gun flew away behind him, ever so far.

"Oh!" sais he, "I am kilt entirely. I am a dead man, Master Sam. By the holy poker, but my arm is broke."

"I am afraid my gun is broke," said I, "and off I set in search of it."

"Stop, yer honour," said he, "for the love of Heaven, stop, or she'll be the death of you."

"What?" sais I.

"There are five more shots in her yet, Sir. I put in six cartridges, so as to make sure of that paper kite, and only one of them is gone off yet. Oh! my shoulder is out, Master Sam. Don't say a word of it, Sir, to the ould cratur, and—"

"To who!" said I.

"To her ladyship, the mistress," said he, "and I'll sarve you by day and by night."

Poor Pat! you were a good-hearted creature naturally, as most of your countrymen are, if repealers, patriots and demagogues of all sorts and sizes, would only let you alone. Yes, there is a great charm in that word "Mr."

So, sais I, "Mr. Jackson!"

"Yes, Sir," said he. "Let me look at your bugle."

"Here it is, your honour."

"What a curious lookin thing it is," sais I, "and what's all them little button-like things on it with long shanks?"

"Keys, Sir," said he.

"Exactly," sais I, "they unlock the music, I suppose, don't they, and let it out? Let me see if I could blow it."

"Try the pipes, Mr Slick," said Peter. "Tat is nothin but a prass cow-horn as compared to the pagpipes."

"No thank you," sais I, "it's only a Highlander can make music out of that."

"She never said a wiser word tan tat," he replied, much gratified.

"Now," sais I, "let me blow this, does it take much wind?"

"No," said Jackson, "not much, try it, Sir."

Well, I put it to my lips, and played a well-known air on it. "It's not hard to play, after all, is it, Jackson?"

"No, Sir," said he, looking delighted, "nothing is ard to a man as knows how, as you do."

"Tom," sais Betty, "don't that do'ee good?" Oh, Sir, I ain't eard that since I left the hold country, it's what the guards has used to be played in the mail-coaches has was. Oh, Sir, when they comed to the town, it used to sound pretty; many's the time I have run to the window to listen to it. Oh, the coaches was a pretty sight, Sir. But them times is all gone," and she wiped a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron, a tear that the recollection of early days, had called up from the fountain of her heart.

Oh, what a volume does one stray thought of the past contain within itself. It is like a rocket thrown up in the night. It suddenly expands into a brilliant light, and sheds a thousand sparkling meteors, that scatter in all directions,

as if inviting attention each to its own train. Yes, that one thought is the centre of many, and awakens them all to painful sensibility. Perhaps it is more like a vivid flash of lightning, it discloses with intense brightness the whole landscape, and exhibits in their minutest form and outline, the very leaves and flowers, that lie hid in the darkness of night.

"Jessie," said I, "will you imitate it?"

I stopt to gaze on her for a moment—she stood in the doorway—a perfect model for a sculptor. But oh, what chisel could do justice to that face—it was a study for a painter. Her whole soul was filled with those clear beautiful notes, that vibrated through the frame, and attuned every nerve, till it was in harmony with it. She was so wrapt in admiration, she didn't notice what I observed, for I try in a general way that nothing shall escape me; but as they were behind us all, I just caught a glimpse of the Doctor (as I turned my head suddenly) withdrawing his arm from her waist. She didn't know it of course, she was so absorbed in the music. It ain't likely she felt him, and if she had, it ain't probable she would have objected to it. It was natural he

should like to press the heart she had given him; wasn't it now his? and wasn't it reasonable he should like to know how it beat? He was a doctor, and doctors like to feel pulses, it comes sorter habitual to them, they can't help it. They touch your wrist without knowing it, and if it is a woman's, why their hand like brother Josiah's cases that went on all fours, crawls up on its fingers, till it gets to where the best pulse of all is. Ah, Doctor, there is Highland blood in that heart, and it will beat warmly towards you, I know. I wonder what Peter would have said, if he had seen what I did. But then he didn't know nothin about pulses.

"Jessie," said I, "imitate that for me, dear. It is the last exercise of that extraordinary power I shall ever hear."

"Play it again," she said, "that I may catch the air."

"Is it possible," said I to myself, "you didn't hear it after all? It is the first time your little heart was ever pressed before, perhaps it beat so loud you couldn't distinguish the bugle notes. Was it the new emotion or the new music that absorbed you so? Oh Jessie, don't ask me again what natur is."

Well, I played it again for her, and instantly she gave the repetition with a clearness, sweetness, and accuracy, that was perfectly amazing. Cutler and I then took leave for the present, and proceeded on our way to the shore.

"Ah, Sir!" said Jackson, who accompanied us to the bars, "it's a long while ago since I eard that hair. Warn't them mail-coaches pretty things, Sir? Hon the hold King's birthday, Sir, when they all turned out with new arness and coaches fresh painted, and coachman and guard in new toggery, and four as beautiful bits of blood to each on 'em as was to be found in England, warn't it a sight to behold, Sir? The world could show nothin like it, Sir. And to think they are past and gone, it makes ones eart hache. They tells me the coachman now, Sir, has a dirty black face, and rides on a fender before a large grate, and flourishes a red ot poker instead of a whip. The guard, Sir, they tells me, is no—"

"Good bye, Mr. Jackson;" and I shook hands with him.

"Isn't that too bad, Sir, now?" he said. "Why, here is Betty again, Sir, with that d—d

hat, and a lecture about the stroke. Good bye your honour," said he.

When we came to the bridge where the road curved into the woods, I turned and took a last look at the place where I had spent such an agreeable day.

I don't envy you it, Doctor, but I wish I had such a lovely place at Slickville as that. What do you think, Sophy, eh? I have an idea you and I could be very happy there, don't you?

"Oh! Mr. Slick," said Jehu Judd, who was the first person I saw at the door of Peter's house, "what an everlastin' long day was yesterday! I did nothing but renew the poultice, look in the glass, and turn into bed again. It's off now, ain't it?"

"Yes," sais I, "and we are off, too, in no time."

"But the trade," said he; "let's talk that over."

"Haven't time," sais I; "it must be short meter, as you say when you are to home to Quaco, practising Sall Mody (as you call it) Mackarel is five dollars a barrel, sains thirty —say yes or no, that's the word."

"How can you have the conscience?" said he.

"I never talk of conscience in trade," sais I; "only of prices. Bargain or no bargain, that's the ticket."

"I can't," he said.

"Well, then, there is an end of it," says I. "Good bye, friend Judd."

Sais he: "You have a mighty short way with you, my friend."

"A short way is better than a long face," said I.

"Well," said he, "I can't do without the sains (nets) no how, I can fix it, so I suppose I must give the price. But I hope I may be skinned alive, if you ain't too keen."

"Whoever takes a fancy to skin you, whether dead or alive, will have a tough job of it, I reckon," sais I, "it's as tight as the bark of a tree."

"For two pins," said he, "I'd tan your hide for you now."

"Ah," said I, "you are usin' your *sain* before you pay for it. That's not fair."

"Why," said he.

"Because," sais I, "you are *insaine* to talk that way."

"Well, well," said he, "you do beat the devil."

"You can't say that," sais I, "for I hain't laid a hand on *you*. Come," sais I, "wake snakes, and push off with the Captain, and get the fish on board. Cutler, tell the mate, macarel is five dollars the barrel, and nets thirty each. We shall join you presently, and so friend Judd you had better put the licks in, and make haste, or there will be 'more fiddling and dancing, and serving the devil this morning.'"

He turned round, and gave me a look of intense hatred, and shook his fist at me. I took off my hat and made him a low bow, and said, "that's right, save your breath, to cool your broth or to groan with when you get home, and have a refreshing time with the Come-outers.

"My father was a preacher,
A mighty holy man;
My mother was a Methodist,
But I'm a Tunyan."

He became as pale as a mad nigger at this.

He was quite speechless with rage, and turning from me, said nothing, and proceeded with the Captain to the boat. It was some time before the party returned from the lake, but the two waggons were far apart, and Jessie and the Doctor came last—was it that the road was bad, and he was a poor driver? perhaps so. A man who loves the woods, don't know or care much about roads. It don't follow because a feller is a good shot, he is a good whip; or was it they had so much to say, the short distance didn't afford time. Well I aint experienced in these matters, though perhaps you are Squire. Still though Cupid is represented with bows and arrows, (and how many I have painted on my clocks, for they always sold the best,) I don't think he was ever sketched in an old one hoss waggon. A canoe would have suited you both better, you would have been more at home there. If I was a gall I would always be courted in one, for you can't romp there, or you would be capsized. It's the safest place I know of. It's very well to be over head and ears in love, but my eyes, to be over head and ears in the water, is no place for love-making, unless it is for young whales, and even they spout and blow like all wrath, when they

come up, as if you might have too much of a good thing, don't they ?"

They both looked happy—Jessie was unsophisticated, and her countenance, when it turned on me, seemed to say, "Mr. Slick, I have taken your advice, and I am delighted I did." And the Doctor looked happy, but his face seemed to say, "come now, Slick, no nonsense, please, let me alone, that's a good fellow."

Peter perceived something he didn't understand. He had seen a great deal he didn't comprehend since he left the Highlands, and heard a great many things he didn't know the meaning of. It was enough for him if he could guess it.

"Toctor," said he, "how many kind o' partridges are there in this country ?"

"Two," said the simple-minded naturalist, "spruce and birch."

"Which is the prettiest ?"

"The birch."

"And the smartest ?"

"The birch."

"Poth love to live in the woods, don't they ?"

"Yes."

"Well there is a difference in colour. Ta

spruce is red flesh, and ta birch white, did you ever know them mix?"

"Often," said the Doctor, who began to understand this allegorical talk of the North-West trader, and feel uncomfortable, and therefore didn't like to say no. "Well, then, the spruce must stay with the pirch, or the pirch live with the spruce," continued Peter. "The peech wood between the two are dangerous to both, for its only fit for cuckoos."

Peter looked chuffy and sulky. There was no minister at the remote post he had belonged to in the nor-west. The governor there read a sermon of a Sunday sometimes, but he oftener wrote letters. The marriages, when contracted, were generally limited to the period of service of the *employés*, and sometimes a wife was bought, or at others, entrapped like a beaver. It was a civil or uncivil contract as the case might be. Wooing was a thing he didn't understand; for what right had a woman to an opinion of her own? Jessie felt for her father, the Doctor, and herself, and retired crying. The Doctor said:

"Peter, you know me, I am an honest man; give me your confidence, and then I will ask the Chief for the hand of his daughter."

"Tat is like herself," said Peter. "And she never doubted her; and there is her hand, which is her word. Tam the coffee! let us have a glass of whiskey."

And he poured out three, and we severally drank to each other's health, and peace was once more restored.

Thinks I to myself, now is the time to settle this affair; for the Doctor, Peter, and Jessie are all like children; it's right to show em how to act.

"Doctor," sais I, "just see if the cart with the moose has arrived; we must be a moving soon, for the wind is fair."

As soon as he went on this errand, "Peter," sais I, "the Doctor wants to marry your daughter, and she, I think, is not unwilling, though, between you and me, you know better than she does what is good for her. Now the Doctor don't know as much of the world as you do. He has never seen Scotland, nor the north-west, nor travelled as you have, and observed so much."

"She never said a truer word in her life," said Peter. "She has seen the Shetlands and the Rocky Mountains—the two finest places in the world, and crossed the sea and the Red River;

pesides Canada and Nova Scotia, and seen French, and pairs, and Indians and wolves, and plue noses and puffaloes, and Yankees and prairie dogs, and Highland chiefs, and Indian chiefs, and other great shentlemen, pesides peavers with their tails on. She has seen the pest part of the world, Mr. Slick." And he lighted his pipe in his enthusiasm, when enumerating what he had seen and looked as if he felt good all over.

"Well," sais I, "the Doctor, like an honourable man, has asked Squire Peter McDonald for his daughter; now, when he comes in, call Jessie and place her hand in his, and say you consent, and let the spruce and birch-partridge go and live near the lake together."

"Tat she will," said he, "for ta Toctor is a shentleman pred and porn, though she hasn't the honour to be a Highlander."

As soon as the Bachelor Beaver returned, Peter went on this paternal mission, for which I prepared my friend; and the betrothal was duly performed, when he said in Gaelic:

"*Dhia Beammich sibh le choile mo chlam!* God bless you both, my children!"

As soon as the ceremony was over, "Now," sais I, "we must be a movin. Come, Peter,

let us go on board. Where are the pipes? Strike up your merriest tune."

And he preceded us, playing, "*Nach damb-sadh am minster*," in his best manner—if anything can be said to be good, where bad is the best. When we arrived at the beach, Cutler and my old friend, the black steward, were ready to receive us. It would have been a bad omen, to have had Sorrow meet the betrothed pair so soon, but that was only a jocular name given to a very merry negro.

"Well, Sorrow," sais I, as we pushed off in the boat, "how are you?"

"Very bad, Massa," he said, "I ab been used most rediculous shamful since you left. Time was berry dull on board since you been withdrawn from de light ob your countenance, and de crew sent ôn shore, and got a consignment ob rum, for benefit ob underwriters, and all consarned as dey said, and dey sung hymns, as dey call nigga songs, like Lucy Neal and Lucy Long, and den dey said we must hab ablution sarmon; so dey fust corned me, Massa."

"In the beef or pork-barrel, Sorrow?" said I.

"Oh, Lord bless you, Massa, in needer; you

knows de meaning ob dat are word—I is sure you does—dey made me most tosicated, Massa, and dey said, 'Sorrow, come preach ablution sarmon.' Oh, Massa, I was berry sorry, it made me feel all ober like ague; but how could I insist so many; what was I to do, dey fust made me der slave, and den said, now tell us bout mancipation. Well, dey gub me glass ob rum, and I swallowed it—berry bad rum—well, dat wouldn't do. Well, den dey gub me anoder glass, and dat wouldn't do; dis here child hab trong head, Massa, werry trong, but he hoped de rum was all out, it was so bad; den dey rejectioned anoder in my face, and I paused and crastimated: sais I, 'Masters is you done,' for dis child was afeard, Massa, if he drank all de bottle empty, dey would tro dat in his face too, so sais I:

"'Masters, I preaches under protest, against owners and ship for bandonment; but if I must put to sea, and dis niggar don't know how to steer by lunar compass, here goes.' Sais I, 'My dear bredren,' and dey all called out:

"'You farnal niggar you! do you call us bredren, when you is as black as de debbils hind leg?'

"'I beg your most massiful pardon,' sais I, 'but as you is ablutionists, and when you preach, calls us regraded niggars your coloured bredren, I tought I might venture to foller in de same suit, if I had a card ob same colour.'

"'Well done Uncle Tom,' sais they. 'Well done Zip Coon,' and dey made me swallow anoder glass ob naked truth. Dis here child has a trong head, Massa, dat are a fac. He stand so much sun, he aint easy combustioned in his entails.

"'Go on,' sais they.

"'Well, my bredren,' sais I, 'I will dilate to you the valy of a niggar, as put in one scale and white man in de oder. Now, bredren, you know a sparrer can't fall to de ground no how he can fix it, but de Lord knows it—in course ob argument you do. Well, you knows twelve sparrers sell in de market for one penny. In course ob respondence you do; how much more den does de Lord care for a niggar like me, who is worth six hundred dollars and fifty cents, at de least? So, gentlemen, I is done, and now please, my bredren, I will pass round de hat wid your recurrence.'

"Well, dey was pretty high, and dey behaved

like gentlemen, I must submit dat; dey gub me four dollars, dey did—dey is great friends to niggar, and great mancipationists, all ob dem; and I would hab got two dollars more, I do raily conclude, if I hadn't a called 'em my bredren. Dat was a slip ob de lock-jaw."

"I must inquire into this," said Cutler, "it's the most indecent thing I ever heard of, It is downright profanity; it is shocking."

"Very," said I, "but the sermon warnt a bad one; I never heerd a niggar reason before; I knew they could talk, and so can Lord Tandemberry; but as for reasoning, I never heerd either one or the other attempt it before. There is an approach to logic in that."

"There is a very good hit at the hypocrisy of abolitionists in it," said the Doctor, "that appeal about my bredren is capital, and the passing round of the hat is quite evangelical."

"Oigh," said Peter, "she have crossed the great sea and the great prairies, and she haven't heerd many sarmons, for Sunday don't come but once a month there, but dat is the pest she ever heerd, it is so short."

"Slick," said Cutler, "I am astonished at you. Give way there my men; ease the bow oar."

"Exactly," sais I, "Cutler—give way there my man; ease the bow oar—that's my maxim too—how the devil can you learn if you don't hear," sais I.

"How can you learn good," said he, "if you listen to evil?"

"Let's split the difference," said I, laughing, "as I say in swapping; let's split the difference. If you don't study mankind how can you know the world at all? But if you want to preach—"

"Come, behave yourself," said he, laughing; "lower down the *man ropes* there."

"To help up the *women*," said I.

"Slick," said he, "it's no use talking; you are incorrigible."

The breakfast was like other breakfasts of the same kind; and, as the wind was fair, we could not venture to offer any amusements to our guests. So in due time we parted, the Doctor alone, of the whole party, remaining on board. Cutler made the first move by ascending the companion-ladder, and I shook hands with Peter as a hint for him to follow. Jessie, her sister, Ovey, and I, remained a few minutes longer in the cabin. The former was much agitated.

"Good bye," said she, "Mr. Slick! Next to him," pointing to the Bachelor Beaver, "you have been the kindest and best friend I ever had. You have made me feel what it is to be happy;" and woman-like to prove her happiness burst out a crying, and threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. "Oh! Mr. Slick! do we part for ever?"

"For ever!" sais I, trying to cheer her up; "for ever is a most thundering long word. No, not for ever, nor for long either. I expect you and the Doctor will come and visit *us* to Slickville this fall;" and I laid an emphasis on that word "*us*," because it referred to what I had told her of Sophy.

"Oh!" said she, "how kind that is!"

"Well," sais I, "now I will do a kinder thing. Jane and I will go on deck, and leave you and the Doctor to bid each other good-bye." As I reached the door, I turned and said: "Jessie, teach him Gaelic the way Flora taught me—*do bhileau boidheach* (with your pretty lips)."

As the boat drew alongside, Peter bid me again a most affectionate, if not a most complimentary farewell.

"She has never seen many Yankees herself," said Peter, "but prayin Joe, the horse-stealer—tam him—and a few New England pedlars, who asked three hundred per shent for their coots, but Mr. Slick is a shentleman, every inch of him, and the pest of them she ever saw, and she will pe glad to see her again whenever she comes this way."

When they were all seated in the boat, Peter played a doleful ditty, which I have no doubt expressed the grief of his heart. But I am sorry to say it was not much appreciated on board of the 'Black Hawk.' By the time they reached the shore, the anchor was up, the sails trimmed, and we were fairly out of Ship Harbour.

END OF VOL. I.

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